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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Assembling material for "Fanny and the Regent of Siam" (pages 22, 23) began in 1930, when two Englishmen sat talking in a garden on the outskirts of Bangkok, writes author R. J. Minney in a foreword to the book.

DR. M. CARTHEW, who had been in Bangkok for many years, said to his guest, Mr. W. S. Bristowe: "Not five years ago, in that very chair in which you are sitting, one of the most remarkable women I have ever known used to come and sit and tell me of her life and work.

"Her name was Fanny Knox. She was lovely as a girl and set many hearts aflutter. Her life was exciting and yet deeply moving . . ."

Bit by bit Dr. Carthew unfolded the story of Fanny, her sister Caroline, and Anna's son, Louis Leonowens.

All this was nearly 15 years before "Anna and the King of Siam" was published and 26 years before Anna's story was given to the world in the film "The King And I."

Mr. Bristowe made notes of what Dr. Carthew said. To these he added details supplied by other Bangkok residents who had known Fanny Knox and Louis.

These notes Mr. Bristowe gave Mr. Minney and helped him with the considerable research the author did before writing the story of Fanny.

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER staff photographer Ron Berg's wonderful cover picture of floodlit Sydney Harbor Bridge on our November 29 issue?

The Department of Immigration has asked for four copies of the picture to use in overseas displays.

★ ★ ★

DOROTHY DRAIN is on holidays. Her column will resume in our next issue.

Our cover

● The beret has staged a sensational revival in autumn headlines, proving once more you can't keep a good fashion down. Our version, in fake leopard fabric bought by the yard, is soft, pliable, and can be worn with any hairstyle. To make it, turn to our pattern on pages 14 and 15. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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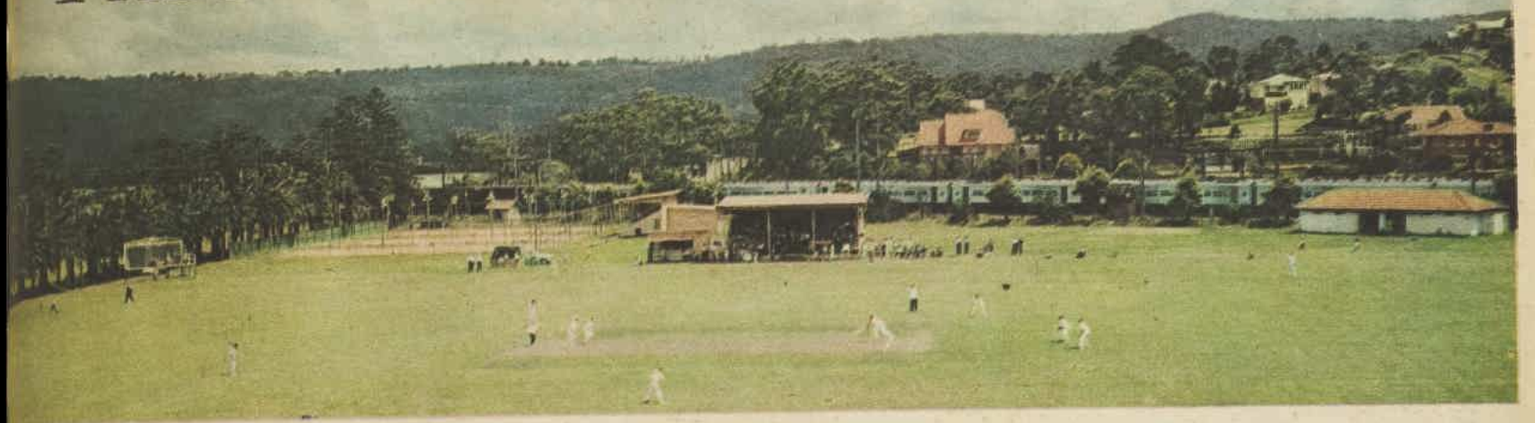
PADDY FIELDS A FAMILY TEAM



THE CRICKET GROUND at Gosford, N.S.W., during the recent Sunday match when 83-year-old Paddy Clifton's family team, led by Test star Alan Davidson, played the district.

Test star "Davo" played for grandad

By KIRSTEN WARD

● To strangers it was just another hot, lazy Sunday, and the white-flannelled cricketers on Gosford Oval, N.S.W., were playing just another game.

TO 83-year-old Mr. Arthur ("Paddy") Clifton the day and the match were the most exciting of his life.

It was his day, his match.

On the field his sons and grandsons made up the team of 12 playing against the Gosford district team, and an estimated 110 members of his family were there to watch.

Paddy's nine children — five girls and four boys — were the most direct descendants there. But he has 34 grandchildren and 26 great-grandchildren, too.

There were sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles, first, second, and third cousins, their husbands, wives, and children.

Most are Cliftons or Davidsons (two Clifton sisters married Davidson brothers)—but the Birts, Jaques, Hunters, Pryors, and Selmans were there in force, too.

And no doubt many others.

Paddy knew just who was related to whom and how. "Wasn't it wonderful!" he said later. "I hadn't seen most of them for many a year, and some of them never. I was shaking hands all day."

As well, some old-timers of the Gosford district, who could remember and talk about the old days with Paddy, turned up.

There was, for instance, Harry Beaven, 72, who used to work the bullock teams with Paddy when they were lads and who has been a close friend since.

They sat in the shade of the palm trees fringing the oval and talked about yesteryear and mighty games of the past.

An old fan

Since he was a youngster, Paddy Clifton has been a cricket fan.

"In those days we didn't have what the kids have today — TV and cars and all that. Sport was it. Oh, I remember when . . ."

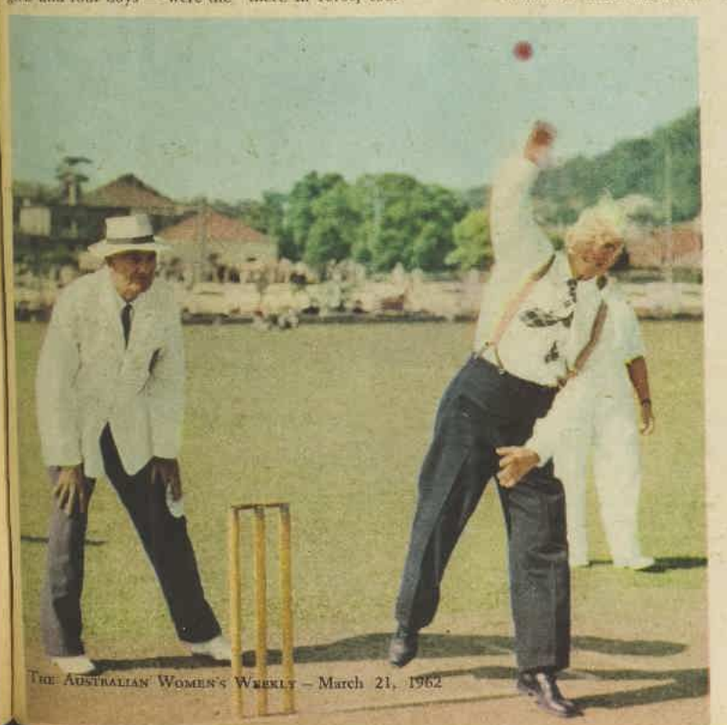
Paddy best remembers the 1922-23 season, when he set his own record of 214 runs not out and had the top total of 1403 runs for the season at local matches.

But Paddy's sons — and, later, their sons, modern distractions or not—took to cricket in good Clifton tradition.

One, Paddy's grandson, became one of Australia's greatest cricketers—Alan Davidson.

Others represented N.S.W. against England, others made overseas trips to play, and they're all regarded as some of the best in the district.

PADDY CLIFTON, aged 83, proudly leads his family team on to the ground. Directly following him is his grandson, Test cricketer Alan Davidson. Team members, aged from 55 to 17, are all descendants of Paddy Clifton.



THE FIRST BALL of the Clifton v. Gosford match is bowled by Paddy Clifton. Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

The family reunion was, in fact, secondary to the reason for the Clifton v. Gosford cricket match.

For many years Paddy had wanted a family team to play against the district team.

"It should have happened five years ago," he said. "I could have played then. I can't really manage now. I'm getting on . . ."

Then at last, one night when Alan Davidson was talking at a Rotary Club meeting in Gosford, the club challenged the Clifton family to a match against the district. Alan accepted.

The family, most of whom still live round the Lisarow-Gosford area, began planning.

Alan would captain, of course. Arthur, Clem, Vern, and Roly (Paddy's sons) would play. His grandsons Alan, Noel, Peter, John, and David Davidson and Philip and Wally Clifton made up the 12-man team.

The match was postponed once because of bad weather—but on THE Sunday the sun beamed on the cricket ground.

By 10.30 a.m. most of the "Clifton Clan" had arrived, and locals, regulars, and holiday-makers had straggled in.

The Clifton team batted first, and Alan Davidson top-scored with 37 runs. The team declared its innings closed with 196 runs for 10 wickets.

Then, after a break, Paddy Clifton proudly led his team in to field, and bowled the opening ball.

"Ouch! That caught me across the middle," he said as he walked off the field, but smiled happily because he hadn't quite lost the knack.

"I told Alan to get in and upset them," he said, winking.

Alan did. He took five wickets with nine balls, including a hat-trick—the first in his career.

Alan finished with six wickets for 16 runs, and Gosford was dismissed for 93 runs.

The Cliftons had an easy win, but that wasn't important.

It had been a day of days when everyone scored well in exchange of memories, gossip, and excitement.

Paddy was on doctor's orders to take things easy, and he ended his day quietly.

"But we've been challenged by another family team up at Nambucca. The Welsh family, I think," Paddy told me. "That's on April 7 and I'll be there!"

(The Welsh family, of the Nambucca District Cricket Club, can field a team of four brothers and eight of their children.)

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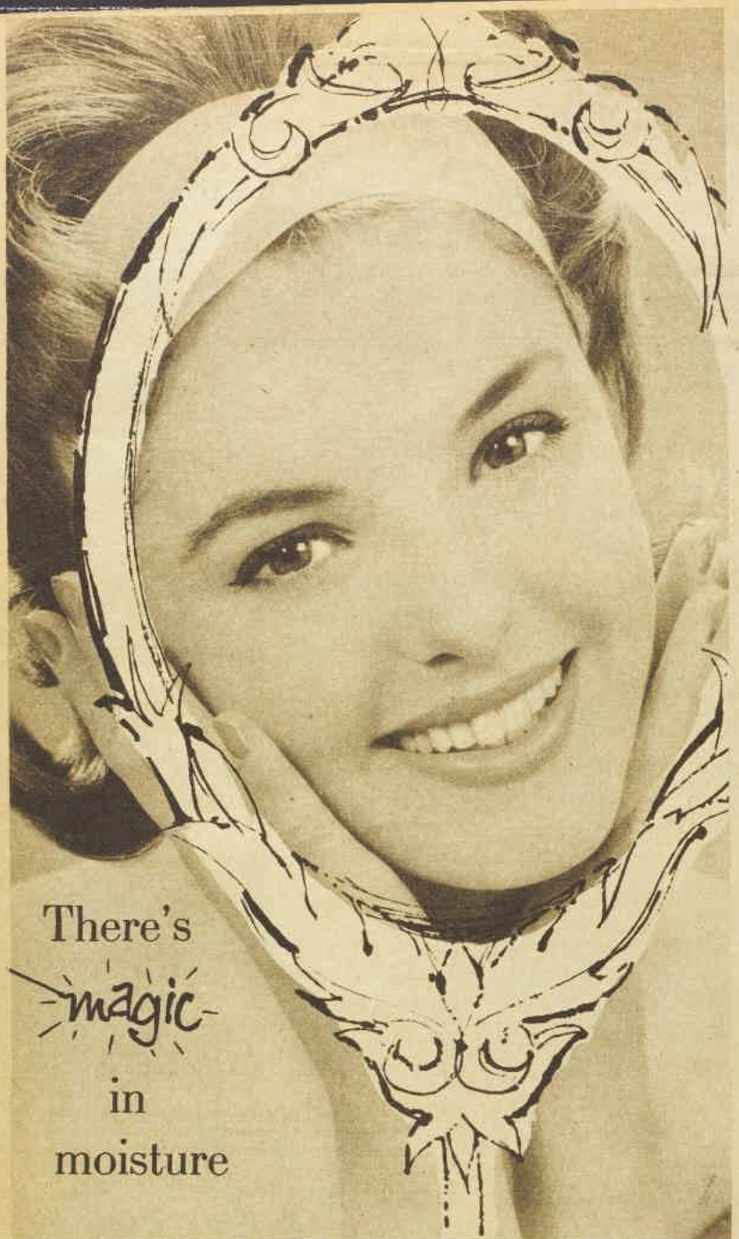

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TOASTING the "second-level" oil strike at Moonie No. 2 with Commercial Hotel licensee Jim Murphy are oil-rig men Bill Bannister, from Canada, Garry Higgs, from Wairoa, New Zealand, Jim Grünke, from America, and Arnold Busslinger, from Canada. Above is a mural depicting Banjo Paterson's "Clancy of the Overflow," by local artist Hugh Sawrey.

Oil town has

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

● A few hours after cheering a flow of oil from the Queensland earth on March 3, the test-drilling crew were dressed for a ball at Tara, the nearest town. And three of them proudly escorted brand-new wives.

THE couples, married in January and February this year, are:

Mr. and Mrs. "Wilbur" Naylor (Mrs. Naylor was formerly Merle Kuhn, of Tara), Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kalinowsky (Ruby Turner, of Southport), and Mr. and Mrs. Rolph Kowolski (Helen Corkill, of Tara).

The husbands are all Australians. (Of the 40 men employed on the rig, 20 are from America, Canada, New Zealand, and England.)

It was a Saturday evening, and Tara's ball happened to coincide with the excitement of the second (lower level) oil strike at Moonie No. 2 well.

Confident town

The South Queensland town of 1000 inhabitants was gay with pretty girls, graziers, jackeroos, drillers, geologists, analysts, sightseers, and journalists.

People dressed for the ball dropped in to celebrate the new strike with a toast at Tara's only hotel, the Commercial. They wanted to have a yarn with the oil crew who live at the hotel and motor 50 miles to work.

While the rest of Queensland was buzzing with excitement and speculation, Tara was quietly confident about enjoying a good evening and a bright future.

It was all so different from the air of cautious reserve in May last year when the first strike was made at Cabawin No. 1 well, 25 miles outside the town.

But ever since then Tara has been having a bit of a ball, in its own quiet way.

While shares bounced at capital-city stock exchanges, they probably danced their liveliest jig in Tara, with the two bank managers acting as brokers.

Nearly everyone has bought and sold and bought again "since Cabawin." Some young folk have been able to buy a car, a piece of land to build on, or a new ball gown, according to their means.

MRS. CLIFF COVEY and her 3½-year-old daughter, Laurel, of Calgary, Canada. Mr. Covey is an engineer at Moonie No. 2 and was specially brought out from Canada. They are renting a house in Tara, and this picture was taken in their street—the typical wide-open street of a country town.

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TARA GIRLS Mrs. Joe Kalinowsky, Jan Schreiber, and Toni O'Connell on the "floor" of the Moonie No. 2 rig watching drilling operations. Explaining things are catheadman Noel Mills (left) and "roughneck" Alan Mutch. Mrs. Kalinowsky's husband works at the well, and she brought her friends to see it. BELOW: Mrs. Kalinowsky. She met Joe when they were both on a working holiday in New Zealand.

kept its head – but not its heart

The object achieved, they would wait for a slump and buy more.

One bachelor grazier is known to hold 12,000 shares which he bought at par, 5/- each. They jumped as far as £7 each.

The success of Moonie No. 1 and No. 2 has made residents and visitors feel that the little harps on licencee Jim Murphy's hotel plates are playing sweet music nowadays.

Man's world

Jim chose the dinner-plate motif from the old Irish song "The harp that once through Tara's halls . . ." when he bought the pub three years ago.

Some people referred to his hotel as Moonie No. 3, as all the crew made it their headquarters.

The rig car goes to town four times a day at change of shift. Hot and tired, the men come off shift wanting a beer, a bath, and a meal.

It's a man's world without a doubt, but there's nothing rough about even the "roughnecks."

Most of the men are bachelors, as it's a roving life, moving from place to place in the never-ending quest for a gusher.

The work to them is routine, boring (pardon the pun), and arduous, though well paid.

I asked tall, auburn-haired Canadian Bill Bannister what he could find to do in his leisure hours.

"Well, ma'am," he replied in his pleasant voice, "we make a few friends around the place, and sometimes we go and terrorise them, and sometimes they come and visit with us."

It speaks well for the oil crew that all the townspeople seem to like them.

The technicalities of oil-drilling would take a long time to learn, but the girls of Tara have the jargon off pat.

They can explain that a roughneck is a raw recruit, a catheadman is vastly superior, while a tool-pusher is a man of great importance. Then you have the drill foreman, field superintendent, the young petroleum engineers (who sleep by the rig), and away up to the Toowoomba- and Sydney-based directors.

Some old hands from America and Canada will tell you that they HAVE drilled for oil on golf-courses and orchards in their time, but more often it is in a desert or a swamp.

In a paddock

"Oil prefers the more difficult places," said the laconic veteran foreman, Ed McLeod, as we stood beside the rig. He comes from Texas.

In the case of Moonie No. 1 and Moonie No. 2, however, oil has chosen quite a pleasant paddock full of brigalow trees and pine scrub on the 3500-acre sheep property drawn in a ballot two years ago by 30-year-old bachelor Mr. Harry Green.

Searching for the well (just off the Moonie Highway), you first see a lonely man on a lonely bulldozer moving across the new airfield site nearby.

As you pass the bulldozer you see the 160ft.-high oil-rig ahead of you. It is the same one that found oil at Cabawin No. 1, then drilled Cabawin East, then struck oil again at Moonie No. 1 before being moved to Moonie No. 2.

Although there is not much to do in Tara, it does not like to be called a sleepy town. For many years it has been the busy little centre of a rich sheep area.

The oil company (Union-Kern-Australian Oil and Gas) is helping to build an Olympic swimming-pool in the town.

The company has prepared thousands of medicine bottles full of pure Cabawin No. 1 and Moonie No. 1 oil, which are sold in Tara for 5/- a bottle, funds going toward the pool (which will cost at least £25,000).

"A dollar a bottle," the visitor is told. Americans and Canadians have quickly adapted themselves to the new interpretation of "a dollar."

The excavations for the pool are being laid free by various dam-sinking plants in the district.

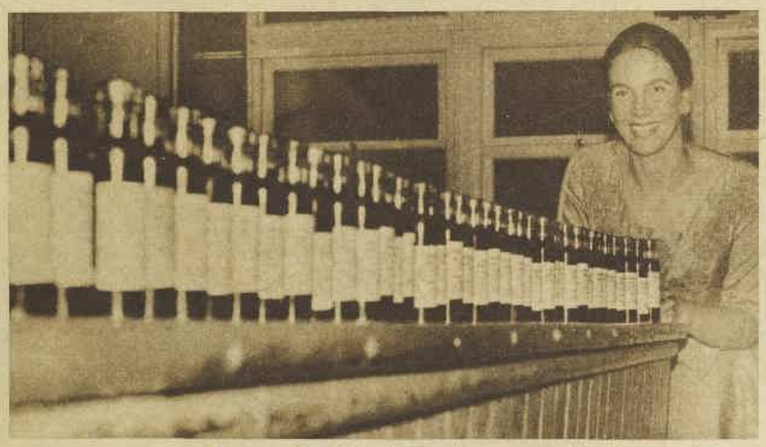
The townspeople have to raise £4000, and the rest of the finance is being arranged by the local council.

When I visited the town the oil had already brought in nearly £1000 — and a big boom in souvenir oil sales was expected.

TAILPIECE—My definition of an oil well: A hole in the ground with a television tower on top of it.

I only wish there were television at Tara and Moonie to provide entertainment for the unsung heroes of the oil-fields.

While the share market dances, these boys do the hard yakka, and hardly any of the crew hold shares in the company.



THE GOOD OIL! Mrs. Jim Murphy, co-licensee of the Commercial Hotel, lines up souvenir bottles of Moonie and Cabawin oils. They were being sold for 5/- a bottle and had so far raised nearly £1000 toward an Olympic-standard swimming-pool in Tara. The Moonie oil is much darker in color than the Cabawin oil. Local residents say both are so pure they could be poured straight into a car.

Brokers went hoarse

FRENZY — that's the only word to describe the state of the Australian stock exchanges when it was announced on March 1 that oil had been struck in Moonie No. 2 well.

In Sydney, for the first time Stock Exchange members could recall, it was necessary to bring in a policeman from the street to cope with the crowds in the gallery.

The butcher, the baker, the housewife, the typist were there, jostling for a front-seat view of the pandemonium below.

Most of them had never held a share of anything except a lottery ticket. They just wanted to be in on the "moment of history."

In five frantic minutes the 5/- A.O.G shares spiralled from £4/5/6 to £6/10/-. (In Melbourne they reached £7.)

The first oil to flow in the Tara district was at Cabawin No. 1 well last May. The next was at Moonie No. 1 on December 4; then came the oil strikes on two levels in the Moonie No. 2 well. Drilling of Moonie No. 3 will start soon.

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● You may hate Persian carpets; you may be dotty about them. But after a visit to the man who can do 200 Ghiordes knots in one hour you can't ever again be unaware of them.

● *Mr. Louis Frank sits on a stack of imported Bokhara carpets to work at his 6ft.-by-4ft. hand-loom.*

In a Sydney Persian carpet market

By VICKI ABRAMS

DEEP in a Sydney city basement in his newly opened Persian carpet market, 68-year-old Louis Frank, weaver, importer, and connoisseur, is modest about his knotting pace.

"Remember," he says, "some of the finest Kashans, Isfahans, Kermans, and Ghoums have several hundred hand-made knots per square inch.

"An experienced weaver, sitting outside his cottage — perhaps in Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan—does 600 knots an hour. He progresses one square foot in four days, taking 432 days (12 hours a day) to complete an average-size carpet."

Around Mr. Frank and his loom was about £100,000 worth of carpets. Dimly lit, as though by oil burners, they ranged from a £750 Kerman —"faded, 9ft. by 12ft."—to runners of Bokhara.

("In upper-strata Persian society, only V.I.P. visitors use the expensive centre carpet square," said Mr. Frank. "The family mostly detour along the Bokhara runners at the sides.")

I was attracted to a rather exciting carpet in the corner.

"It is beautiful," Mr. Frank admitted reluctantly, "but it has one flaw — it is TOO beautiful.

Too perfect

"I got it from the Russians at the Sydney Trade Fair. Compare the perfection of its factory-finished edges with the glorious imperfection of this hand-finished Ghoum."

A true Persian carpet may have slightly uneven edges, slight inequalities in design.

As a relaxation Mr. Frank collects stamps. He started as a 16-year-old weaving apprentice in Holland.

He continued to collect through World War I, when he was a physical fitness instructor (he became an Olympic gymnast), and later when he took over his father's carpet-importing firm.

When he migrated to Australia in 1939 the stamps came, too, together with 10 bales of Persian carpets.

His collection in 60 albums of more-than-100-year-old stamps won the Australian championship in 1960.

Of his original 10 bales of Persians, he recalled: "I was lucky. I sold all mine. Others couldn't give them away. Australians then were — how do you say it — non-Persian-carpet-conscious.

"It is a different story now, eh?"

In my innocence, I hopefully asked Mr. Frank if he had any cheap secondhand Persian carpets.

He clutched a handful of £400 Shahristan Tabriz, steadied himself, and explained gently:

"There is no such thing as a secondhand Persian carpet. If, in a lifetime of service, it chooses to grow old — perhaps even to exchange hands — it becomes an antique, the more treasured for its mellowness.

Such beauty

"Now, this carpet," caressing his cheek with a Senneh, "— only time and the Persian weaver, with his traditional patterns, could create such beauty.

"Except," he added, "that the lady has *fed the fringes to her vacuum-cleaner.*"

Housewives, take note: Don't clean a new Persian for from three to six months. Give it time for the pile to flatten, the wool to filter together.

Cleaning before this weakens the pile by sucking off little bits of strand.

Later use a soft hand-broom, and always brush with the pile. From then on vacuum it once a month. But not the fringes.

Between customers, Mr. Frank works at his loom, on which he has won several Sydney Royal Show first prizes, or tries to finish a hessian-based Persian rug for his granddaughter Nicola.

Hessian / Persian carpet? What, no loom? No 3000 years of district tradition?

Nonsense! says Mr. Frank. With the Ghiordes knot anyone can do it.

How to make a Persian carpet without a loom

YOU need good hessian, a two-inch bodkin, a graph embroidery book (the graph squares duplicate the hessian squares), and colored wool (waste wool from local mills is inexpensive).

Draw the needle under a vertical thread (as shown), leaving ½in. of wool under the left thumb. Take needle over and under the next thread (on the right) and pull wool tightly. This is the Ghiordes knot.

Now make a 1in. loop, hold under left thumb, and repeat loop and knot to the end of the horizontal row (always working from left to right).

Leaving two horizontal rows of hessian, begin again at left for next row. Keep this two-row gap throughout work.

Cut the loops after every row.

A practical Persian cushion made in this way would cost about £1 in wool, Mr. Frank says.

WEDDING DRESS CONTEST —have you entered yet?

● *Debbie Reynolds in the veil and dress.*

TO win a replica of the exquisite dress and veil worn by Debbie Reynolds (left) in the film "The Pleasure of His Company," write the story of your romance in not more than 300 words.

Describe how you met the person you are going to marry or have married.

Paramount Pictures are providing the dresses, created by famous Hollywood designer Edith Head.

There will be a winner from each Australian State.

The competitor whose entry is judged best of all received will also win a two-week honeymoon trip to Hayman Island. This will include air travel for two from anywhere in Australia, full luxury beach-front accommodation at Hayman Island, and spending money.

Rules and details of the contest were published in the March 7 issue.

Address entries "Wedding Dress," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close on March 25, 1962.

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Old folk in a stately home

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Every Tuesday evening the young people from St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, arrive to entertain the 80 or so ladies in Strickland House.

BETWEEN times the ladies entertain themselves. Sometimes Mrs. Essie Lucas, who is 86, plays the piano for them, at other times they watch television.

They walk in the gardens overlooking the harbor, or sit and knit and sew on a verandah with one of the loveliest views in Sydney.

In the bedrooms—each with a harbor view and from two to six beds—much renovation is going on.

In most rooms the hospital-type cots have been replaced by gaily colored divans with inner-spring mattresses.

There are chintz curtains and two-toned wardrobes matching bright walls.

The residents' laundrette has just been opened—white-tiled, with fully automatic washing-machine and spin-drier. The ladies will use the machines themselves only if they want to.

A community

The residents come under the category of the "well-aged"—those who are physically fit but who benefit from living in a community of people like themselves.

The pension covers board and spending money: £3/8/- per week takes care of food and accommodation, which leaves a monthly £9/8/- for the residents to spend.

They come and go at will. Visitors come at any time.

Strickland House is run by the N.S.W. Government, and the recent improvements highlight the Health Department's more positive and sympathetic approach to the problem of being old.

Ideally, says the Director-General of Public Health, Dr. C. J. Cummins, more homes of this type should be encouraged to enable old people who are well but not good at taking care of themselves (widowers not used to doing their own housekeeping fall into this category) to live an independent life on the lines of a boarding-house with the minimum of rules.

For the past 18 months the Department has been working on a report which it recently submitted to the State Government. It urges:

- Housekeeping assistance, both physical and financial, for old people in their own homes.
- Housing projects to include compact old people's quarters on ground floors rather than in special developments away from young people.

"It is as unnatural in everyday living to segregate the young from the old as it is to segregate the sexes," said Dr. Cummins.

- Short-term care in convalescent and other homes while younger members are away on holidays or business.
- With the co-operation of firms and trade unions, setting up "sheltered workshops" to enable the old folk to get a feeling of independence through jobs not involving too much strain.

At the moment there are few opportunities for this "occupational therapy" at Strickland House, but if the Department's recommendations are accepted Government-run homes of this type will find some form of employment for those who are capable of earning money.

STRICKLAND HOUSE, formerly "Carrara," was built about 1855 by John Hosking, Mayor of Sydney, on one of the loveliest of all harborside sites. ABOVE: Miss Essie Lucas, who often entertains fellow residents at the piano. BELOW: The gracious home and its view from the verandah, where Acting-Matron S. Vezey and some of the residents are enjoying the sun. (Pictures by Ron Berg, staff photographer.)

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● *Heroine Margot Bonvalet (Deidree Thurlow) and the Red Shadow (John Larsen) sing "Blue Heaven and You and I" in the current Australian production of "The Desert Song." The first Australian "Margots" were London star Virginia Perry (below) in the 1928 Melbourne production and Melbourne-born Marie Bremner (above), who starred in Sydney in 1929. Famous Australian singer Dame Nellie Melba greatly helped Miss Bremner's early stage career.*

● *Arab harem girl Azuri (Chin Yu) tries to win back Foreign Legion Captain Paul Fontaine (John Sanger), who has discarded her for Margot Bonvalet. Fontaine rebuffs her, watched by General Birabeau (Lloyd Cunnington). BELOW: Stephanie Deste as Azuri in the first Australian "Desert Song" production.*

● *LEFT: Benjamin Kidd (Ernie Bourne), "society reporter," and his secretary, Susan (Eileen Hattam). The Riffs capture Benny and Susan, and the Red Shadow uses the newspaperman as a spy. ABOVE: Herbert Mundin and Lorna Helms (Benny and Susan in 1928-29) have fun then with the "It" ballet.*

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The "Song" lingers on

● *Sigmund Romberg's "The Desert Song," a fetching flummery of burning sands and passions, which first charmed Australia 34 years ago, is having a successful revival.*

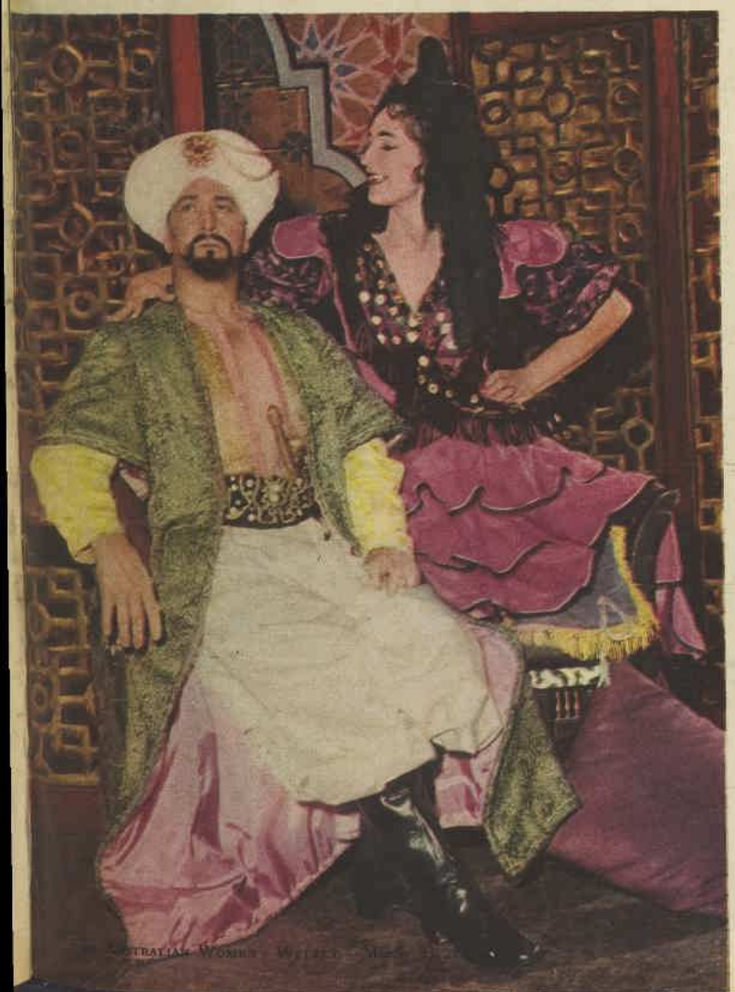
THE well-loved old musical is having an extended season in Melbourne, presented jointly by the Australian National Theatre and J. C. Williamson Ltd., and will open in Sydney late next month.

The production is bringing nostalgic memories to many middle-aged and older Australians. They remember when "The Desert Song" was first presented in Australia in the 1920s, starring patrician-featured Lance Fairfax, Virginia Perry and Marie Bremner, and vampish Stephanie Deste.

Today's "flaming youth," too, has flocked to the show—showing that perhaps it takes more than missiles and space flights to banish the Red Shadow and his raffish Riffs.

● *John Larsen unmasked as the General's son, Pierre.*

● *The 1962 Red Shadow (above) and his lieutenant, Sid El Kar (David Williams), sing "The Riff Song" in the French Moroccan mountain hideaway of their men, the Riffs, who are fighting oppression by the Governor, General Birabeau. Their 1920s counterparts were Lance Fairfax, as the Shadow (left), Herbert Browne, as Sid El Kar (right).*



● *Spanish girl Clementina (Freda Stark), left, in the harem scene, woos the caid (chieftain) of a Riff tribe, Ali Ben Ali (Ormonde Douglas). In private life Miss Stark is the wife of star John Larsen.*

—Color pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

● *Leading lady in the 1928 Melbourne production of "The Desert Song." Virginia Perry (as Margot Bonvalet), "on parade" (centre) with the ballet costumed as French Legionnaires.*

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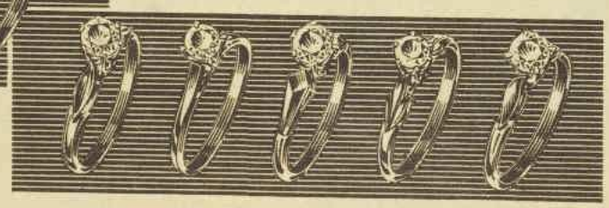

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By PENNY FORD

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

WELL-KNOWN fabric designer Elizabeth Sutherland and George Malko, who announced their engagement last month, are planning—by mail—their wedding for October or November.

George and his mother, Mrs. B. Malko, sailed in Oriana on March 5 for New York, and Elizabeth — she's the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Sutherland, of Lindfield—will leave Sydney early next month for Athens.

She'll spend some time there and then travel on to London before going across to Canada for her wedding.

After their marriage George and Elizabeth will make their home—at least for a year or two—in New York.

★ ★ ★

SHOULD think Anne Balzar will have a wonderful time in New Guinea—she sailed on March 2 in Bulolo for a working holiday. "I don't know when I'll be back," she said. Anne will stay with the ship for a while, stopping at Brisbane, Cairns, Port Moresby, Lae, Madang, Rabaul, and Samarai, before disembarking at Port Moresby on its homeward run.

★ ★ ★

JUST received a letter from June-Ann Norton—formerly June-Ann O'Brien, of Bellevue Hill—who is living in Blessington, County Wicklow, Ireland. Her husband, Jim, is agriculture editor of the "Irish Independent." Their "new" home sounds lovely—it is Georgian, 300 years old, on the side of a lake 17 miles from Dublin, and called "Baltyboys House." June-Ann has two pets, a cat and a poodle called Fi-Fi.

★ ★ ★

SEEMS that masquerade balls are all the rage at present. Princes will be the setting for the one arranged by the Blind Book Auxiliary Younger Set on March 17, when more than 150 young guests will attend. And on March 21 the Harlequin Committee will hold their first ball, masked, at the Quo Vadis Restaurant, to aid the Royal Blind Society of New South Wales. Unmasking at midnight, of course!

★ ★ ★

IT'S to be a restful country holiday for Mrs. G. Gidley King and her pretty daughter, Sandra, when they fly off next week. First stop will be Grafton, where they'll be the guests of Mrs. Ted Woodward, and then they'll go on to Inverell, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Body at Inverell Station. They'll be away nearly a month.

BLONDE Diane Cash and her fiance, John Sexton, are ecstatic about their flat "find" in Roslyndale Ave., Edgecliff—it has high ceilings, lots of white paint, and cedar furniture, plus, of course, some of John's paintings on the wall. They'll be married on Easter Saturday at St. John's, Toorak, but John has moved into the flat already. Diane is planning to stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Cash, of Bairnsdale, for about a month before the wedding, to make the many final arrangements. John comes from Adelaide—his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sexton, live in Malvern.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grundy will be abroad at the same time, their paths will not cross at all! Mr. Grundy has already left for a seven-week business trip, and on April 10 Mrs. Grundy and daughters Rosemary and Christobel, who has just left school, will sail in Oriana from Sydney. They're planning to disembark at Naples and travel across the Continent to England, then to return and tour Europe, this time in a car. Mrs. Grundy told me they'd be flying back at the end of the year.

★ ★ ★

FIVE-MONTH-OLD Jane Maureen Ramsay surely must be one of the best-dressed babies in Sydney! She's the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ramsay and the recipient of a huge parcel of beautiful Irish baby clothes sent by her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Charteris, who lives in Belfast, Ireland. Jane Maureen has inherited her mother's Irish complexion, and the white, pale pink, and soft lemon clothes suit her perfectly.

★ ★ ★

HECTIC days for dark-haired Maureen McCaffrey and John Austin Punch—son of well-known cricketer Austin Punch and Mrs. Punch, of Cremorne—who'll be married on March 17. They've bought a big old house in Lane Cove, and friends have been enlisted to help with renovations. John's old school-friends are in charge of the large garden! The ceremony will be held at Our Lady Star of the Sea Chapel at St. Aloysius' College. Maureen has chosen a full-length gown of white peau de soie, and her sisters, Denise and Therese, have bridesmaids' frocks of gold in the same material.

NEWLY WED Mr. and Mrs. Travers Nicholas pictured leaving St. Christopher's Pro-Cathedral, Canberra, after their wedding. The bride, formerly Miss Mary Lou Lane, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Lane, of Acton, was attended by her only sister, Miss Elizabeth Lane.

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CHOIRBOY Timothy Robbins offered his congratulations to Mr. David Richardson and his bride as they left St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding (left). The bride, formerly Miss Dawn Arnott, was attended by her sister, Miss Denise Arnott, Mrs. Hans Lamens, Miss Suzanne Coghlan, and Miss Angela Evatt. Her parents, Dr. and Mrs. D. W. H. Arnott, entertained guests at a reception at the Wentworth Hotel. Mr. Richardson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Richardson, of Bathurst.

ART LOVERS Mrs. Elwyn Lynn, of Double Bay, and Miss Jill Matthews, of Ashfield, were among the people who attended the opening of Bob Dickerson's exhibition at the Rudy Komon Gallery, Woollahra. They are pictured with his painting "Boy with Foal."

COMMITTEE MEMBER Mrs. Bob Stephen (left) shows a gift from the boutique to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minell, of Vaucluse, at the buffet dinner and fashion parade arranged by the Pied Piper Ball Committee at the Pickwick Club.

ABOVE: English visitor the Earl of Euston (second from left) with Mrs. Walter Bunning (on the left), Mr. Walter Bunning, who is vice-president of the Trustees of the Art Gallery, and Mrs. Norman Williams, whose husband is the British Council Representative in Australia. They were pictured at the Art Gallery Society's members' night, when Lord Euston was guest speaker.

LEFT: Mr. Harold Sharp helps his bride, formerly Miss Toni Burns, into the car after their wedding at the North Shore Synagogue. Mrs. Sharp's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Athol Burns, of Mosman, entertained 260 guests at a reception at the Australia Hotel after the ceremony. The newlyweds will live in Neutral Bay.

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CHIC BERET TO MAKE

TRACE THIS LARGE PATTERN OUTLINE ON TO PAPER OR LIGHT CARDBOARD FOLDED DOUBLE.

Begin by tracing the large pattern on this page for the top of the beret; then trace the large pattern on opposite page for the sidepiece of the beret. Cut a headband pattern 23in. by 4½in. (see instructions and diagram 1 below). Then follow directions 1 to 11.

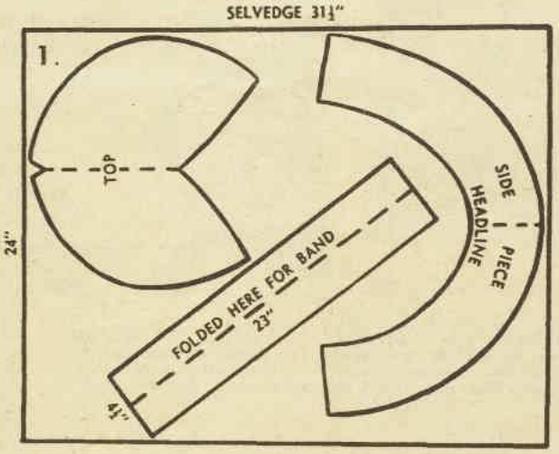
This pattern is for a standard 22in. head fitting, but it can be made larger or smaller by adding or subtracting the required amount all round.

If you alter the size, test it first in calico to ensure a perfect fit before you make it up. This version is ocelot, but the beret can be made in velvet, tweed, or almost any other material.

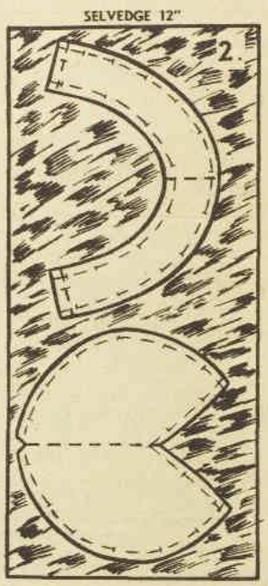
The top and sidepiece patterns shown represent only half, so make a full pattern by tracing the big outlines (this page and opposite) on to stiff white paper or light cardboard folded in two. Open out the folded pieces. Cut a strip 23in. by 4½in. for the headband. This gives you three pattern pieces (see diagram 1 below).

Half-inch turnings are allowed on all seams, so mark each pattern with a pencil-line ½in. inside the cutting line.

You will need: 1-3rd yd. 36in. (48in. or 54in.) material; ¾yd. linen canvas for stiffening; ¼yd. jersey for headband; 1-3rd. yd. 36in. (48in. or 54in.) taffeta for lining; 2-3rd. yd. ½in. or ¾in. wide grosgrain ribbon for band.



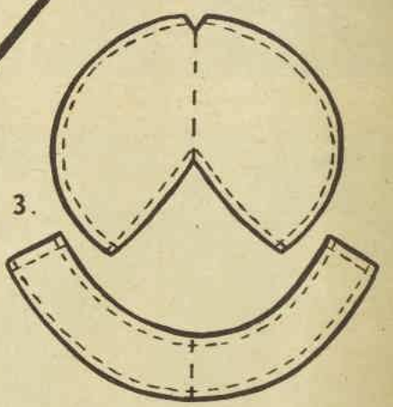
1. To cut stiffening: Arrange pattern pieces on linen canvas, as in diagram above, with headband strip on the bias. Cut out.



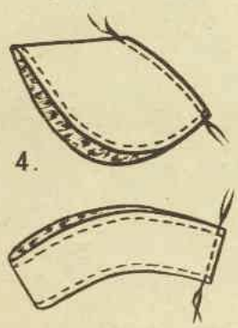
2. To cut material: Arrange top and sidepiece patterns on the material, as in diagram above, and pin around edge to secure in position while cutting out.

FOLD

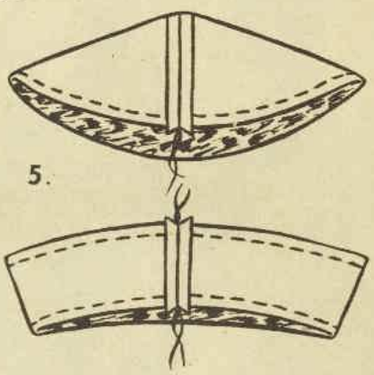
3. Tack stiffening to the wrong side of matching material pieces, following the pencil lines for ½in. seam allowances.



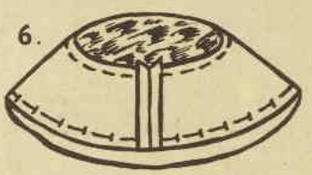
CENTRE BACK



4. Join back seams of both sidepiece and top. Remove tacking from these sections and cut away turnings of stiffenings to machining.



5. Press open seams. It is best to hold a small pressing-pad in the left hand and press on this rather than press flat on a table, as the back seam of the top has a curved line.



6. Join top and sidepiece together with right sides of material facing. Match back seams and centre points. Pin around the pencilled seam lines. Tack and remove pins. Start machining 2in. before the back seam and test after crossing seam line to see they are exactly matching before completing the row. Remove tacking threads and cut away stiffening to machining (this is important, as it eliminates bulk on the rounded part of the beret). Press open seams.

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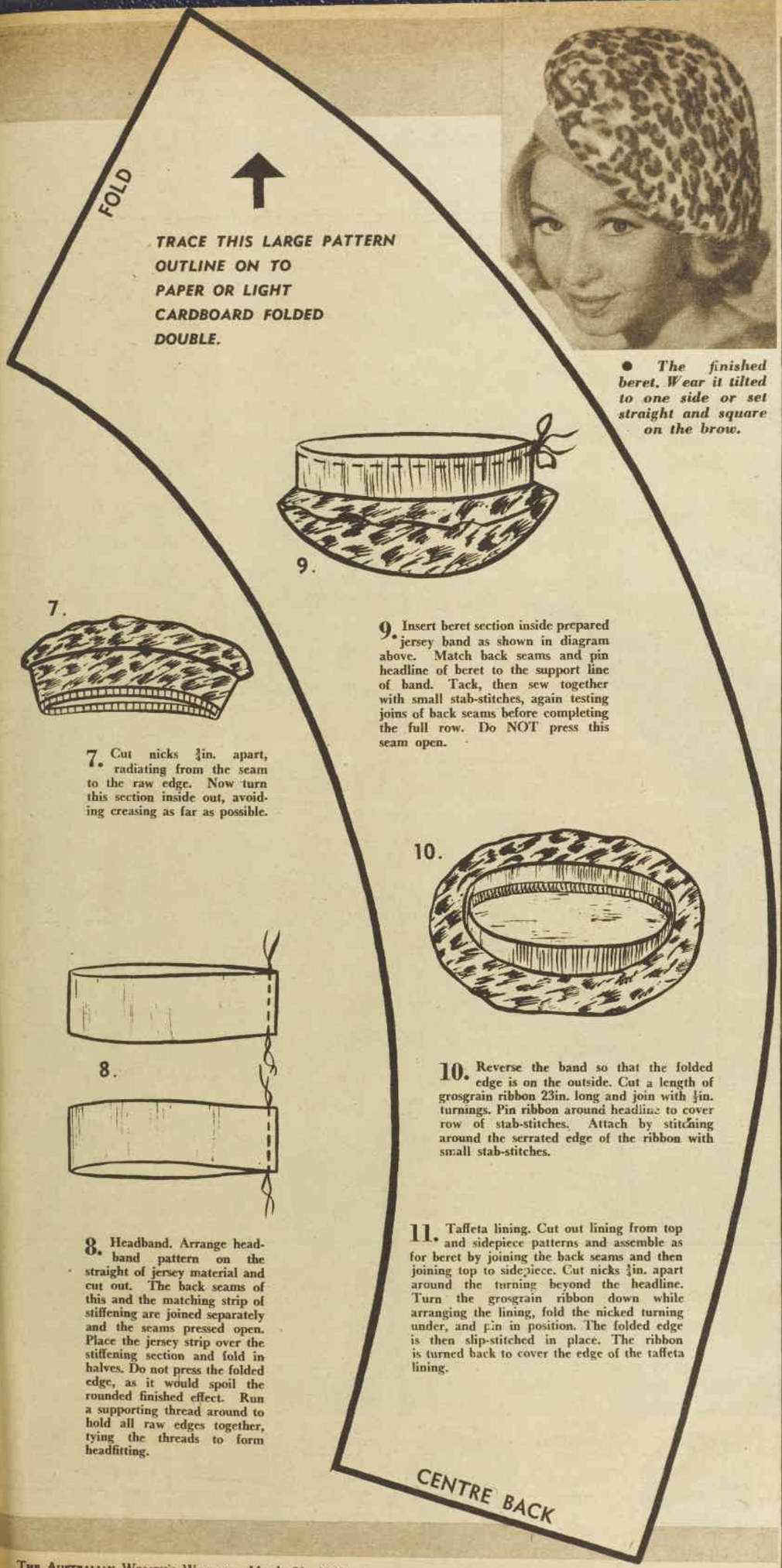
● *The finished beret. Wear it tilted to one side or set straight and square on the brow.*



9.

7.

7. Cut nicks ¼in. apart, radiating from the seam to the raw edge. Now turn this section inside out, avoiding creasing as far as possible.

9. Insert beret section inside prepared jersey band as shown in diagram above. Match back seams and pin headline of beret to the support line of band. Tack, then sew together with small stab-stitches, again testing joins of back seams before completing the full row. Do NOT press this seam open.

10.

10. Reverse the band so that the folded edge is on the outside. Cut a length of grosgrain ribbon 23in. long and join with ¼in. turnings. Pin ribbon around headline to cover row of stab-stitches. Attach by stitching around the serrated edge of the ribbon with small stab-stitches.

8.

8. Headband. Arrange headband pattern on the straight of jersey material and cut out. The back seams of this and the matching strip of stiffening are joined separately and the seams pressed open. Place the jersey strip over the stiffening section and fold in halves. Do not press the folded edge, as it would spoil the rounded finished effect. Run a supporting thread around to hold all raw edges together, tying the threads to form headfitting.

11. Taffeta lining. Cut out lining from top and sidepiece patterns and assemble as for beret by joining the back seams and then joining top to sidepiece. Cut nicks ¼in. apart around the turning beyond the headline. Turn the grosgrain ribbon down while arranging the lining, fold the nicked turning under, and pin in position. The folded edge is then slip-stitched in place. The ribbon is turned back to cover the edge of the taffeta lining.

● *Next week*

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The eight-page Baby Book is a color-illustrated pull-out for a young mother to keep. Don't miss it in our next issue.

● Color salute to Australia

The "sunburnt country," "sweeping plains," "ragged mountain ranges," and other varied Australian landscapes made unforgettable by Dorothea Mackellar in her poem "My Country" are shown in four pages of magnificent color pictures.

It's a four-page feature you'll want to keep or send to friends overseas; that children will want for school projects.

● New autumn suits

A color cover and two pages of color pictures show the variety in the new suit styles. Also illustrated are three top-fashion suits to make from patterns.

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Long engagement

HAS anyone heard of a longer engagement than 23 years? A friend of mine became engaged when my eldest child, now the 24-year-old mother of two, was only 12 months old. Not having seen this friend for some years, until we recently met accidentally, I naturally inquired if her family were all grown up and married, too. When she replied, "I'm still Miss; we haven't decided on the wedding date yet" I was at a loss for words—particularly as her fiance was standing beside her.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Clarke, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Always burping baby

MY three-year-old was a very "windy" baby and it was nothing for me to get up six or more times during the night to "burp" him. People told me he would grow out of it, but instead I still have to get up once, maybe twice or three times, at night to rub and pat his back. He also wakes up each afternoon crying with "wind." Our doctor can't help. Has any other mother had this go on for so long?

£1/1/- to "Tired Out" (name supplied), Hillcrest, S.A.

The Prince's spartan school

I CAN'T say I'm impressed with the spartan ideals of Gordonstoun, the school Prince Charles will attend. I consider it more healthful to start the day with a tepid bath than with a cold one; a comfortable bed ensures a better night's rest than an uncomfortable one; and surely a flu victim would rid himself of his illness quicker with rest and light food than with mountain-climbing. I'm not suggesting the young Prince live in luxury, but I see no reason why he shouldn't enjoy the ordinary comforts of life.

£1/1/- to "Common Sense" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.

One budgie lost, one found

AN invalid friend was most upset when her pet budgie flew away. She prayed earnestly for its return. A week or so later her husband noticed a budgie in the garden and enticed it into a cage. The bird proved to be a very good talker and was obviously someone's pet, but nothing will convince my friend it wasn't just "sent" to her. She refuses even to look for the rightful owner.

£1/1/- to "J.R." (name supplied), Brighton, Vic.

A collector at six

MY six-year-old girl is a hoarder. She has several toys she never uses and yet, when I suggest we give them to some other little girl who might like them, she firmly declines. Should I insist she part with these toys, or allow her to keep her "collection" to dote on?

£1/1/- to "Cylinder" (name supplied), Wycheproof, Vic.

Young naturalists

MRS. U. M. JOHNSON (Vic.) asks if other mothers have budding naturalists at home — like her animal- and beetle-collecting son. Our young naturalist is four. He's quite an authority on "backwards things" (Ant lions to us) and all frogs are his "darlings." Everything he collects during the day is allowed "to go home to their Mummies" before he goes to bed.

£1/1/- to J. Fisher, Gayndah, Qld.

★ ★ ★

WHEN my budding naturalist left for boarding-school I found two gum-moth cocoons in one jar and when I opened the second jar and foolishly smelt the liquid I got the shock of my life. He had pickled a loathsome-looking black spider in ammonia!

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. White, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

★ ★ ★

MY son often carried a small turtle and white mice around in his pockets—not always to my delight. When a five-year-old, he brought home the first guppy we had ever seen or heard of. Watching the guppy began a hobby in which the whole family takes part. For many years now we've had an aquarium with dozens of small tropical fish.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Aberle, Kew, Vic.

★ ★ ★

IF a boy can keep the lower animals in jars with his mother's encouragement, he'll soon advance to cruelty to birds, etc.

£1/1/- to F. Hood, Malvern, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MY twin sons began their collecting career when only two by trying to catch bees in the flower garden. Stings didn't dampen their enthusiasm. They've put mice in the china cabinet, kept frogs croaking in their bedroom, and once put a big elephant beetle in a box, which it gnawed all night.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Sinapins, Atherton, Qld.

★ ★ ★

THE first "creature" my daughter brought home—when she was only four—was a baby boy. It took us hours to find his parents. Having passed through the beetles, butterflies, and ducks stage, she is now, at 16, crazy about horses.

£1/1/- to "Just Wondering" (name supplied), Mitcham, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

WHILE we were on holiday at Flathead Bay I was able to pay some attention to fishermen's wives.

I don't mean I flirted with them and bought them chocolates, but I noticed details of their way of life.

One group, perhaps the happiest, let their husbands go fishing and made the best of it. Mrs. McNab, in the cottage next to us, was like that.

"Jim can fish till he's black in the face for all I care, as long as he doesn't bring bait into the house. I won't stand bait in the house," she said.

Actually Jim fished till he was red in the face. He and a friend went off in the car early every morning, looking serious and wearing old shorts and dirty hats.

Mrs. McNab stayed home and kept order among her four boys, who played cricket in the yard. She seemed quite content not to have her husband round the place.

Other wives, like Mrs. Hotchkiss, followed a different policy. They went fishing with their husbands.

HOOKED

Their motto seemed to be: If you can't lick 'em, join 'em.

You would see them on the jetty in all weathers, loyally throwing in beside their mates.

Mrs. Hotchkiss was as keen as any of the men. When she was wearing her plastic raincoat and sou'-wester

it was hard to tell she *wasn't* a man. I thought she was until I noticed her red nail-polish.

But some of these fishing wives did not have their heart in it.

One of them was in the store buying hooks and the storekeeper said: "What kind of fish do you want them for?" She replied in a tired voice: "I'm not after any particular kind of fish." I think she was fishing more as a duty than anything else.

The wives who had the least fun were the watchers. They went along with their husbands to the jetty or the rocks and just watched them fishing. They looked very bored, especially on windy days.

My wife got into conversation with one of these women who was camping near the beach. "Am I sick of cooking fish!" she said. "And I'm supposed to be grateful."

There is an old saying about "swearing like a fishwife." I did not hear fishermen's wives swear, but I had an impression that some of them felt like it.

My advice to a fisherman's wife is to keep away from fishing unless she enjoys it.

The sport has its thrills for those who take part. But there is nothing duller for a woman than spectator fishing. It lowers her morale. Even if she was the catch of the season when she married, she begins to feel a poor fish.

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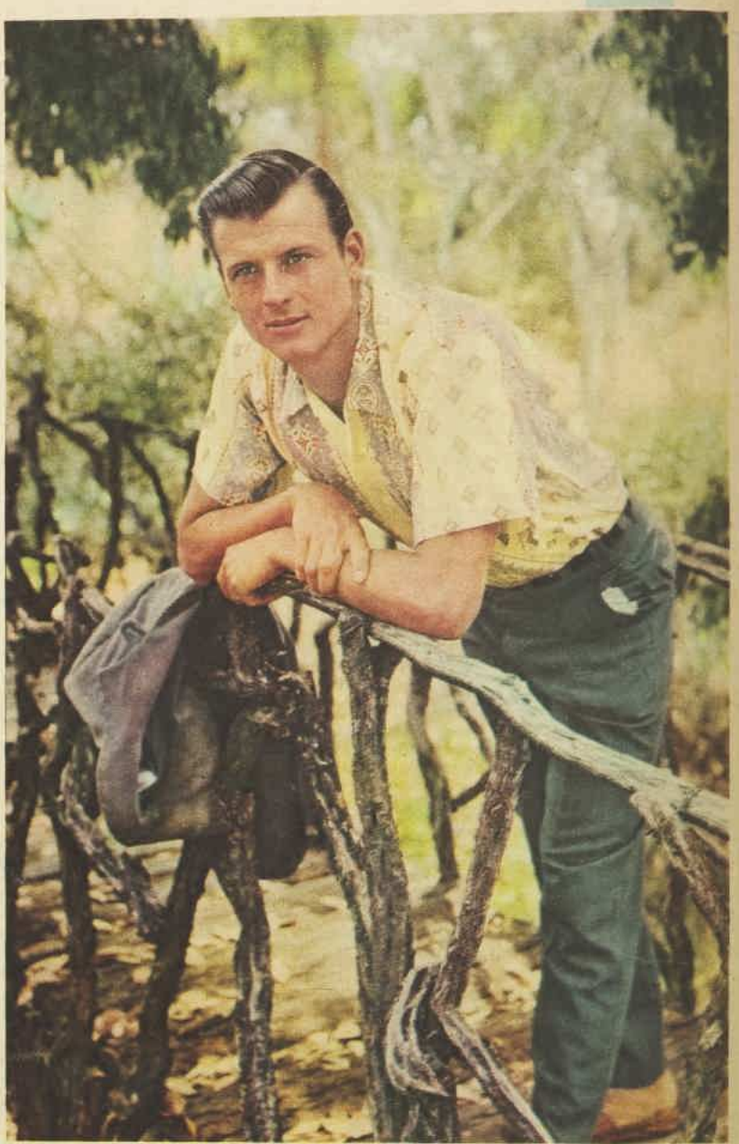

● *Jody McCrea as Ben Matheson in "Wichita Town."*

● **The latest Western offering from A.B.C.-TV, "Wichita Town," is a father-and-son series with a difference. The father and son are real off-screen father and son Joel and Jody McCrea, but they're not related in the film.**

Father Joel plays Marshal Mike Dunbar, of Wichita, Kansas. Jody is Ben Matheson, foreman of the Circle J Ranch.

Wichita features as the terminus of the great cattle drives of the days after the American Civil War. Joel McCrea appears in every episode, Jody occasionally when he drives the cattle in from the huge Circle J Ranch in West Texas.

SHOW BUSINESS

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At 75, he still has them laughing

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Once upon a time a famous movie comedian called Edward Everett Horton made people laugh.

YEARS later, mothers, grandmothers, and even some very young great-grandmothers, renewed their laughter with him via TV.

Today he is in Australia in person, as amusing as all his old fans said; as wickedly humorous as his TV "Fractured Fairy Tales" that have brought him hundreds and thousands of new fans.

I felt as if I might have been in the middle of one of the tales when I walked into the busy foyer of Sydney's Australia Hotel and saw Edward Everett, happily unrecognised, reading the morning paper.

He was quite taken aback when I introduced myself, and did the closest approach to the double take for which he is famous (not a personal mannerism, he says, but "a technical trick that goes back to the days of Shakespeare").

Mr. Horton is in Australia to produce and star in "Nina," a French farce opening at the Palace Theatre on Saturday, March 17, the date before his 75th birthday.

At 75 he is still in love with life.

When he sits relaxed, alone, he looks his age, but as soon as he smiles and begins to speak the marks of age are forgotten.

He is young again, as fussy, amusing, and, indeed, as debonair as he was in the movies in the 1930s and early 1940s.

At that time he was at the height of his film fame. Channel 9 has recently shown two of his most famous films of those days, "Shall We Dance?" and "Top Hat," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Many fans

He was very surprised to hear that his "Fractured Fairy Tales" had earned him many new fans here.

But he astounded me by saying that he had never ever seen either of the films Channel 9 had shown, or a third, "The Gay Divorcee," which he also made with Astaire and Rogers.

Channel 9 will show another film in which he appeared, the hilarious "Arsenic and Old Lace," on Sunday, April 8, at 8 p.m.

"Oh, that's a very good film," Mr. Horton said.

"I enjoyed that. Cary Grant is the star and the two wicked old ladies were Josephine Hull and Jean Adair.

"I made another version of 'Arsenic and Old Lace' later—a special one that lasted only an hour—for TV. That time I played it with another two wicked ladies, those lovely girls Helen Hayes and Billie Burke.

"But it was not as good as the original."

Mr. Horton enjoys TV, but shudders away from the thought of a permanent series role.

"Oh my, no!" he said.

He finished three episodes of "Dennis the Menace" just before he flew here.

He made one five weeks before the death of Joseph Kearns, Dennis' friend Mr. Wilson.

"I play the role of Mr. Wilson's elderly uncle, Ned. I am coming to visit the Wilsons and they think I need quiet and rest," he said.

"But not at all. I am very healthy and full of spirits, quite athletic, too, and full of callisthenics. I had Mr. Wilson — Joseph Kearns that was — on the parallel bars and so on. I wonder now whether I should have.

"He was complaining even then of pains in his arm and everyone said it was neuritis. But it was his heart."

The producers of the show wanted to write Uncle Ned in as a permanent character after the death of Mr. Wilson, but Mr. Horton said no.

Mr. Horton has never married and has no regrets.

"I have had a very happy life with my mother, sister, and two brothers," he said.

● Edward Everett Horton (above) in "Arsenic and Old Lace," to be telecast from Channel 9 on April 8 at 8 p.m., and, at right, in Sydney. He thinks Australian telephone bells are "like a public alarm system."

Mother's death

"We all live in the San Fernando Valley at a place called Encino.

"'Encino' is Spanish for oak tree. It was full of these magnificent oak trees, hundreds of years old.

"Now nearly every other night one of them is cut down to make way for a gas station," he said. "Why you can't have both, I don't know."

The big sadness in his life was his mother's death last August, just two months before her 102nd birthday.

"It's best to get used to having me around," Mr. Horton said. "Now I am planning for another 25 years. But I promise you that when I get to be 70 I will retire." (Yes, he said 70!)

He always remembers his mother ("We all called her Belle") keening over her hair one day when she was well into her nineties.

She was combing it and said to him, "Look, I am getting real grey."

Mr. Horton himself is far from "real grey." He has a thick head of hair an interesting brindle color. He is just under 6ft. tall and likes to be round 13st. 3lb.

"I can diet all through the meal until we come to the dessert," he said. "I never eat anything fried, and very seldom touch butter.

"I used to eat it by the ton, and the same with cream, until we kept our own cows. I didn't like them then."

Thinking of Mr. Horton, his life, and his many interests and his "Fractured Fairy Tales," on which I dote, I wondered if his life was like them. Could I go away thinking he was going to live happily ever after?

I found I could. "My ambition is just to keep on working now and have a good time —and truly I have a wonderful time," he said. "My life is so much fun."

Central West and South get "telly"

● New South Wales' first inland commercial TV station, CBN Channel 8, Orange, will begin transmission on Saturday, March 17, at 5.30 p.m.

WOLLONGONG'S station, WIN Channel 4, second of the provincial coastal stations (Newcastle was first), will open the following day, Sunday, March 18.

It is a matter of pride for the people of Orange (population 30,000), 170 miles west of Sydney, that they are first in the field in inland TV.

Central Westerners, once scoruful of "that dreadful TV" they had seen in Sydney, now boast: "We have telly now!"

Heart of Orange's new TV station is the big administration and studio building on Bathurst Road, at the southern entrance to the city.

The air-conditioned building, with its three studios, administrative and technical offices, is linked by microwave to the transmitter on Mount Canoblas, which, rising 4610ft. above sea-level, is the highest point of the Great Dividing Range in Central N.S.W.

The 390ft. transmitter tower rises on the slopes 120ft. below the summit of Mount Canoblas and carries the antenna 4872ft. above sea-level.

The transmitter is housed in a two-storey building which contains living quarters for the technical staff in case they are snowbound in winter.

● Circle on map shows area of clear reception from CBN8 Orange.

The signal provides a clear picture from Gilgandra in the north to Boorowa in the south, from Lithgow in the east to Condobolin in the west, serving a population of more than 200,000 people.

CBN Channel 8 will start with a daily programme of five hours, from 5.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Viewing hours will be lengthened "in time."

Talent quest

Mr. J. E. Ridley, chairman and managing director of Country Television Services Ltd., which controls Channel 8, said that the opening Saturday night telecast would be almost a normal Saturday night programme.

The programme would begin immediately after an introduction and the official opening by the Postmaster-General, Mr. Davidson.

Mr. Ridley said Channel 8 would soon appoint a woman compere, or hostess, to handle sessions of special appeal to country women.

It would also conduct screen tests and auditions to find juvenile and adult TV talent from the viewing area.

Mr. Ridley said Channel 8 was confident there was plenty of potential talent in the Central West.

"We intend finding it," he said.

Wollongong WIN4's 300ft. transmitting tower at Knight's Hill, near Robertson, will give A-class reception in an area bounded by Helensburgh in the north, Goulburn in the west, and Bateman's Bay in the south.

This area, with a population of about 250,000, already has 18,000 TV sets, 12,000 of them in the Greater Wollongong area.

For a start WIN4 will be on the air 38 hours a week with local and imported programmes.

"Live" local features will be regular news sessions and children's programmes.

Film Reviews

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★ LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA

Scenic Florence in color and Dior gowns are compensations for the non-contagious emotions of this romance-with-a-problem. American tourist Olivia de Havilland is protectively distressed at the attraction of her mentally retarded but physically mature daughter (Yvette Mimieux) for an uncomprehending swain — unconvincingly played by sophisticated George Hamilton. The inability of Rossano Brazzi (Hamilton's suave all-for-the-match papa) to see the reason for de Havilland's anxiety seems incredible. However, the plot holds interest, and is helped by the fascinating locale.—**Liberty, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SCENIC.

THE WHITE WARRIOR

Steve Reeves turns his brawny attention to Tolstoy in this celluloid slaughter of the famed Russian's novel. As the fearless Caucasian hero, a clumsy Steve leads his rebellious tribesmen against their Tsarist Russian tyrants. Resultant violence is a leaden farce.—**Esquire, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SOPORIFIC.

★ ★ ★

LIZ TAYLOR and husband Eddie Fisher are forming a company with 20th Century-Fox to work out various merchandising offers in connection with their "Cleopatra." Miss Taylor's name and likeness will be used by jewellery and fashion firms, which plan to bring out "Cleopatra" lines.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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PARIS NIGHT CHOICE —CASUAL OR GRAND

• Sleeveless dress in metallic brocade topped by a cardigan jacket. Typical Chanel chic.

• Holding sway this autumn-winter are two nightlife "looks." One is done on the grand scale, the other is short-skirted and has casual elegance. Both trends were shown by the Paris couture and both are frankly alluring in their own right. A brilliant example of the grand look is shown in the ball gown at right. The dress was designed by Marc Bohan for Maison Dior. Even in a collection as spectacular as Dior's, this dress was applauded with wild enthusiasm by the world Press and buyers and with true Gallic spirit by the French. Chanel, with her usual individualism, chose to ignore the grand look. The Chanel idea was a short-skirted dance dress and a theatre suit. Chanel followers, many of whom are members of the international set, raved about the faultless details and elegance of these new Chanelisms. Admirers proclaim the after-dark Chanel fashions practical and cosmopolitan, ideal for travel as well as at home. Without a doubt, Chanel supplies the fashion wants of the average woman — easy-to-wear, timeless clothes. A mannequin can look marvellous in a highly fashionable model on a catwalk, but would you? Answer this question and you are halfway to a well-planned nightlife wardrobe.

— BETTY KEEP

• Chanel's elegant dance dress and cardigan suit, both short-skirted and feminine.

• Dior's ball gown made in white silk alpaca and adorned with a jewelled bow.

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THE TRUE SEQUEL

Fanny and the

ABOVE: The lovely, tiny Fanny Knox, whose tempestuous romance in Siam influenced the course of history.

AT RIGHT: One of the many splendid old buildings of the Grand Palace in the Siamese capital, Bangkok.

● This is the sequel to the true story made famous in two books, a musical, and two films, called variously "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," "Anna and the King of Siam," and "The King and I." It tells what happened in the *next* generation, a story as colorful and dramatic as its predecessor.

● The leading figures are the King, whom Anna Leonowens taught when he was a young prince; the formidable Prime Minister, whom everyone will remember from "The King and I," now become the all-powerful Regent of Siam; Anna's own son, Louis; Fanny, the daughter of the British Consul-General; and the aristocrat Phra Preecha.

● The drama that unfolds around the unforgettable Fanny is based on diaries, letters, State archives, and the author's researches in Siam.

By R. J. MINNEY

AT the first sight of the feathery attap palms her heart leapt. She gazed at the mangrove swamps, the tall coconut trees and the even taller betel palms behind, the monkeys playing, the flashing colors as the birds darted in the thickets, the muddy red-brown river. Fanny shut her eyes and raised her face towards the sky, golden and blinding in its glare.

It had been a long voyage. First the large and comfortable P. and O. steamer they had boarded at Marseilles on March 24, 1875, then the change at Singapore to the small, shabby Alligator in which they had rolled and tossed for four days in the Gulf of Siam.

Now they were steaming up the river and on the banks she saw again the colored houses, pink and blue and yellow, built on stilts or floating on rafts, and the pretty little temples with their gilded *narks*, rising from the roofs like serpents, to ward off the evil, wandering spirits.

The river wound tortuously. From the fishing-boats men waved their greeting. Now the ship was steaming past the larger, slower rice boats, then the paddle steam-launches, the towed barges, the long canoes — the river was getting congested. Her face alight, Fanny caught sight of Bangkok just ahead.

In one of the small boats she could see two men waving excitedly. She took the glasses from her father and leaned across the rails. Her pale brown hair, long now, but bunned and chignoned, gave her a grown-up air which her mischievous hazel eyes belied. For all her nineteen years she was still tiny, barely over five feet tall.

"It looks like Louis," she said, turning to her father.

Louis was the son of Anna Leonowens, who had been governess at the Court of King Mongkut of Siam. He was six when his mother had resigned her post in 1867 and took him with her to England and then to the United States. The King whom Anna had served died a few months after she left and he was succeeded by his eldest son, King Chulalongkorn, who was only fifteen at the time. Louis and the new King were of the same age and had played together as children.

"I forgot to tell you," Knox replied. "Louis returned some months ago. Then he went off to Australia to buy some horses for the King —*there* weren't any in Siam. They have a Household Cavalry at the Royal Palace now, and Louis is an officer."

She waved her hand in response. "Is his mother back, too?"

"Oh, no. Anna is doing much too well lecturing all over America after the success of her book."

Fanny looked through the glasses again. "And that's Nai Dee, isn't it?"

Knox nodded, his dark beard blowing in the wind.

Nai Dee was the favorite grandson of Somdetch Sri Suriwong, the Prime Minister who had been appointed Regent by the dying King and who still retained the position, although the young King had by now come of age.

"Surprising," Fanny said. "Aunty Anna and Nai Dee's grandfather used to hate each other. How have those two come to be friends?"

"Anna was a little unkind to the old Regent in her book. I don't think she was very fair to him. He's a great man really. He is doing so much for Siam."

A cluster of little boats gathered around the Alligator, cutting off Louis and his friends. The air was filled with shouting and laughter. The ship's ladder was lowered and Knox and his daughter descended to the British consular steam-launch.

AS the launch neared the red landing stage of the Consulate, Fanny could see Mama and Caroline hurrying across the lawn. The large wooden house, raised high on stilts, the tall mango trees filled with monkeys, the bushes of hibiscus and oleander, the canal flowing at the side below Papa's bedroom and hers — the sight filled her with joy.

Mama was blowing kisses and in a few moments they were in each other's arms. "How you've grown!" Mrs. Knox said. "You're not a child any longer."

"I'm not much bigger than you are," Fanny laughed.

Mrs. Knox was Siamese. The daughter of a duke, she had from the age of fourteen been a lady-in-waiting at the Court of the Second or Deputy King, a younger brother of the late King Mongkut. The Second King was wholly Western in his outlook and his way of life, and English was spoken in his home. When Knox had arrived in Siam, after serving with the Indian Army, he had been persuaded by the Second King to undertake the training of his own small army. It was then that Knox and the pretty lady-in-waiting had met and married when she was seventeen.

Mrs. Knox, with such a background, not only spoke English fluently but was completely Westernised in her outlook. Her younger daughter, Caroline, two years Fanny's junior, was the quiet one of the family; she preferred to remain with Mama and not go "gallivanting all over Europe in quest of an education," as Mama put it.

Knox gave instructions about the grand piano Fanny had brought with her from Paris. He had been away six months to fetch Fanny. With his arm linked through his wife's they walked together across the lawn.

A group of servants stood salaaming. Tea had been sent out on the verandah.

"Oh, the wonderful smell of it all," Fanny exclaimed, looking at the great line of floating houses across the water, the lofty spire of the Temple of the Dawn, the glittering tops of the Palace's golden pagodas. She listened to the laughter on the river, the singing of the boatmen, the cry of the birds.

"I've missed it all so much," she said.

Across the lawn she saw Louis and Nai Dee coming towards them.

Night fell as everyone talked. Lamps were placed on the tables. Lights were everywhere now, shimmering in the waters of the thousand canals that led to the west and the east and the north, and music of guitar and flute drifted over the waters. Fireflies began their dance.

Caroline noticed that Louis had eyes for no one but Fanny, and saw that from across the table Nai Dee was looking intently at her, too. She had come back prettier than ever. Mama, watching the girls, had her own thoughts. It might not be a bad idea to link their family with the Regent's.

Yes, it might be better to be linked with him than to have him against you.

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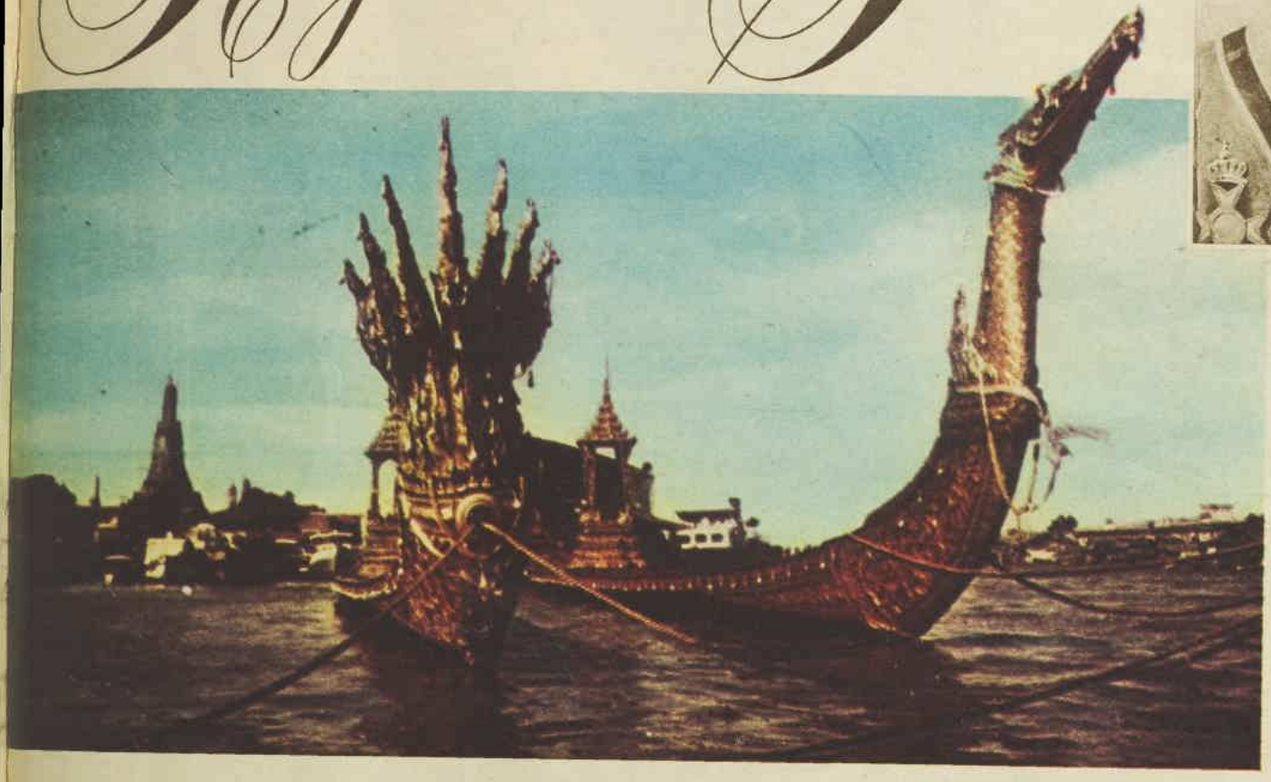
TO "THE KING AND I"

Regent of Siam



ABOVE: The formidable Regent (he was the Prime Minister in Anna's day), whose plans ran in opposition to Fanny's.

LEFT: The Royal barges are a symbol of Siam's age-old splendor. In Fanny Knox's day Bangkok had practically no streets, and it is still criss-crossed by canals.

A HORSE had been bought for Fanny, and the next morning father and daughter were cantering along New Road, the only road in all Bangkok. It was four miles long.

Ahead of them, riding towards the Palace, was a small group. Fanny saw that the young man in the middle was the King. He greeted them with a welcoming smile. He was small and slight and wore a thin moustache.

Knox, after the conventional gestures of homage, had engaged one of the others in conversation, a man in his thirties, not handsome, but strong and rugged. The Consul turned to his daughter. "Fanny, this is Phra Preecha, Governor of the province of Prachin."

The *Phra* was a title; he was a baron. He and Knox were good friends. In his eyes Fanny noticed just a hint of a smile, but they did not linger on her.

The King announced his intention of giving a party in honor of Fanny's return.

Later, Fanny was telling her sister: "I met a most attractive man while I was out this morning. He isn't exactly good-looking, but he has a lovely face. There's a gentle — a spiritual — quality in it. He has a faraway look, as though he can see beyond the skies."

"Do you mean Phra Preecha?"

Fanny nodded. "So you can see it, too."

Mama had entered the room. She felt thankful that Preecha was married. He belonged to one of the most exalted families in the country. The only other family of equal importance was that of the Regent. For some centuries these two families had been predominant. But for the past quarter of a century the Regent had been all-powerful. He appointed ministers. He selected judges. Nobody dared defy him. The rivalry between the families had grown into an enmity.

"Preecha's a good man," Mama said. "Your father is very fond of him and so is the King. He has a fine brain. He found a gold-mine in his province and presented it to the State. He is working it himself with machines and engineers. It brings a lot of money to the Government. Preecha is married," she went on. "He has two children, one of four and the other two."

"I know," said Fanny.

Lunch was served on the verandah. Through the blinds Fanny caught glimpses of the enchanting pageantry of the river.

Suddenly all the servants on the verandah and on the lawn fell on their knees and pressed their foreheads to the ground. Emerging from a long gilded boat at the landing stage was the Regent. He was a little above medium height, slender, on the verge of seventy, and most handsomely dressed in thick silk, which fell in folds to his ankles.

"Fanny!" he called, raising his eyes to the verandah and joining his palms in greeting. "I have come especially to see you."

He came up and put an arm affectionately about her. The Regent had always been fond of her, and now he found she had grown even prettier than he had expected.

Half an hour later, alone with Knox in the Consul's study, he was proposing that the girl should be married to his young grandson, Nai Dee. The Regent was not acting on any impulse; he had thought of this for a long time. "It would link our families, even our two countries," he said.

The suggestion, Knox responded, came, indeed, as a great honor. But Fanny would have to be consulted. She had a will of her own, and she knew that in England, where she had so recently completed her education, marriages were no longer arranged by parents.

"I know, I know. It is early yet. Sow the thought in her mind. We must let it grow there. It will take time, of course." The Regent affably held out his hand in farewell.

That night the Consul discussed the unexpected offer with his wife. Both felt puzzled. What was the Regent's real motive? Probably he hoped the marriage would mean greater British support for his Regency, thus delaying still further the day when the young King would be able to rule.

The Consul's Siamese-born wife felt a sense of foreboding. "Louis Leonowens is interested in Fanny," she said. "If she is going to say 'No' to Nai Dee, it would be best for her to leave the country."

"Fanny is a British subject," Knox said with slow emphasis.

FANNY and Knox went riding every morning. The King was often out, too, but Preecha was rarely with him, and when he was he merely bowed politely to Fanny. She wondered whether it would be possible to draw him into conversation, without appearing to be forward. But after a few weeks she no longer saw him.

"I suppose he has gone back to Prachin," she said to Caroline. "He must have a busy time as Governor of such a vast province."

"You seem interested."

"I think he *is* interesting. He has that strange, spiritual look in his eyes — with, just round the corner, a dancing sense of fun. I'd like to know what goes on in his mind. But he won't talk — not to me at any rate."

Caroline laughed. Fanny glowered at her sister.

One morning the sisters climbed to the top of a temple from whose lofty tower they could see all Bangkok spread out beneath them — the Regent's Palace on this side of the river; the Royal Palace enclosure, a square mile in extent, as large as the City of London, with elephant stables by the main gate, the white elephant stalls by the temples, and beyond them the women's quarters, where, in a hundred houses, separated by streets and parks and a sprinkling of shops, the queens and princesses lived, protected by a police guard of amazons in daffodil-colored uniforms.

On the other side of the river lay the great estate ruled by Preecha's father.

As the two girls descended from the tower, pilgrims drenched them with water, for it was the festival which takes place just before the rains. That evening Nai Dee came to the house with a large syringe and squirted water at the girls amid much laughter.

Nai Dee, though short and squat, was six inches taller than Fanny. His square face was strikingly like his grandfather's, but less stern. He laughed a great deal, but memories of their childhood reminded Fanny that he was also capable of being cruel — to animals chiefly. His silly pranks with the monkeys, the tormenting of dogs and cats, who used to slink away when they saw him, came to her mind. But doubtless he had outgrown all that.

Louis came even more frequently than Nai Dee. The two watched each other like hawks and each tried to anticipate the other in doing something for Fanny. Sometimes this became a little uncomfortable for Caroline, for she felt certain that Fanny preferred Louis and would marry him.

The next day Fanny heard that Preecha's wife had died.

The party the King had promised Fanny was held some weeks later on the eve of the

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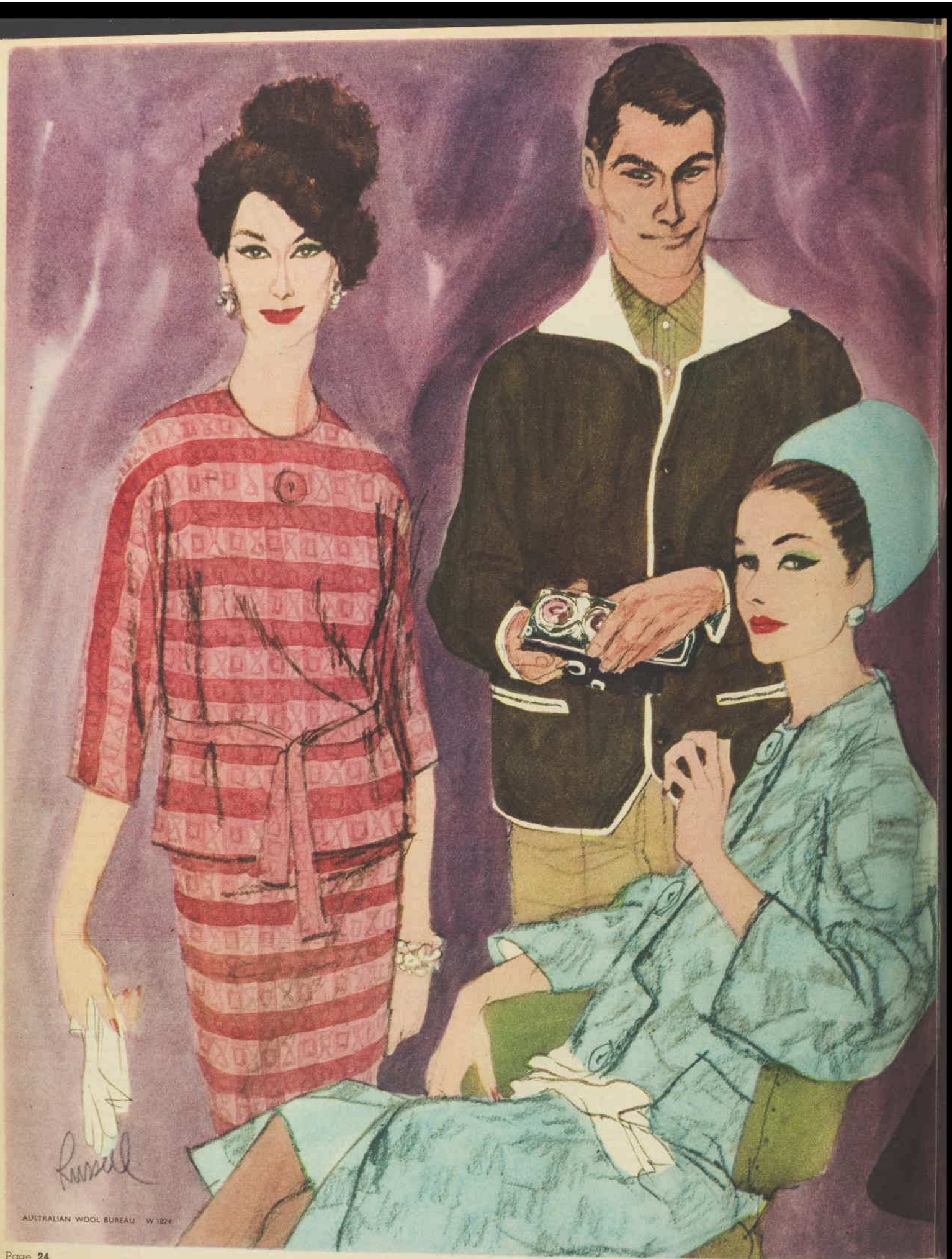

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The best is yet to be

They had planned so much for their future and now it was at stake . . . a poignant story

By IRENA DICKMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

IT was a lovely morning, crisp and dry; pale blue and pale green and lemon-yellow. Kit opened the kitchen window and took a deep breath, then turned to rescue the coffee-pot which had started to boil over.

"Phillip," she called. "Phillip, coffee's ready."

He came out to the kitchen, yawning and scratching his head. He had put on his old dressing-gown again, the camel-hair one with the holes in the elbow. This time, thought Kit, this time I really will throw it away where he can't rescue it again.

"Nice morning," said Phillip, sucking in coffee as a drowning man sucks in air.

"A lovely morning," said Kit warmly, buttering toast.

A lovely morning, and Phillip has been up half the night working, and I have to spoil the morning, the day, his whole life for him. Perhaps I won't, just yet. Perhaps I'll wait and tell him later. That's what I'll do. I won't tell him now.

And then, having decided that she wouldn't tell him yet, she told him in her next breath.

"Phillip," she said, "I'm going to have a baby."

He put his coffee-cup down slowly, looking at her through lowered lashes.

"You're sure?" he asked incredulously.

"I've been to the doctor," she said. "It's absolutely certain."

Her hands were clenched beneath the table. Say you're glad, Phillip, she willed. Put your arms round me and say you're glad. At least say you don't mind, that we'll get by, that we'll manage.

Phillip ran his hands through his hair. "Heavens," he groaned. "That's torn it."

Disappointment ran through her like an icy shiver. "I don't see why," she said. "After all, isn't that what people get married for — to have families?"

"But not yet! Heavens, Kit, we arranged to wait until I got established before we had any children."

"I'm afraid," she said tartly, "this one didn't wait to be asked."

"And what are we supposed to do now?" he asked.

How typical, she thought, that he should be the one to ask the question, that she was supposed to supply the answer. "Other people manage," she said.

"Other people! I'm not 'other people.' I'm a poor struggling writer who sees the first glimmer of success."

"Those glimmers brought in quite a lot of money when you were doing short stories and radio scripts. Couldn't you do that again?"

"Look, Kit, you don't seem to understand. I'm halfway through a novel. Anderson and Burge like my synopsis and the couple of chapters I submitted to them, but they stressed that my style was rough and needed plenty of polishing. And there's the competition. One thousand pounds straight out if I could win it, and royalties on top of that. You could have quins on that amount of money if you wanted to."

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"She must have missed him."

Continuing . . . THE BEST IS YET TO BE

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Kit smiled, in spite of herself. "If we had quins, we wouldn't need royalties. We'd make a fortune. But you will have finished the novel long before the baby comes, won't you?"

"I might," said Phillip cautiously. "But you'll have to give up your job in a month or two, won't you? It's going to make things devilishly awkward, isn't it?"

Kit stood up and walked over to the window. "Yes, it will, won't it?"

He came and stood behind her, putting his arms around her and rocking her gently.

"Look, Kitten," he said. "I know it sounds terrible when you say it like that, but it's true, isn't it? That's the arrangement we made, so that I could get the novel written. Kitten, you don't know what it's like to be a writer and have to stop half-way through something that's going well."

"No," said Kit. "I don't know. I'm not talented that way. I'm only good for having babies that nobody wants."

He bent his head and kissed the back of her neck, but she held herself stiff in his arms. Then, hating to be repulsed, he said, "Well, after all, don't forget that getting married was your idea. Don't forget I wanted to wait until I could support you properly."

His arms dropped from around her and when she turned round he had gone.

Tears stung her eyes as she cleared away the breakfast things. That was almost always his ultimate answer when things went against him, how she had pressed him into marriage, offering him a home, her earnings, her protective love. But how could she do anything else when she saw him badly fed, with his clothes undarned, saw talent burning in him that just had to be developed?

So she had asked him, and then asked him again, and then had said, "I don't have to beg you, Phillip, do I?" And he had put his arms around her and said, "No, of course you don't, Kitten. I'm the one who will have to be the beggar. Always."

Then some of it had been sweet, and some of it not so sweet, but that was the way of it in every marriage.

She went to work without seeing Phillip again, and it would have been a good day, except that she thought all through the day, how long will I be able to work?

Once the page had swum in front of her while she was taking dictation and she had a moment of panic. Please, she prayed, please don't let me have a sickly pregnancy. And she heard Mr. Carter say, "Don't you feel well, Mrs. Mason?"

She said quickly, "I'm all right, Mr. Carter. It's just a little hot in here."

When she got home Phillip was out. Kit felt a wild surge of hope. He has gone to look for a job, she thought. So that I can give up work.

He came home just after six. He had been drinking a little. He kissed her and sat down in the armchair by the fire.

"Did you get much work done?" she asked conversationally.

"I didn't get any work done," he said. "I've been out—oh, just walking. I saw a few people."

About a job, prayed Kit.

"Anderson and Burge aren't happy with the last two chapters," he said, sliding miserably down in the chair. "They want me to do them again. More polish, polish, polish. What's your news?" he asked.

SHE smiled a lopsided smile. "I'm still going to have a baby," she said foolishly.

He sat up straight in his chair. "Look, Kitten, you told me this morning. Now let the subject drop, will you?"

Then, at the sight of her face, he was up in a moment, arms around her. "Kitten, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm a brute. Just give me time to get used to the idea. It all seems so awful at the moment, a squalling infant, with never a quiet moment—nappies drying all over the place, and you too busy to talk to me."

"But, Phillip," she said gently. "Didn't you ever think—I mean, married people do have families, you know."

"In a one-room flat? No, I'm afraid I didn't think of it. I thought of us being together, just the two of us, and my becoming a successful writer, and our going to Spain and South America and all sorts of interesting places. And it isn't only when it's a baby. When it can walk it will be into everything, pulling my manuscripts to pieces."

It's no good, she thought. He doesn't want it. He really, genuinely doesn't want us to have a baby. But we're going to and that's the end of it. The end of what? Even as early as that she began to wonder.

It seemed that after that Phillip did less work, went out more, drank a little too much a little too often. Once when Kit was home with the flu the phone rang and a woman said, "Phillip?"

"This is Kit. Phillip's out. Is that you, Joyce?"

Joyce Harmon. An old friend of Phillip's.

"I—yes, this is Joyce. I wanted to ask Phillip if he knew Stacey Blake's address."

"Oh," said Kit. "Oh, I'll tell him when he comes in."

It wasn't until she had replaced the receiver that she realised that Joyce was unlikely not to know the address of her own theatrical agent, and his name was in the phone book, anyway.

When she told Phillip that Joyce had called he said, "Oh, yes?" with the jaunty defiant air of a small boy caught with raspberry jam all around his mouth. Kit watched him as he sat at the typewriter, working and yet not working, his elbows resting on the keyboard.

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She looked at the tousled hair, the long chin, the shadows in his cheeks that made him look so thin, that gave him that young disarming look. I could lose him, she thought in sudden fright. Because of the baby I could lose him to Joyce, or to some other woman, or to Spain and South America and the glories of freedom.

She leant over suddenly and ruffled his hair. He looked up, embarrassed and guilty, as though she had surprised in his mind the very thought that had been in hers.

Later that night, as she lay beside him, she thought, Could I live without him?

Could I bear it if he went off to all those places without me? Could I bear not to know whether he was eating properly, whether he was catching cold? Could I see his name over a story, on a book, and think — once we were married—and not die?

She turned and shook him gently by the shoulder. "Phillip," she said, "wake up."

He grunted. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Phillip," she said. "I've made up my mind. We'll have the baby adopted."

He struggled up on to his elbows. "You mean that?" he asked. "You really mean it?"

"Yes, I do." She tried to keep the tears out of her voice. "Yes, Phillip, I really mean it."

"Darling." He leant over and kissed her. "We'll have years and years to have a family in. When I'm rich and famous. When I'm established as a writer."

And instantly he was asleep. But Kit did not sleep. Not that night or for many nights to come.

But things were better between them after that. In the evenings she used to sit on the floor, leaning against his knees. He read what he had written during the day.

". . . 98 . . . 99 . . . 100 . . . Ready or not, here I come."

"What do you think of it?" he would demand.

And she, wanting so much for his writing to be good, searched for the right words.

"There's something," she would say "I can't put my finger on it. It's not exactly roughness — that's not the word for it. There's something wrong."

And he would jump up, striding across the room, scattering pages, running his hands through his hair, saying, "I know. I feel it myself. If I could just find out what it is it would be good."

Then he would pull her up out of the chair, putting his arms around her, saying, "Oh, Kit, I need you so badly. Don't ever leave me. I'd never get anywhere without you."

And she thought, startlingly, I'll not leave you, Phillip. But your writing had better be good. It had better be worth the baby I'm giving away.

Then she checked herself sharply, remembering that he had written good short pieces, that his brain was packed with a talent that was as good as the best, that she had staked the whole of her life on that fact. That to stop believing—that was to stop living.

And yet she stopped. At — of all places—an office party. She put on her full-skirted cocktail dress and went to help entertain the firm's more important clients. And among those clients she met Murray Burge, of Anderson and Burge.

"You're Phillip Mason's wife, aren't you?" he asked, taking a sandwich from the tray she handed him. His eyes approved her.

"Yes, and you're going to publish Phillip's novel."

Continuing . . . THE BEST IS YET TO BE

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She saw the flicker of doubt in his eyes. "Well," he said. "Well, perhaps. You can't tell about these things until they are finished, you know."

"But you like it? You think it's going to be all right?"

"It's not bad. But your husband is a very young man. Not to put too fine a point on it, he's very immature and it shows in his writing. Oh, immaturity is not a crime. It's something people grow out of. Most people."

"When?" asked Kit.

"Oh, my dear, I'm not a fortune-teller. Not tomorrow, that's for certain, because even when we give him advice he resents it and won't act on it. But in a few years, if he faces up to things, if he's willing to buckle down and learn his trade, he'll have a nice little career."

Kit felt very hot and dizzy.

"He has written before, you know. Very successfully."

MURRAY BURGE sketched a vague gesture. "Pretty little pieces. Superficial, spurious brilliance. It happens. But a novel or a play is different. It needs construction, characterisation, craftsmanship. And long, sustained hard work."

Kit's hands found the back of the chair, clinging, as a blind person clings to a familiar object in the darkness. But her voice was rock-steady, and nicely casual.

"Mr. Burge, out of the writers, the good writers—how many of them have other jobs?"

Murray Burge laughed. "In this country, most of them," he said "Oh, allied trades, mostly. Journalism, radio, advertising."

"And they still manage to write? I mean with families—children and everything."

"My dear, most writers are ordinary busy people. And they still manage to write. Some of our best novels are written by women with busy lives and heavens only knows how many kids. Like murder, literature will out. If you're a writer, you write. It's as easy as that."

Phillip was asleep when she got home, and she was glad. She picked up the typewritten sheets from his desk and started to read, concentrating on the words. It isn't good, she admitted to herself. Taken baldly, it isn't good at all. Oh, it was there underneath it all, the flashes of brilliance, the dawning of style that was the forerunner of a sound, solid talent that would be sure to come. Come when? That, she supposed, was up to Phillip.

I can't tell him, she thought. It would break him. No, that's not why I can't tell him. It would break us. He wouldn't take it from me.

Then she put the thought out of her mind. I'm too tired to think about it now.

Tomorrow I'll tell him.

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Nothing like it ever before

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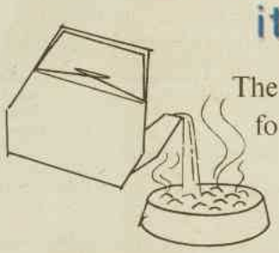

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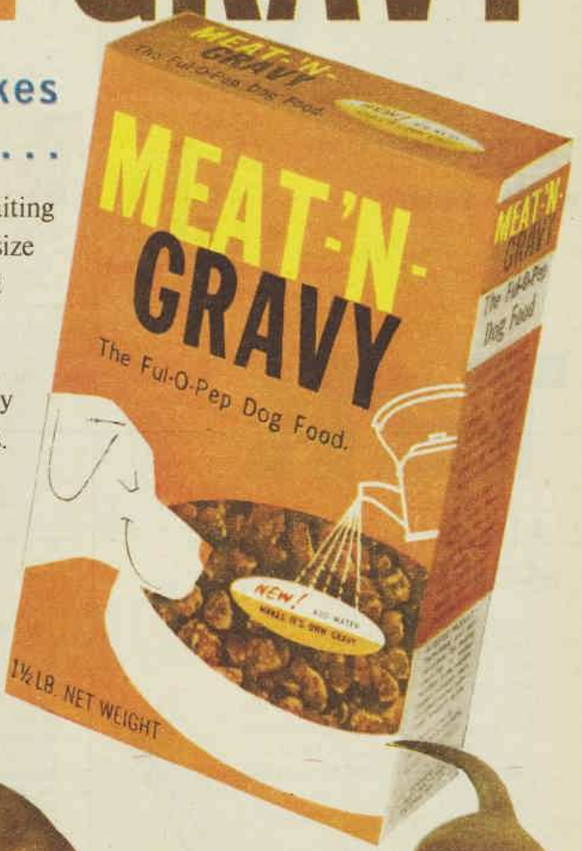

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The fur coat

It was a token of his love . . . a short short story

By WYN DANIELS

Hugh watched with pride as the assistant helped his wife into the fur coat.

THE great day had come at last. Trembling with excitement, old Hugh Williams stood by the lifts on the ground floor of the large store, aware of his Adam's apple bobbing nervously. May, his wife, clung to his arm, as bewildered as he by the kaleidoscopic movement about them.

"Those lifts, Dada," she whispered. "They make me feel I'm losing my stomach."

"Then how about the moving stairs, lovey? They won't make you feel queer."

As they reached the escalator, Hugh thought, we shall soon be there now, and felt a thrill of expectancy surge within him. He was conscious, too, of his wallet resting against his thin chest. It would be worth all the trouble of getting there, being pushed about by these bargain-hunters, just to see May's face when . . .

"Dada . . ." He felt an agitated tug on his arm

"Yes, lovey?"

"I—I can't go on that thing."

He could feel her trembling as they watched a girl in a tight skirt and stiletto heels run up the escalator.

"Now, now, Mama. No need there is to do what that wench is doing." He gave her plump arm an assuring pat. "Just put one foot square on the stair when it comes into view, then the other foot. Stand still and hold on to the rail."

Hugh saw the embarrassing flush on May's plump face as she stepped clumsily on to the escalator. Come to think of it, he didn't like these things himself. He felt more at home in the steep, drab street of miners' cottages or climbing the mountain beyond the pithead. But he'd got to put on a good show for May's sake. He stepped on behind her, holding her arm in his wiry grip, feeling the nervous tension running through her.

Near the top he said, "Now, Mama, put your right foot out when I tell you."

"A-all right."

"Now," he urged.

They stepped off, jerking to an abrupt, self-conscious halt. "There, it wasn't so bad, was it?"

Then he looked about him, dismayed. All around them were stacks of carpets and furniture.

"We shall have to go up again," he said.

"Oh, Dada, must we? I—I'd rather not have the fur coat."

For an instant, hurt by her unresponsiveness, he said sharply, "Now, Mama, no way to talk that is. I always said you should have a fur coat one day. Well, that day's come. We're not going home without it. Come on, up we go again."

At last they came to the Ladies' Outfitting Department and were directed to Furs. A smart woman with pinkish-grey hair and a surprisingly girlish figure came up to them.

"Good afternoon. Can I help you?"

"We want a fur coat for Mama here." Hugh patted May's arm.

"I see." The assistant looked May up and down. "What had you in mind?"

"Well, not mink, of course." Hugh chuckled, pleased with his little joke.

The assistant gave him a Mona Lisa smile. "Of course," she echoed, and turned to a rack, selecting a coney fur.

"This is quite popular." She held it out.

Hugh frowned, shaking his head. "Something better than that."

"Well, just try this for size, will you?"

Hugh helped May out of her shabby brown coat and into the coney fur. She looked enormous in it, and it only came to her knees, showing about twelve inches of blue serge frock.

"No, no!" Hugh felt put out. "That won't do."

The assistant took the coat and turned to another rack. "These are very nice. Beaver lamb. A special lot in. Selling very cheaply at twenty-five guineas."

"Oh, Dada," May gasped, "you can't go spending twenty-five guineas on me."

"Why not?" he retorted, feeling a little ashamed of May's outburst.

"Well, try it on, will you?"

May shuffled round in it.

"M'm, better that is," Hugh admitted, "but it isn't the one for you, Mama." He went over to yet another rack. "How about these?" He ran a gnarled hand caressingly down the dark lines of a musquash. The feel of the soft fur sent a shiver of pleasure through him.

The assistant came up to him. "Well, sir, these are more expensive. Now, this one" — she picked out a silver musquash and examined the ticket— "is fifty guineas."

Hugh gulped. It was an awful lot of money, but he could just do it.

"We'll try it," he declared, warming toward the assistant. Fancy now, she had actually called him "sir."

May struggled into it. It fitted perfectly and the striped fur had a slimming effect. Hugh felt pride rising within him as May turned round, admiring herself in the full-length mirror.

"Oh, Dada, beautiful it is," she murmured. "It doesn't look like me, does it?"

Yes, it did look like May, thought Hugh, forcing down a silly lump in his throat. Just how he had always wanted his wife to look. A real lady in a real fur coat.

Then May blinked at the assistant. "How much did you say it was?"

"Fifty guineas, madam."

May turned to Hugh. "No, Dada, I can't let you do it."

But Hugh was already fumbling for his wallet. "Here, ma'am," he said, his hands shaking, "w-will you help me count these, please? Mama is going to have that coat."

"Certainly, sir, if you'll just step this way."

Hugh followed the assistant into a tiny office. They counted out the notes. The wallet felt very thin, indeed, as Hugh pushed it back into his inside jacket pocket. But he'd done right, he was sure of that.

The assistant smiled warmly now. She no longer seemed remote as she said, "I think you're being very generous, sir; if you'll excuse my saying so. That certainly is the coat for your wife."

Hugh grinned, well pleased with himself.

"Yes, I know a nice bit of musquash when I see it. You see, I spent my youth as a fur-trapper in Canada. I came home during the first war and met Mama," he smiled reminiscently, "and—well, that was it. I never wanted to go back. I always promised her she should have a real fur coat one day. She—she deserves it."

Hugh felt his eyes clouding. He bit his lip to stop its trembling. "Y-you see, going blind she is. But she doesn't know it. Besides keeping her warm, I thought she'd have the nice feel of the fur when she can no longer see." He turned and looked out of the tiny office window at May. He didn't want the assistant to see his tears. Tears weren't manly. Oh, why did he have to make a fool of himself now, when he'd managed everything so well so far?

He felt a slim hand pat his shoulder; heard a much friendlier voice say, "I understand, sir. I think you're a wonderful couple."

Hugh gulped and straightened his shoulders. "Thank you, ma'am."

They went back to May. "I — I'd like to keep the coat on, Dada."

"All right, lovey." He took her arm and picked up the old brown coat.

"This way it is to the lifts, I think," she whispered.

Amazed, Hugh said nothing. There wasn't a happier, prouder man in Wales.

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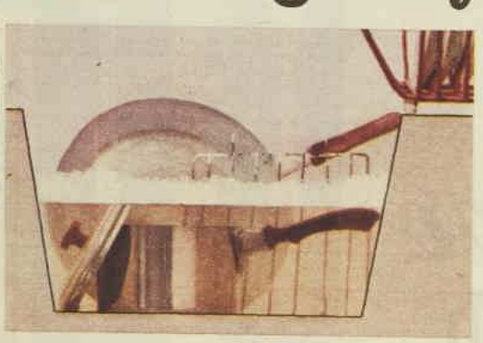

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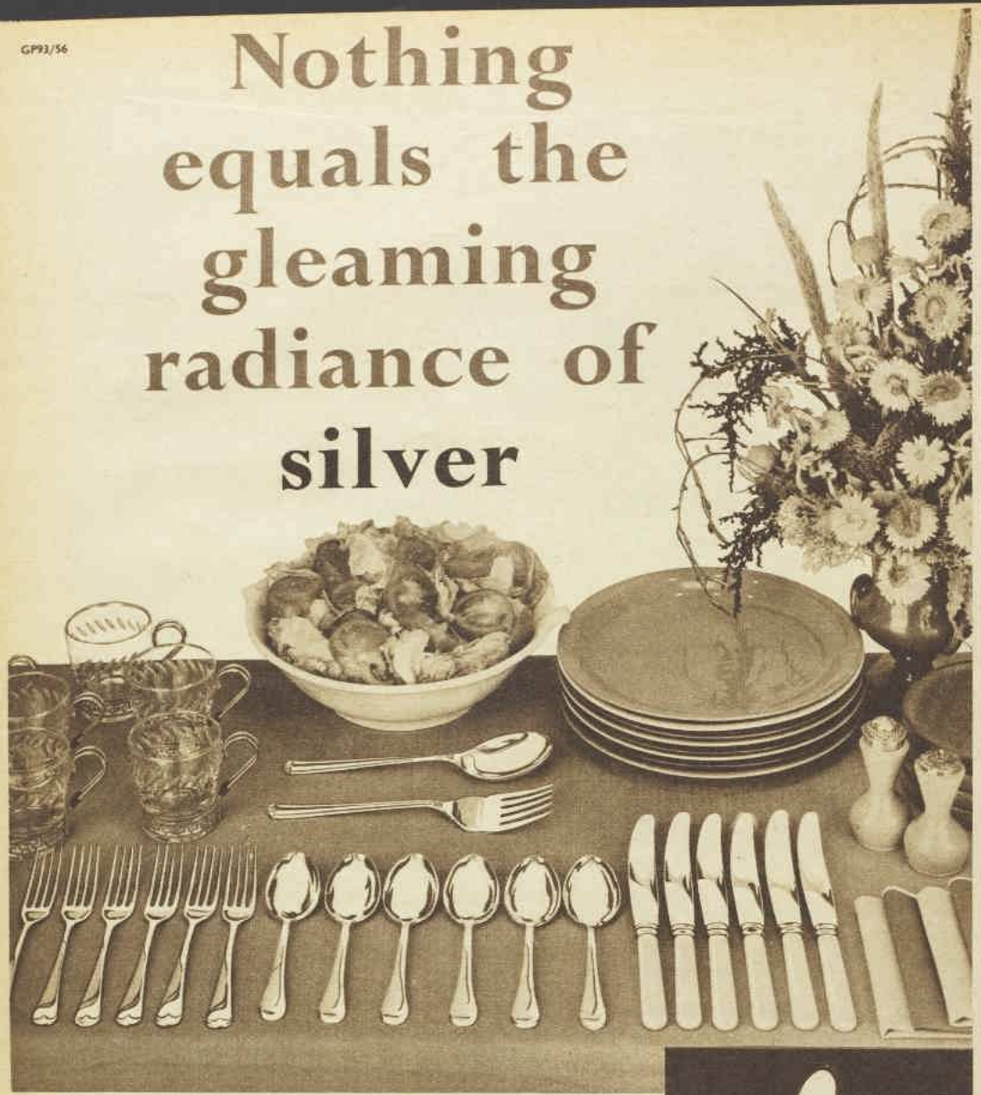

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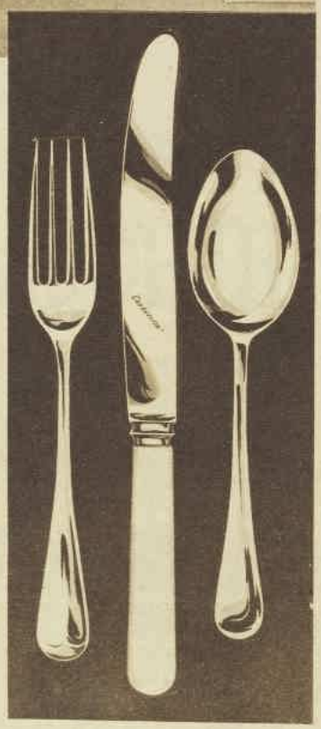

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What Australia Makes - Makes Australia

Worth Reporting

WHAT do Australian parents think of the television programmes their children watch? What do young people themselves think of the programmes they're offered.

This isn't just an idle inquiry. As part of its campaign for better children's television, the Australian Council for Children's Films and Television is asking parents and young people in all States to express their views on this much-discussed subject.

The members of the Council, however, don't want to be thought of as interfering spoilsports. Better TV, they say, shouldn't mean duller TV.

As Lady Paton, wife of the Vice-Chancellor of Melbourne University and president of the Council, said: "We're not trying to turn children into goody-goodies. We want them to be entertained, but with the sort of programme that doesn't rely on brutality and unpleasantness to provide excitement.

"Serials, Westerns, and cartoons turn children into passive viewers. They need programmes that challenge them."

She feels there could be better balance between programmes of straightout entertainment and those which help children with their hobbies and sports.

From parents the Council would also like to know what sort of programme they regard as good viewing for the whole family. And from teenagers what they expect from TV.

Letters will be judged in two groups: (1) under 18; (2) parents. A prize of £1/1/- will be paid for the best letter received in each group.

Letters should be addressed to the Australian Council for Children's Films and Television, 59 Raleigh Street, Essendon, Vic.

* * *

ACTRESS Leslie Caron is an avid collector — of HANDS.

From their Knightsbridge (London) home, her husband, Peter Hall, reports: "There are lots of hands here — some in the shape of vases, others as ashtrays. And some brass ones are simply door-knobs."

SKIN - DIVING has become such a popular pastime at Spain's Lloret de Mar beach that one advertiser has erected a hoarding some 100ft. from the beach and 20ft. under the water.

Fashions like lightning

THE Wyatt sisters, Yvonne and Pamela, of Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W., can create high-style fashions in a matter of seconds.

All they need: strips of fabric, giant pins, racy background music, and an appreciative audience.

They can run-up a "lunch-date" dress in 60 seconds, a "race special," complete with cape, in 90 seconds, and an elaborate evening dress—frilled and flounced—in two and a half minutes.

The "lightning" designers work only in wool . . . naturally. Their boss is the Australian Wool Bureau, for whom they are demonstrating at agricultural show stands throughout all States, and, for the first time, in department stores.

Pamela and Yvonne estimate that a quarter of a million Australians watched their specialty act plus the lavish "Fashion Musicals" they staged for the Wool Bureau last year.

Idea behind the musicals, say the sisters (English-born and a world-touring dance team joining the Bureau), is to present "Fashion Through Entertainment."

It's OUT with stiff formal mannequin parades, in with breezy shows featuring bands, top vocalists, and male and female models "acting out" scenes.

To cope with it all, a Brisbane department store is building a 500-seat auditorium for a big "musical" on March 19—book, music, and lyrics by the Wyatt sisters.

"It's all fun—the musicals or this," said Yvonne, after creating, in 13 minutes, five dress "originals" at a department-store demonstration.

The sisters dream up designs on their 36ft. motor-cruiser ("We were too traffic-scared to buy a car"), rehearse for hours in their flat, timing every pin and swathe to tape-recorded music.

Yes, Pamela does get stage pin-struck occasionally. "I'm usually the model," she said. "Yvonne is too ticklish."

THE WYATT SISTERS — Pamela (left) and Yvonne — fashioning a frock from the cloth that won the Australian Wool Bureau's 1962 Supreme Award in wool textiles (women's section).

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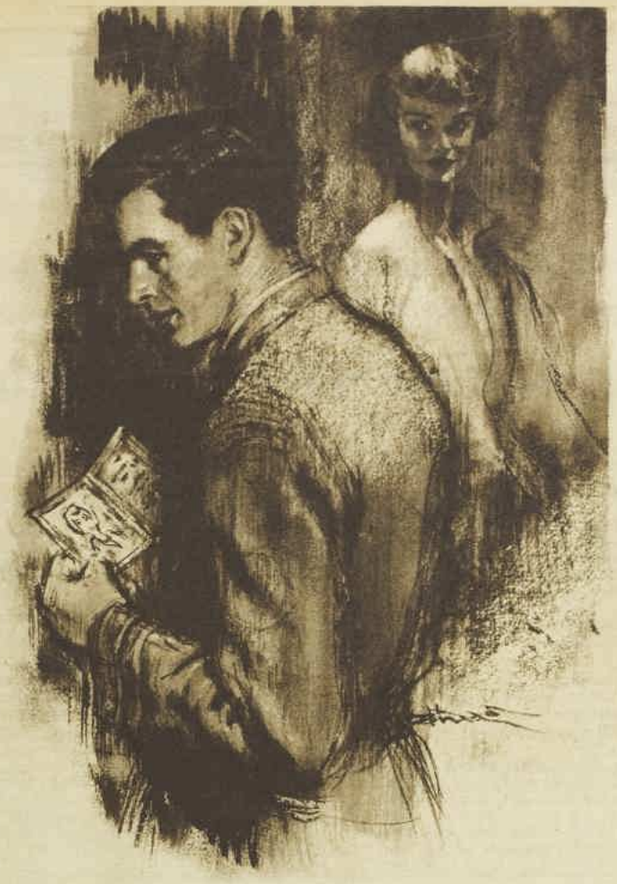
MOMENT of TRUTH

Suddenly his decision was made . . . a story

By N. J. CRISP



Holding Betsy's photograph, William had a vision of her as she had looked the last time he had seen her.

THE staff had gone home. William Drew sat on in his office, the green-shaded reading-lamp focusing a pool of light on his desk.

He was well aware that he was postponing the simple act of leaving the bank and going home. Partly, he was delaying the moment when he would have to give his decision, put off in steadily mounting tension for weeks now. Partly, he was reluctant to face Betsy, this strange, removed Betsy who was capable of snapping: "You've dithered and delayed quite long enough. If you're going to say 'no,' for heaven's sake say it."

Absurd, Drew thought. But he could not rid himself of the hard knot of apprehension which gripped his stomach.

It should have been easy enough for a husband and wife to decide in mutual agreement whether their daughter was ready for marriage or not. But Drew had an uneasy feeling that his opposition and Betsy's approval were both too dogmatic; that the answer to this question was already formed in each of their minds and that it related to themselves and not to Carol.

How artificial the evenings of earnest discussion had been. The television set remained switched off and they talked; but they did not communicate.

Drew wondered how they had reached a state where words were no longer used to convey meanings but rather as carriers of unspoken overtones.

One night Betsy had said: "They're in love with each other."

And he had replied: "Young people are always imagining they're in love with somebody."

It was a simple exchange which might have served as a basis for their disagreement, or a foundation on which to construct. But it proved to be neither. Like so much else they said to each other lately, the words were smokescreens behind which lurked acrimony and resentment.

Drew shook his head. He was confused. What should have been a simple issue had become mixed up with regrets and yearnings, deliberately concealed, but whose existence could not now be ignored.

Why should Betsy suddenly not only discount his views but adopt an attitude almost of contempt.

Heaven knows, they hadn't always agreed; there would have been precious little strength to their marriage if they had. But Betsy had always respected his opinions. Now she didn't, and it seemed as if his opposition to Carol's marriage produced in her something approaching revulsion.

How close they had been until recently. How pleasant and, on the whole, happy their years together. Drew felt a rather curious ache of regret, as if he were thinking of something irrecoverable. Which was ridiculous. This thing would be settled one way or another and they would be as they always had been. But the ache did not go away.

Drew lighted a cigarette and watched the smoke curling through the rays of the lamp. He must think logically, put aside the creeping distractions from the past, so that he could know what he was going to say when he got home.

Take Johnnie—he was nearly twenty-one. Drew wished he'd get his hair cut, but apart from that he liked him well enough.

And Carol was eighteen—a young woman, though he was constantly surprised when he looked at her. It seemed but a moment ago that she had been a tiny girl, trustingly holding his hand.

They're so young, Drew thought sadly, no more than children. He remembered Betsy saying: "They're the same age as we were."

We were different, Drew thought. We were married during the war, and young people were older then. They had to be. They had no time . . .

But these two youngsters, they had time. They could wait until they were sure that they would never look at another person with surprise and longing . . .

Again Drew was thinking not about Carol but about Betsy and himself. His cigarette smouldered in the ashtray.

Drew had been waiting to go into the Air Force when he met Betsy. He was also working for his Institute of Bankers examination and was attending night school for English and geography. Betsy was in the English class.

They sat next to each other at lectures and afterwards he saw her home. They went to the cinema, though sometimes when the thump of anti-aircraft guns became punctuated by the shrill whistle of bombs they ended their evenings in an air-raid shelter. They attended concerts and, once or twice, they ignored the posters which demanded, "Is your journey really necessary?" and caught a train for the seaside.

Drew remembered wryly the first time he kissed Betsy. The result was far from inflammatory. It was some time later when, quite suddenly, a kiss between them became different. His heart jolted and began to race in a new, surprising manner and Drew heard himself whispering: "I love you."

Betsy didn't reply, but from the way she clung to him she didn't have to.

Later, when he proposed, he was somewhat surprised at himself. It seemed such a momentous thing to happen, and by the count of years both he and Betsy were very young. But only a hypocrite or a superman would have talked of waiting for maturity in those days. Maturity might never come.

Betsy lived with her aunt and uncle. She had been a lonely child and it could be that she needed to love and be loved. She was happy to think of Drew as hers and never wanted to look any farther. For his part, it was pleasant and comforting as well as exciting.

Besides, like everything else in those days, he knew it wasn't going to last, at any rate not in quite that way. Quite soon he was to go into the Air Force.

Betsy came to the station to see him off, and he watched her waving figure recede, diminish, and then disappear with a strange sadness. He knew that one episode was over, that whatever lay before him would be quite different.

From the first day it was marching,

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Castle Dor

Amyot and Linnet find the woods of Lantyan full of magic—second instalment of our romantic serial.

By "Q" and DAPHNE DU MAURIER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

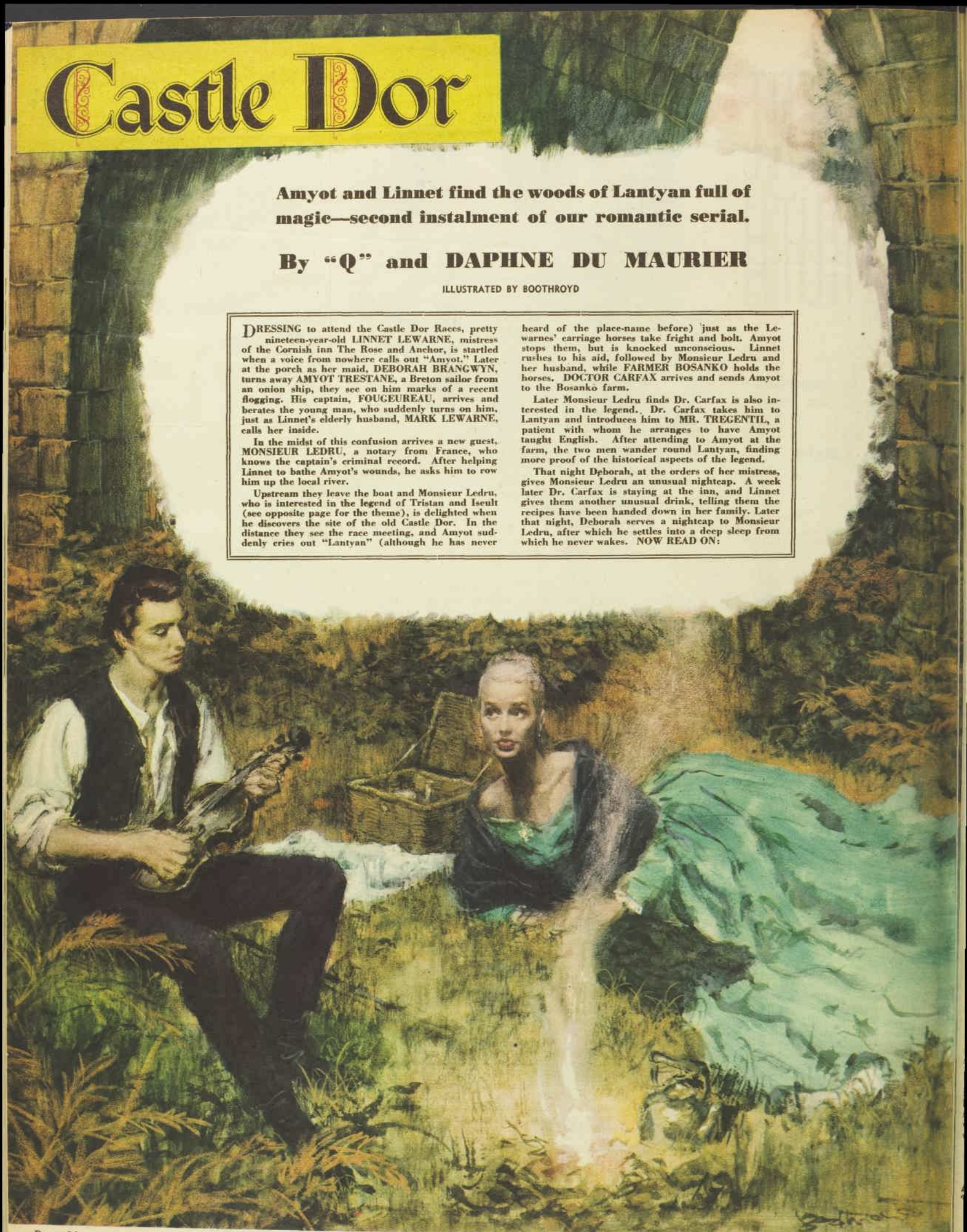
DRESSING to attend the Castle Dor Races, pretty nineteen-year-old LINNET LEWARNE, mistress of the Cornish inn The Rose and Anchor, is startled when a voice from nowhere calls out "Amyot." Later at the porch as her maid, DEBORAH BRANGWYN, turns away AMYOT TRESTANE, a Breton sailor from an onion ship, they see on him marks of a recent flogging. His captain, FOUGEUREAU, arrives and berates the young man, who suddenly turns on him, just as Linnet's elderly husband, MARK LEWARNE, calls her inside.

In the midst of this confusion arrives a new guest, MONSIEUR LEDRU, a notary from France, who knows the captain's criminal record. After helping Linnet to bathe Amyot's wounds, he asks him to row him up the local river.

Upstream they leave the boat and Monsieur Ledru, who is interested in the legend of Tristan and Iseult (see opposite page for the theme), is delighted when he discovers the site of the old Castle Dor. In the distance they see the race meeting, and Amyot suddenly cries out "Lantyan" (although he has never heard of the place-name before) just as the Lewarnes' carriage horses take fright and bolt. Amyot stops them, but is knocked unconscious. Linnet rushes to his aid, followed by Monsieur Ledru and her husband, while FARMER BOSANKO holds the horses. DOCTOR CARFAX arrives and sends Amyot to the Bosanko farm.

Later Monsieur Ledru finds Dr. Carfax is also interested in the legend. Dr. Carfax takes him to Lantyan and introduces him to MR. TREGENTIL, a patient with whom he arranges to have Amyot taught English. After attending to Amyot at the farm, the two men wander round Lantyan, finding more proof of the historical aspects of the legend.

That night Deborah, at the orders of her mistress, gives Monsieur Ledru an unusual nightcap. A week later Dr. Carfax is staying at the inn, and Linnet gives them another unusual drink, telling them the recipes have been handed down in her family. Later that night, Deborah serves a nightcap to Monsieur Ledru, after which he settles into a deep sleep from which he never wakes. NOW READ ON:



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THE authors of "CASTLE DOR" have taken "Tristan and Iseult," the Celtic legend, either of Cornish or Welsh origin, for the theme of the novel.

According to one version of this old legend, King Mark of Cornwall sends his nephew, Tristan, to Ireland to fetch for him the daughter of the King of Ireland, Iseult. The princess, angered because Tristan has come to seek her for another rather than for himself, orders her maid, Brangane, to prepare a death potion for him. Tristan, madly in love with Iseult, is ready to drink the poison. But Brangane has substituted a love potion for the fatal one, and after drinking a toast the two lovers face each other with passionate ardor. Discovered by Mark and wounded, Tristan flees to Brittany, where he lies dying.

He sends for Iseult to come and heal him and, as a sign that she is on her way, asks that the ship have white sails. But when the ship is approaching, he is told the sails are black. Thinking she has not come to him, he turns his face to the wall and dies. Iseult arrives, too late, and gives up her own life in a final embrace. The old King Mark is left alone to mourn them both.

ON a warm evening in the following June, Farmer Bosanko's hay-harvesters sat in a wide semi-circle under the hedge of the field drinking tea which Mrs. Bosanko dispensed among them with plates of saffron cake and splitters piled with jam upon clotted cream. The hay-crop had been well and truly saved; all but its last load stacked in the mowhay below. This last load remained to be carried home ceremoniously—the farmer believing in all old rites.

After the coming corn-harvest there would be supper in the barn, with cider and songs to celebrate it. But the hay-harvest concluded with a tea-drink under the hedge. Dr. Carfax and Mr. Tregentil, by invitation, completed the party.

Before the tea-urns came up, some of the harvesters had been essaying a dance to the strains of Amyot's fiddle. But they had worked hard all day and were parched; and were passing country jests and rude compliments now, while eating and drinking voraciously. They wiped their foreheads from time to time while Mrs. Bosanko plied them with cake and tea—the men brushing the sweat off with a sweep of the naked forearm, the women more delicately pushing up handkerchiefs under their sun-bonnets.

The waggon laden with the Last-Load-Home waited a few yards to the right, its empty shafts resting on the ground, a pitchfork stuck in its summit. A little beyond it the two horses, Lion and Pleasant, moved cropping hazel, now and again shaking their head-harness musically or swishing off flies and gnats with their long tails. They had no tethers, but they kept within a limit which Amyot had indicated, a little before, merely by drawing with his hand an imaginary line across the ditch.

He was Farmer Bosanko's waggoner now, and the pair adored him. So, for that matter, did the two children, Mary and John.

He told them stories, but in a queer way. He seemed to fetch them out of himself, out of fairy-land, anywhere; not playing on his fiddle, but laying it across his knees and plucking at a string at times, as if to help his memory. And then, maybe at the most exciting moment, he would break off, protesting that he knew no more of it and asking the children to continue.

Now, as he sat between Dr. Carfax and Mary, he glanced up at the sky as a company of rooks came flying in close phalanx across the zenith, homing for Penquite.

"They are flying higher than yesterday," said Mr. Tregentil.

"The families are coming into flocks again," replied Amyot, plucking on a string of his fiddle. "All the spring they've been plying in pairs, each for his own."

"What's that air, lad?" asked Dr. Carfax.

"I can't tell you, sir . . . It's a silly old song I heard as a boy, years and years ago."

"Any words to it?"

"Oh, yes; it goes on and on. But I remember only the last two lines; nothing, sir, of what the song was about."

Amyot caressed his fiddle and half-hummed, half-sang, intoning—

"Iseut ma dru, Iseut m'amie, En vus ma mort, en vus ma vie."

Dr. Carfax, in the act of lighting his pipe, paused and stared at the singer, allowing his match to go out.

"Would you mind repeating that?" he demanded slowly.

Amyot obliged, phrasing his words more clearly, and then breaking off, with a shy glance at the company. "It was a love song, they told me, sir," he murmured, "but who wrote it, I cannot say. It's too sad perhaps for this occasion." He launched forth into a lively jig in French.

Dr. Carfax frowned and proceeded with the lighting of his pipe. It was not the moment to pursue his line of inquiry, but he had been reminded, all too suddenly, of poor Ledru and his fatal seizure the previous autumn. The Breton lad had made progress with his English under Tregentil's tuition, but how had Tregentil himself progressed with the tracing of local place-names, an additional prescription to that of rook-watching? He must remember to ask, but not now.

"Tell us a story, Amyot," Johnny pleaded.

"Yes, tell us a story," echoed Mrs. Bosanko. "Only let it be a cheerful one or the children won't sleep tonight."

Johnny nestled up against Amyot, who began plucking softly at the strings.

"At the back of the land where I lived when I was Johnny's age there was a forest . . . I think that behind everybody's thoughts while he is growing there must be a forest.

"But this was a real one, though the most wonderful things happened in it. At first you came to pine trees—a sort of fringe, but very deep, and the trees like pillars in a church. And beyond this you came to a lake with an island in the middle and swans that bred there . . . Oh, yes, this is all true enough; the old people used to tell about it . . .

"Well, beyond that was a spring with a stone basin out of which the lake was fed. The lake, I remember, was called Louc'h Rouan—which means the Queen's Lake; and the fountain had red sand all about it, red as blood; but the water was clear and green and so deep that, though it lay in a trough, no one could see to the bottom of it.

"The old people said that if anyone dipped a fork into it and then stuck his fork into the red sand a thunderstorm would come up out of the woods and a wind so roaring that it stripped all the leaves off the trees. Then it would pass and the birds all come together and sing on the bare branches.

"I never dared try this—I was very young; but beyond the fountain a path went up zig-zag through the trees, with waterfalls . . . Now you take it on, Johnny."

"It's all true," said Johnny eagerly. "I went that way yesterday—up past Milltown. Mother had covered me up with a shawl and told me to go to sleep like a good boy. But when she was gone, I got up and out past Milltown—"

"He bolted, anyway," put in Mary, secretly jealous. "I hate lies."

"It isn't lies," protested Johnny. "It's a dream, if you like . . . Well, first of all I came to the viaduct, with the trains making their noise over me; and then there was Billy Tregenza, taking a grasshopper out of the rushes and eatin' it—"

"That's a tarnation lie, anyway," objected old Tregenza. "I never done such a thing in my born days."

"You were as real as real," asserted Johnny. "And behind you the path went up through the trees—what d'you call 'em, larches? Yes, Billy Tregenza told me they were larches . . ."

"I never did."

"Hadn't you better put this—this urchin—to bed?" Mary appealed to her mother.

"No; let's have it out," said Dr. Carfax. "It's quite a remarkable tale. And I'm interested."

"By-an'-by," pursued Johnny, "I came in sight of a naked boy at the top, the water pouring down all over him. I can't tell you how naked he was —"

"Mary is right," said Mrs. Bosanko. "You'd better come off to bed, and at once."

"He was so naked," Johnny went on, hugging himself closer to Amyot's side, "that I wanted to fight him. I called up, but he took no notice at all. I was out of breath, or pretty near, and wondered if I should have wind enough to hit him . . . And then, at the top, he turned out to be a stone boy stuck in a fountain: with goldfish in it and a lady, t'other side, walking beside a dark hedge . . ."

"What sort of lady?" demanded his sister.

"Silly! A lady's a lady. You always know . . ."

"But what like?"

"What like? . . . Azackly like Mrs. Lewarne."

At that moment Linnet Lewarne came walking to them alongside the hedge. She wore her riding-habit, the long skirt of it looped across her arm.

"You be just in time, Mistress," said the farmer, jumping up and making her welcome. "Will you condescend to a dish of tea?"

"No, I thank you," answered Linnet. "But I rode over to the forge by Castle Dor and left Merlin there to have a new shoe fitted. They told me you were carrying the last of the hay tonight, and I just wandered down to wish you well."

"Yonder it is," said Farmer Bosanko, jerking his finger toward the waggon. "And it only wants a maid 'pon top of it. Harness up, boy!" this to Amyot. "And fetch the ladder. Mary, child, what do 'ee say to riding Harvest Queen?"

But Mary, cut out by her brother in the late tale-telling, had turned sullen.

"Another time, father," she said. "I've always allowed to ride home with the heck at corn harvest."

"Well-a-well! Then up you gets, Mrs. Lewarne." (A pause and half-a-chuckle.) "But it ought to be a maiden by rights."

"Never mind that," snapped Mrs. Bosanko with a sharp glance at Linnet, who on the instant had turned rosy pink. "Let Mrs. Lewarne climb up an' honor us, if she will."

Linnet bent her neck and climbed the short ladder which Amyot ran and fetched for her. He harnessed up Lion and Pleasant.

The waggon was swung out accurately through the gateway; thence down a narrow road to the right—so narrow that the bushes on either side held wisps of hay caught from the sides of previous wains; so steep that Amyot's hand had always to be on the touch with Pleasant's bridle.

In the deep cutting between the hedges, horses and guide moved in shadow. The harvesters followed them likewise in shadow, humming tunes and breaking out in choruses. At a turn of the road the sun's last rays illuminated Linnet aloft on the load, and the fork handle to which she held was a staff of gold.

Once Amyot looked up. She sat above him against the sky, radiant. She, looking down, marked his strong shoulders and the skilled movements with which he guided the two horses.

They swung again into the mowhay and were fetched up along side the great rick. Tregenza and another laboring man (by name unknown to her) had gone ahead of the wain and clambered up by a ladder. Their figures, each with pitchfork in hand, stood silhouetted against the pale last of the day.

Amyot, leaving Pleasant's bridle, ran back to her. They had come to anchor and she might descend.

Then, in a flurry of half a dozen seconds, the disaster happened and was over. Afterwards Linnet remembered only Amyot looking up at her, his collar open, his naked throat all powdered with hayseed. A moment later, attempting the descent, she had caught her heel in her riding-skirt and clutched at the pitchfork handle to steady herself. It came away . . .

AMYOT caught it with a twist of the hand and flung it away just as it was within an ace of piercing her side with its prongs.

For the moment she had tumbled into Amyot's arms and was held. Then a pile of hay, dislodged by the pulling out of the fork, toppled over and fell, smothering them both.

"Neatly manoeuvred," muttered Dr. Carfax.

"Sweet hay, if ever there was!" cried the farmer jocularly. "But you did that nibby-jibby, lad."

He pulled the covering smother from the shoulders of the pair. Linnet's cheeks were hot and flushed; Amyot's white as a man's who has just seen a ghost. No wonder, either, so near a thing it had been. He stared around blankly toward the fork which, whirled from him, had bedded its deadly prongs into the midden-heap of the mowhay.

The next day was a Sunday, and the cuckoo sang loudly through the June woods; albeit with a breaking note.

Linnet, her maid Deborah rowing, had come up the river on a full spring-tide, their excuse being that they were to attend evening service at St. Winnow, and after service, the tide just suiting, fall back quietly home on the first ebb. They had brought a tea-basket with them, into which Deborah had quietly slipped a drinking-flask.

They passed the church a good hour before its bell would ring for service and, penetrating the screen of a retired weather-way, then flooded almost to the arches of the railway viaduct beneath Lantyan.

Here, amid the spongy, odorous sedges, they landed and sought higher ground, where Linnet sat while Deborah foraged for dry sticks and leaves, to pile them for a fire at the foot of one of the viaduct's arches. A deal of coppice had been cut in the previous autumn, and its shrivelled leaves lay more than ankle-deep. She built the fire, lit it, and set the kettle to boil.

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As Amyot plucked at the violin, Linnet said, "I hate that song, it's like someone wailing for the dead."

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HANDKNITS AND FABRICS TO MATCH

In this three-page section are handknits in colors which team perfectly with fabrics on sale by the yard and ready-made skirts and slacks. Formerly it was difficult to match knitting wools with fabric colors, so the Australian Wool Bureau asked both weaving and knitting industries to produce dye shades to match or co-ordinate. The result—perfect teammates.

SPORTS SWEATER and reversible pleated skirt are in muted yellows and browns. Skirt available at large stores. Knitting directions below for sweater to fit 32-36in. bust sizes.

SPORTS SWEATER

Materials: 20 (21, 22) oz. Lincoln "Slick-Knit"; 1 pr. each Nos. 5, 7, 8, and 9 knitting needles; 1 cable needle; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit loosely 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 22 (22½, 23) in.; sleeve seam, 17 (17, 17½) in.

Tension: 4½ sts. to 1in.

Abbreviations: Cable 10 — slip 4 sts. from L. needle to spare needle and drop to front of work, k 4, p 2, k 4 from spare needle.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 80 (84, 88) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows.

Change to No. 5 needles and work in st-st. for 72 rows or required length to underarm.

*** 1st Row:** P 2, cable 10, p 2, k to last 14 sts., p 2, cable 10, p 2.

2nd Row: (K 2, p 4) twice, k 2, p to last 14 sts., k 2 (p 4, k 2) twice.

3rd Row: (P 2, k 4) twice, p 2, k to last 14 sts., p 2 (k 4, p 2) twice.

Rep. last 2 rows 5 times, then 2nd row once.*

Rep. from * to * until 114 (118, 122) rows above ribbing.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 7 (8, 8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 24 sts.

FRONT

Work as for back until 108 (110, 112) rows above ribbing.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: With right side facing, k 33 (35, 37) sts. and leave on st.-holder, cast off 14 sts., k 33 (35, 37) sts.

Continue on these 33 (35, 37) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 28 (30, 32) sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping for 1 (3, 5) rows, 115 (119, 120) rows above ribbing.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows, then 7 (8, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

Join wool at neck edge to sts. from st.-holder and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 40 (44, 48) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 20 (20, 22) rows.

Change to No. 5 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every foll. 6th row until 62 (66, 70) sts., then every 4th row until 72 (76, 80) sts. Cont. without further shaping until 84 (84, 86) rows above ribbing or required length to underarm.

Cast off.

COLLAR

Join R. shoulder seam.

With right side facing, and using No. 8 needles and commencing at L. shoulder, pick up and k 23 (24, 26) sts. down L. side of neck, 14 sts. across front of neck, 23 (24, 26) sts. along R. side of neck, 27 (29, 29) sts. across back of neck, 87 (91, 95) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 8 rows.

Change to No. 8 needles and work 8 rows.

Change to No. 7 needles and work 2 rows.

Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Steam press lightly.

Join L. shoulder and collar.

Join side seams to commencement of cable pattern.

Join sleeve seams and sew sleeves into armholes.

LOUNGE-ABOUT STYLE

LOUNGE-ABOUT sweater and slacks are in the new season's subtle brown and beige colorings. Slacks can be bought at large stores. Directions for the thick raglan-sleeved sweater are given overleaf.

MOHAIR

Materials: 14 (16, 17) b
Peacock Mohair Boucle;
pairs each Nos. 10 and
needles; 1 large button; 2 pr
studs.

Measurements: To fit 34 (
38) in. bust. These are ac
measurements; length from
of shoulder, 19¼ (19¾, 20)
length of sleeve seam, 8 (8
in.

Tension: 5 sts. 1in.; 6½ r
1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles,
on 81 (87, 91) sts. Work
rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Cha
to No. 7 needles and cont
rib, inc. 1 st. each end of e
10th row until inc. to 87
97) sts. When work meas
12 (12, 12) in. or requ
length, shape armholes by
ing off 4 (5, 5) sts. at the
of the next 2 rows. K 2
each end of the next 4 (5
rows. When armholes mea
7¼ (7¾, 8) in., shape shoul
by casting off 8 (9, 8) st
beg. of the next 2 rows.

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March, 1962

AND LEFT FOR DEAD

A MYSTERY NOVEL

By Frances and Richard Lockridge

The Australian Women's Weekly Novel — SUPPLEMENT — Not to be sold separately

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—March, 1962

AND LEFT FOR DEAD

By Frances and Richard Lockridge

IT had been easy to walk out of the enormous hospital, once she decided to walk out. It had been easy, probably, because the hospital was so enormous, so impersonal. The young woman at the desk had smiled and said that Miss Fleming would see her in just a few minutes and she mustn't worry about a thing. "Not a thing," the young woman at the desk had repeated. "Miss Fleming will make provisions."

She had gone into the waiting room and sat down on a chair. It was too warm in the room, and there was really no use in waiting a long time, with the headache coming back again—the headache which might be expected to recur at intervals, the doctor had told her — merely to say that she did not need provisions made, and did not want them made; to say that all she wanted was to be free — anonymous, free.

So she had stood up after a few minutes, and gone out of the room, and, as she passed the desk, smiled, the faintly apologetic smile of a woman on her way to the bathroom. The volunteer worker understood, and pointed, and after that it had been no trouble at all. One corridor led to another, and an "Exit" sign guided, and there was the hot street.

It was as simple as that. Even leaving home had been more difficult. She supposed, walking the hot streets — walking slowly, because her head still ached, because she was still weak — that that had been flight; flight when no one pursued. No one could have kept her there, either; no one, now, could keep her any place.

She had wanted only to leave everything behind — everything and memories; she had wanted only to start over again, and at first had thought she could best do that by changing her name. But then she had realised that no other name she would be likely to think of would do better than her own and so — after she had boarded the night train for Chicago — she had kept the name her mother (presumably) had given her, twenty-odd years ago. She had kept it, briefly, in Chicago, and then come on to New York.

Summer had come while she was in the hospital. There had, before they took her there, been no spring — no real spring. It must have been raw again, cold, the night they took her to the hospital; the night she could not remember and probably, they told her, never would. She had evidently been wearing her winter suit.

She was wearing it now, as she walked slowly west on Twenty-sixth Street, walked the long way to the place she had found to hide in. She had not realised until she put the suit on that morning, how much weight she had lost. Surely the suit had not hung so loosely on her before, been so shapeless. Not that she cared particularly; she had not for a long time cared about things like that. Five years is a long time.

Nobody would look twice at a pale thin girl, in a suit too large for her, hanging limply about her — a girl with dark brown hair cut (now) as short as a man's hair and, at the back of her head, no more than stubble. That was where the ache was. Under the stubble. But that was something to be expected. That would go away — become less frequent, go away entirely.

The late-afternoon sun of June shone in her face. The sun was a great searchlight, aimed down the street. After the first block she took the suit jacket off and carried it over her arm. She walked because she had no money to pay for a cab, nor even money for a bus. But Thursday was one of the evenings the bank stayed open until eight and she could make it by then.

FINALLY she came to Fifth Avenue and turned down it. I'll make it, she thought. But it's a long way. I hadn't realised how far it would be.

At Washington Square she turned west again. She was very tired by then, just beyond Seventh Avenue Dizziness came over her in a wave, and for a moment she clung to an iron railing in front of a house, and she felt herself sway. But that passed.

She came to the narrow, crooked little street and climbed the steps to the door of the house. She climbed slowly — very slowly for a woman of twenty-six — and clung to the rail, as she climbed. I'm not as strong as I thought, she told herself.

Inside the four-storey house she climbed two flights, the second even more slowly than the first. She stood, finally, in front of her own door, and it was not until then that she doubted the key would still be there — the extra key; the key kept hidden in reserve, protection against one's own carelessness, forgetfulness. Somebody might have knocked the key off, she thought.

She reached up to the door's lintel, feeling dust, nothing more. For an instant she again felt dizziness, and clung to the little ledge. Then she fought that off and made her fingers search. They touched the metal of the key and closed over it. The feel of the metal was like a great surging of music.

The key turned in the lock and the door opened. She stepped in quickly. She had closed the door before she saw, then the breath caught in her throat.

It was her room—her long room, with windows at the end. But nothing in the room was hers.

She looked, her brown eyes widening, around the room in which there was nothing that was hers. The couch — wider than hers had been, gay in yellow cover—was against the right wall, not the left. There was a desk, with a typewriter on it. Against the left wall there was a long table, and in the middle of it a statue of a tall-sitting cat. Under the windows at the end of the room was a worn sofa. There was nothing in the room which had been there before.

Nothing — wait. The corner cupboard, at the far end of the room, the window end—that still was there. It was there she kept, in a little metal box, the things she needed to be sure of—the few things; the lease of the apartment, the rent receipts; most of all, her savings-bank pass-book. She tugged at the wooden knob of the cupboard door, and it stuck as it had always stuck, and then came open.

Her metal box was not there.

"Looking for something?" a voice said, and she turned quickly. A tall man stood inside the door.

"Well?" he said. "What's the story?"

"Who are you?" she said. She tried to keep her low voice steady. "What are you doing here?"

He made a sound that was part laughter. "The man who lives here," he said. "How did you get in?"

"With a key," she said. "My key." She put a hand up to her cropped head, to still the aching.

He looked at her intently now. He said, "You look sick."

"I've been in hospital." She spoke slowly. "How can you live here?"

"By paying rent," he said. "By having a key to the door. By having the right to call the cops when I find a burglar. A thief."

"I live here," she said. "I pay the rent. My things were here," she said. "They must have been. What did you do with them?"

"Things?" His eyes narrowed a little. "Look, you'd better sit down." She did not move, clung to the door of the cupboard. "All right," he said. "I won't call the cops."

"Nobody had any right to take my things," she said. "You had no right."

"You'd better sit down," the man said. "My name is Martin Hale. When I moved in," he said, "there weren't any—things."

The girl said, "I don't understand what's happened, what's happening." She spoke in a very low tone.

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"And heaven knows, I don't," Martin Hale said. "I come in and find a woman searching my place and——" He stopped. "You've got a name?"

"Of course I've got a name." It was such a silly question; everybody has a name. She told him.

"So," he said. "That's the game. I don't get it. What you're after, I mean."

She said, "Game?"

"All right," he said. "I'll spell it out. There was a girl named Mary Smith had this apartment. Only — she's dead, lady. Dead a month, now. You see — somebody murdered her. Hit her over the head with—"

AT first the grey was a swirling fog, then shapes wavering in it. She was on the couch. There was something cold and damp on her forehead—a cold, wet towel. She remembered.

"I'm not dead," she said. "I—I'm not—"

"Take it easy," the man told her: "Sure you're not dead."

She moved slightly to sit up. He said, "Sit tight," and went across the room, and came back with a bottle and a glass.

"I don't —" she said.

"You'll drink it and like it," Martin Hale said.

She did not like it. But after a moment or two she felt warmth returning to her body.

"Martin Hale," he said. "Remember?"

"You," she said, "told me I was dead."

She was told to wait a minute. He had said that Mary Smith was dead. The Mary Smith who had had the apartment before he had it. "It was," he said, "you who claimed to be Mary Smith."

"I am," she said, and her low voice was now entirely steady. "There's—somebody's made a mistake." She paused. "I was hit on the head," she said. "That's what they say, I don't remember. Over on the East Side. Near First Avenue. By somebody who wanted money. But I'm all right now. It's just that somebody got — got the records mixed up. Made a mistake and—"

"No," he said. "The girl was killed, all right. Mary Smith was killed. You'll be all right if I tell you?" He looked at her with doubt.

"I walked here from the hospital," she said. "It's a long walk and I'm not as strong as I thought I was. Anyway, I'm all right now."

The large brown eyes, which had been so wide — so wide and so vague — were alive now. Pity she doesn't make anything of herself, he thought, briefly. No affair of his, but a girl who didn't make any effort was a fool. Of course, she had been sick.

And now, Martin Hale thought, she's on my hands, when the whole idea is that I have a year with nothing on my hands.

"This being hit on the head," he said. "When did it happen?"

"About a month ago," she said. "I was unconscious for a long time, they say. They operated and — but I'm alive."

"Sure," he said. "A blow like that—"

"And," she said, "I remember quite well who I am. I don't remember how I got over on the East Side. The last thing I remember — the last close thing, before it happened — was going down the steps from the Public Library. The next thing was hearing somebody — a nurse — at the hospital say, 'She's coming around now!' But the rest of it, I remember. All the rest of it. And — I'm Mary Smith."

"All right," he said. "Don't get steamed up."

"If I'm not," she said, "how would I know about this place? How would I find the key?"

"All right," he said. "You're Mary Smith. This — other Mary Smith — was killed in this apartment about a month ago. I did a rewrite on the story." She waited. "The newspaper," he said, "I quit a couple of weeks ago to—"

He did not finish. He thought, why explain it to her?

The girl said, "I don't know anybody in New York. How did she get in? And — why did she come here? Pretend to be me?"

"Look," he said. "All I know is—"

"What made them think this — this girl was me?"

"That," he said, "I can answer. She was living here. The clothes in the closet fitted her. She had identification in her handbag. There was more in that cupboard you were — looking through."

"A savings bank passbook," the girl said. "A bank on Sixth Avenue."

He shook his head. "Nothing about a passbook. There weren't any letters. Not a thing to help. They did what they could to — well, make some sort of picture of what she must have looked like." He shrugged, making it clear that the girl's injuries had not left them too much to work on. "We printed the sketch," he said. "All the papers did. Nobody recognised her."

He looked at the girl, sitting up, now, on the couch.

"She was in her middle twenties," he said. "Dark brown hair, brown eyes. She weighed about a hundred and fifteen."

"I'm twenty-six," the girl said, and let it rest there. But, unconsciously, she put a hand again to her short, dark brown hair. For an instant, she closed her eyes — brown eyes.

"All the money I've got is in that bank," she said. "Without the book —" She opened her hands, in a gesture of resignation.

So, Martin Hale thought, that's it? Couldn't find anything in the cupboard worth stealing and so now—poor sick girl needs a stake.

"What you do," he said, "is report the passbook lost. Then you prove who you are, and they issue you a new passbook. You remember the number of the account?"

She shook her head.

"Check the signature," he said. "There's a card with your signature on it. All they've got to do—"

"Of course," the girl said. She started to get up. She wavered a little and sank back. "If I can rest—just sit a few minutes," she said.

Thinking her way out of it, Martin Hale told himself, and got up abruptly and went to the desk which held the typewriter. He came back with a paper, a pencil; with a book. "Write your name," he said.

She wrote "Mary Smith" on the paper in a round, clear hand, each letter of the name formed firmly. And it was a signature — if it was a signature — entirely without individuality. A lot of proof a bank would find in that.

"It was on my copy of the lease," she said. "It and the passbook and some other things were in — in a little box. In there." She gestured toward the cupboard.

She thought of everything, Martin Hale thought. Give her that.

"All right," he said. "If you're Mary Smith, you'll be able to prove it, won't you? People will know you and—"

"Nobody here," she said. "I don't know anybody in New York."

"Where then?"

She hesitated. "Kansas City," she said. "But — I haven't any family. And — I don't make friends very quickly. Nobody, I mean, who would come here to — to identify me."

"Have you ever been fingerprinted?" he asked her, making it sudden.

Her eyes widened.

"No," she said. "Of course not. You mean — by the police?"

He had touched something there. "The police," he said. "Anybody. If you'd been in the WACS, say. Or the WAVES. Or—"

"Never," she said. "Nobody ever took my fingerprints."

"Miss Smith," he said. "If the girl who died here wasn't the girl who had been living here, the police would have found it out.

"The police took prints from the body and—and from all the surfaces in the room that might take prints." He paused to let it register. Her eyes were wide. "And," he said, "the prints all matched. And — there weren't any other prints, Miss Smith."

"I am Mary Smith," she said. "I lived here. I don't know what has happened. Who has — made this happen. For all I know, you did. You say there was another girl killed here. All I know is that you say it."

For an instant his mind lurched against the preposterousness of this statement, so gravely made.

"So," Mary Smith said, in the same grave voice, "I'll go now, if you'll let me go. And—leave this." She held out a key.

"No," he said. "It isn't that simple, because—what I told you was the truth." He paused for a moment, and it seemed suddenly important that he make a decision. Martin Hale said, "I'm going to take you out to dinner."

She shook her head quickly.

"Yes," he said. "There's nothing here. And heaven knows you need something. After that—after that we'll see. Come on, Mary Smith."

THE waiter hovered, napkin over arm. "Sirloin for two," Martin Hale said. "Medium rare," and then, to her, "I suppose you want a salad."

She said, "All right," because it didn't matter one way or the other. "You don't have to do this," she said, after the waiter had gone. "You think I broke into your apartment to steal. You think I've lied about everything."

"Look," he said, "can't we let it ride? I know I don't have to do this."

"Oh," she said. "I looked at myself back there. Something the cat dragged in."

"No," he said. "Mary Smith. Mary Smith, of Kansas City."

"You don't believe it, though, do you?"

"All right," he said. "To be honest—it's a common name. It's a largish town. Where did you live in Kansas City?"

"In—" she hesitated. "The northwest section."

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AND LEFT FOR DEAD

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—March, 1950

She saw in his face that that was wrong—that he knew the city she had picked and that something about what she had said was wrong.

"All right," she said. "Not Kansas City. Does that make you feel better? And Mary Smith is a common name. A name anybody might use. Does that make you feel—better?"

"Good girl," he said. "If I'm going to help you—"

"Why should you?" she said. "All right—feed me. I've agreed to that. And then I'll—"

I'll what? she thought. And then the numbness came back. The only thing I can do I—I won't do. Won't ever do. I'll think of something.

She made herself eat the first bite of steak. Then she wanted to eat—ate almost eagerly. The body has its way with the mind it serves—the mind it carries, the mind it is. She knew that he did not begin to concentrate on his own food until he saw her eating.

WHEN they had finished she said, "You were right, of course. You've been kind, are being kind. And I'm not going to tell you—there are some things I'm not going to tell you. Why don't you just—throw me back? As—below the legal size. As—whatever you think I am."

"Mary Smith," he said. "I don't know why. Because somebody's got to help you whether you like it or not. Because, something strange is going on and I'm — interested in strange things. I told you I'm—used to be—a newspaper reporter. If you want to say, 'Thank you, Mr. Hale, for an excellent steak,' and walk out—O.K., nobody'll stop you. If you've got some place to go?" Unexpectedly, he smiled. "And don't," he said, "tell me the northwest section of Kansas City. There isn't anything the natives call that."

"I'll have coffee," she said. "There's no way I can repay you."

Coffee came, and they drank coffee. He paid. She felt new guilt at the amount he paid—new guilt, new discouragement. "None of your business," he said, when he saw her watching.

Outside he looked at his watch, shook his head at it. There was, he said, no use trying, now, to do anything about the bank, about the pass-book. "People important enough to do anything don't work nights," he said. "Not at banks. We'll go uptown. Lipstick first," he said. "Get that damn cat out of your mind."

Physically, she felt much better since she had eaten. But still her mind drifted, seemed incapable of finding direction. At the cosmetic counter of a pharmacy on Sixth Avenue Martin paid for what she bought—compact, lipstick, a comb—and hailed a cab. She applied the lipstick, applied powder, in the cab. She ran the comb through her hair, tugged at it; spread thin hands in a helpless gesture.

"It'll grow," he said. "Did you wear it long, before?"

"Not very," she said, and then, "Where are we going?"

"To the morgue," he said, and then, when her eyes widened, showed what he thought was fear, "No. Not that kind. Newspaper morgue. The library. Show you some clippings."

The elevator operator in the "Daily Express" building knew Martin Hale. He said he was glad Mr. Hale was back again. "Nope," Hale said. "Just a call, Tony." The man in the morgue knew Martin Hale. He said, "Thought you'd left us, Marty." "Yep," Hale said. "Can I have the clips on Mary Smith, Jim? Killed down in the Village three-four weeks ago."

The man said, "Sure," and vanished among files. He returned, his hands empty. He went to a desk and fished in a wire basket, and came up with a brown envelope.

"One of the boys been using them?" Hale said. The morgue man did not answer.

"Here," Martin Hale said, and held the envelope out to the girl. "Go over there" — and pointed — "convince yourself."

She went. The clips were not old. A month ago — a little more than a month ago — a girl identified as Mary Smith had been brutally murdered at — The address wavered before the eyes of the girl who read. My place! My name! Beaten to death; the face so disfigured by the blows (from some heavy weapon) that identification was difficult.

Robbery apparently had not been the motive. The girl's handbag contained almost two hundred dollars, untouched. It contained also a library card, the key to the apartment, a comb, some tissues, a compact. The girl had not, according to one account, been "molested." Mary Smith's mind blinked momentarily at the word.

The first clippings she read were stamped with the date "May 12." The clippings stamped "May 13" dealt chiefly with the efforts of the police to identify the girl who had "called herself Mary Smith."

The clippings grew shorter under the dates which followed. On the fifteenth there was a headline which read, "Slain Girl Gang Victim?" but appeared, in the story under the headline, to answer its question in the negative.

"Satisfied?" Martin Hale said, standing beside her, looking down — and with his eyebrows slightly drawn together. "Mary," he said. "Do you know anybody named Atkins? Bruno Atkins? It seems he runs an — an agency of some kind. In Chicago."

She looked up at him. Slowly, she shook her head.

"Because," Martin Hale said, "somebody named Atkins, of the Atkins Agency — doesn't say agency for what — seems to be interested in the same thing we are. Was in this afternoon going over these." He motioned toward the clippings spread on the table. "Got a special dispensation from Larry Wolf. He's day city editor. So Larry must have thought he was on the up and up. The morgue's not open to the public."

"I don't know anybody in Chicago," the girl said. "It must be somebody — somebody she knew. This girl who — who stole my name."

"You didn't make anything of the sketch?" he asked, and then, "Where is the sketch, Mary? The — police sketch of the girl?"

"There wasn't any sketch," she said.

He looked at her. She flushed, but the clankness went out of her eyes.

"I suppose you think—" She stood up, and for the first time moved quickly "You want to go through—through my pockets? Have me searched? You think—I—"

He said, "Sit down, Mary Smith. Why would this Bruno Atkins want to steal a reproduction of a sketch? Why would Atkins or anybody—" He broke off. "Of course," he said, "it was handy. Come on. Let's have a look."

He led her across the room to a slanting shelf with a file of newspapers on it. "Last month's," he said," and flipped through the papers. "Here," he said, and pointed.

He pointed at the reproduction of a pen-and-ink sketch—the sketch of a girl's face, with cheeks planing down to a pointed chin, with a forehead wide above unplucked eyebrows.

"Do you think it looks like me?" Mary Smith said.

He looked again at the sketch, again at her. "Not unlike," he said. "But — it doesn't look unlike a hundred girls. A thousand."

The sketch was captioned: "Do You Know This Girl?" It was underlined.

"A police artist's reconstructed portrait of the girl known only as 'Mary Smith' who was brutally slain early yesterday morning in her Greenwich Village apartment. Efforts to identify her have so far proved futile. She was in her middle twenties, was five feet five inches tall, and weighed 115 pounds. Her hair and eyes were brown. The body, when found, was clothed only in a plain cotton nightdress and a blue cotton housecoat. The housecoat bore the label of a midtown store. Other garments found in the apartment included a black afternoon dress, cloth coat of a beige color; a dark brown silk suit and a yellow cotton housedress, all, with the exception of the suit which bore no label, apparently purchased from the same store."

Hale watched the girl read.

HE said, "There were other things—a pair of black shoes stockings, things like that."

"I had things like those," she said. "They sound — terribly dull, don't they? Written about like that. Drab things. The dress was pretty. I thought it was pretty." Her brown eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry," she said, and brushed at her eyes with slender fingers. "I'm silly. They must have been my things. It was all — planned." Then she put a finger on the sketched face. "She doesn't really look like me," she said. "I never wore my hair like that. What —" she began, but she was interrupted.

"So this is where you got to," the interrupting voice said, and Martin Hale said, to the morgue man, "Pursuing research, Jim."

"What I heard was, you quit here to write," Jim said. "Novels and things. Not to rehash old murders."

"Things get around," Hale said. "I'm not running off with your precious clips, Jimmy."

"Who said?" Jim said, with weariness. "You interested in Mary Smiths? Here's another. Only thing, this one seems to be alive."

He held out a little square of newsprint. Hale took it, said, "Thanks, Jim," and read it, and then read it aloud:

"Bashing Victim Vanishes. Young woman, known as 'Mary Smith,' takes French leave from hospital.

"The young woman victim of a bashing attack on East Thirty-third Street, near First Avenue, a month ago, did not wait for formal discharge from East River Hospital late this afternoon. She slipped

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away from the outer office of Miss Bernice Fleming, a Department of Public Welfare social worker, while waiting to be interviewed. Hospital authorities say that she was fully recovered from her injuries, which included a fractured skull. In the hospital records, she was listed only as 'Mary Smith'.

"But—" the girl said, "why do they say that?" she said. "At the hospital, they knew who I was."

"You told them who you were?"

"Why—" she said, and hesitated. "I must have. Because they called me Mary, or Miss Smith, and that was the name on the record board they hang on the foot of hospital beds."

MARTIN HALE agreed. "You must have," he said. "Look—the hospital is the place to start. We'll—" But he stopped, because her eyes widened.

"I won't," she said. "They — they want to arrange things. Tell me what to do. They'll — pry into things."

"What things?"

It seemed worth trying. It got only a slow, denying, shake of the head.

"You," he said, "are a very difficult girl." He brought out a wallet from his hip pocket.

"What we'll do is this," he said. "You'll take some money. As a loan. Until we get — you get — things straightened out at the savings bank. You'll need something — something better than that suit."

"It's an all-right suit," she said. "At least — it used to fit better."

"A dress," he said. "It's summer. And — things. There's a place downtown that's still open. You get some things and then — here." He held a key out; the key she had given him at the apartment. "Go back there and wait." He held out some money.

"Look — you find me apparently robbing your apartment. I tell you a — a story nobody can believe. So you take me to dinner. And — and talk as if — say 'we' as if—" She hesitated, seemed to start over. "You offer me money to buy clothes. The key to your apartment. Not knowing. Whether—"

"Mary Smith," he said, "you talk a lot. I know what I'm doing. You've no money. No place to go. You can get squared away at the bank and pay me back and you can buy me three dinners. Four dinners. Well?"

"All right," she said, and took the money and put it in the pocket of the suit. "I will, Mr. Hale."

"Marty. Take a cab," he said. "Then go back to the apartment?"

"Yes, Marty. Where are you going?"

"Find Larry Wolf," he said. "Find out who this Atkins said he was. Then go over to East River Hospital. I know some people there."

"All right — Marty. At the hospital. Are you going to — to tell them where I am?"

"Not if you don't want. Not if you do what I say."

She watched him cross the street. He was a tall man, in slacks and jacket; he walked erect. He had close-cropped hair — almost as closely cropped as hers. He must, she thought, be about thirty. I thought at first he had a hard face.

. . . . .

Larry Wolf was a lanky man, draped on the bar at Tony's. He said, "Hiya, boy," to Martin Hale. "How's the book coming?"

"Slow," Marty told him. "Larry. You know a man named Atkins? You passed him into the morgue this afternoon—"

"Bruno Atkins," Larry said. "Sure. Knew him out in Chicago, years ago."

"What is he?"

"Atkins Agency. Private investigator. Not a bad guy, as they go. Anyway, nobody ever caught him at anything."

"Wanting?"

"Today? To look something up in the morgue. Trying to locate somebody. That's his main job — locating somebody."

"Was he specific at all? Say what he wanted to find?"

"No," Larry said. "I was busy as hell and I signed a chit to poor old Jim and Bruno tottled off."

"Did the cops ever check out this Mary Smith?" Marty said. "Girl who was killed down in —"

"I know, boy," Larry said. "Nope. Not that I know, anyway." He looked at Marty shrewdly. "Thought you were writing a novel."

"Sure," Marty said. "I —" He paused. "Thought I might hang it on the Mary Smith thing. Atkins was getting himself a fill-in on Mary Smith," Marty told him.

"Probably," Larry said, "she's walked out on her husband. Or is going to inherit a million dollars if still alive. How would I know why?"

"O.K.," Marty said. "Go catch your train. Give my love to Ruth."

Marty got a cab to East River Hospital, which sprawls over acres. There was a good deal of corridor walking to be done, a good deal of waiting. Then there was, finally, Dr. Isaac Rappaport, who said, "How's the book coming, Marty?"

"Slow, Ike." Martin Hale said, and asked what he had come to ask.

It took time to get the records, but not long to read them.

Call for an ambulance checked in at 10.28 on the night of May 10. Woman unconscious, apparently badly injured, in areaway at—East Thirty-third Street. Caller a Mrs. Bronstein, who lived across the street and had happened to look out the window.

Bashing case, according to the police. Handbag stolen; no mark of identification. Depressed fracture of the skull. Weapon cylindrical; possibly a small crowbar. Placed on critical list and —

"I remember now," Dr. Rappaport said. "She's the girl just walked out this afternoon. Check?"

"Yes," Martin Hale said.

"Must have been all right," Rappaport said. "Waiting for an interview with the Fleming. What's your interest, Marty?"

"Call it reportorial," Martin Hale said. "She had a right to go? I mean, there wasn't any hold on her?"

"No hold. All they wanted was to find out something about her. Anything. She didn't have any money. Can't let them walk out into — nothing. Anyway, we try not to."

Martin Hale said, "You had her name? Didn't you have her address?"

"What do you mean we had her name?" Rappaport asked, and blinked slightly.

"She told you," Hale said. "She's Mary Smith. The record says that."

"Marty," Isaac Rappaport said, and spoke a little wearily. "I thought you knew your way round. This is a big hospital. Every day and every night they bring people in here — smashed-up people, burned-up people, people somebody's hit over the head and robbed or shot and left for dead. A lot of times, there isn't any identification. We give them names—numbers, but names, too. Mary Smith. Jane Jones. Something short and easy."

"That," Marty said. "That was where the name came from. Only that?"

"Sure," Dr. Isaac Rappaport said. "It was just somebody's turn to be Mary Smith."

. . . . .

It had taken her longer than she had thought it would. For one thing, she had tried to use his money sparingly, and that had meant much looking, many rejections.

So it was beginning to grow dark when she walked home — no, not home; walked back to his apartment — from the shop. She wore the green linen dress with the belt of much deeper green. She carried the suit in a box and, in another box, the other "things" he had told her she must buy. And she carried, too, a dark bag, a big, squashy grey bag — with lipstick and compact in it, and the comb and (why ever did I?) a small bottle of scent. There was even a little money in the bag's coin purse.

Again wearily, she climbed the stair flights toward the apartment. Yet she found, as she put down packages and fingered the key that she felt a kind of anticipation.

It might be, she thought, turning the key in the lock, that she felt this almost hope because she was no longer quite alone. It was ridiculous to feel this because another person had—well, been kind.

A faint light came through the windows at the far end, but most of the room was dark. She reached for the switch by the door and flicked it. Nothing happened.

SHE was conscious of movement to her left—a shape which seemed gigantic—moving toward her—and then a man with a hand rising and something in the hand.

She tried to cry out, but did not hear any sound, and whirled to face the shape and, as she whirled, raised the bag up so that it protected her head. In the same instant, it seemed, the man struck.

She was not conscious of pain, but merely of losing balance—of being thrown by the force of the blow. Before the camera shutter of blackness quite closed, she heard—thought she heard, as from a great distance—the quick, recurrent, clapping of something on wood. Feet——

The word came from a long way off. "Mary," somebody was saying. "Mary, Mary Smith!"

"I'm Mary Smith," someone answered — she answered. Then the blackness was gone. She was lying on her back on the couch. She looked up into a face—a hard face.

"Was it you?" she said to Martin Hale, and kept her voice steady. "You—waiting. To—to finish it?"

"What are you talking about?" Martin Hale said, and seemed angry. "You passed out—fainted. Left the things you bought outside the door and came in here—I was crazy not to realise how—how weak you are."

"No," she said. "Somebody was here. Waiting here. Hit me. Only—the bag I bought. Where's the bag?"

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There was light in the room now, she realised. The lamp on the typewriter table was bright.

"Here's the bag," he said, and picked it up from the floor. "What do you mean, somebody hit you?"

She stirred against his restraining hands. He did not stop her as she sat up on the couch, swung her legs over the edge of it. Damn pretty legs, he thought vaguely. "What do you mean?" he repeated.

"It wasn't you?"

"For heaven's sake!" Martin Hale said.

She looked at him for some seconds, very steadily.

"All right," she said. "It was somebody else."

She told him then—told of the moving shape which became a man —"a big man; as big as you"—and of throwing the bag up to shield her head.

"There was a noise," she said. "Was it you? Running up the stairs? Or—or this other man? Because if he heard you——"

"Nobody came out of the door," he said. "The door was closed." He got up quickly and looked out of the window. "He could have used the fire escape. Heard me coming and—he would have seen he'd only hit the bag? That it cushioned the blow?"

How could she know what the man had seen? It had been almost dark in the room.

"There's a light switch," he said. "If you lived here—I mean, since you lived here—I'd have thought you'd remember it and——"

"I did," she said. "I pushed the switch and nothing happened and ——"

He went again the length of the room, leaned down, fumbled for a moment, and the lamp went on. "Pulled loose, somehow," he told her.

"Somebody came and waited," she said. "Tried to kill me. As — as somebody tried to kill me before. And, instead, Killed this — this other woman. Wait — the newspaper item! Don't you see?" She leaned forward.

"He read it. Knew me — knew who I was, that I'd come back here. Why does he want to kill me?"

He looked at her in a strange way.

"Mary," he said. "Whoever you are — I'll help. But — who are you?"

SHE leaned forward suddenly, so suddenly he thought she was falling forward and reached toward her.

"Leave me —" she said, but by then had the handbag from the floor. She fumbled a moment with the unfamiliar catch, then opened the bag. "I thought I smelled it," she said. "Look."

A strong fragrance came from the bag. "A bottle of perfume broken," he said. "In its box. And the comb's broken, too. You dropped the bag when you fell—"

"Look at the bag," she said. "It's soft," she said. "Padded. And — it fell on the rug. That's where you found it, isn't it? On the rug. Nothing would have broken merely from the bag's being dropped. Don't you see?"

He could do one of two things. He could say, "Yes, I see. I believe a man was here and struck at you with something and hit the purse and broke a bottle in it and a comb." Or he could say, in words he would try to choose differently, "I don't believe you. I think you broke the perfume bottle, pretended to faint. I don't think your name is Mary Smith. And — I'm going to quit bothering my head about it."

Martin Hale glared at the girl who had put him in this unsought dilemma. (He had a girl, his "own" girl; no name yet, not quite recognisable yet; a shadow only, part of the shape which was not yet a shape.) This other girl, this girl sitting on the couch, waiting for him to make up his mind, couldn't be allowed to become real — forget the anxiety in brown eyes, on too thin face. She certainly looked different now she wasn't wearing that baggy suit. A lot too thin but—

"I'll pay you back for the clothes," she said, and began to stand up. "I'll explain to the bank, and after all it's my money and—"

"You didn't see this man's face?" he said, as if she had not said anything. "Can't describe him at all? Or what he hit you with? Hit the bag with?"

She shook her head.

"Something heavy, obviously," Martin Hale said.

"You sound—" She paused. "You talk as if you believe me."

"Don't be silly. Of course I believe you." He spoke impatiently. "This man who was so interested in Mary Smith — this Atkins guy. You're sure the name means nothing to you?"

"Nothing," she said. "Marty—"

"What?"

"I'm sorry I've got you into this."

He was again impatient, again annoyed by the irrelevant. "Can't have people being slugged around here. I wonder — wait a minute."

He dialled on the telephone and said, "Ruth? Marty Hale. That husband of yours around?" and listened.

"Larry," Martin Hale said. "This bloke Atkins. What sort of bloke? Big? Little? The usual number of legs and arms?"

He listened. He said "Thanks . . . No," he said, "no story. Not now."

He hung up then, and grinned at Mary Smith. The grin was brief.

"Bruno Atkins classifies as a big man," he told her. "A little over six feet. He's got black hair and a big nose and a scar on the upper lip. So the next time we run into him—"

"It was dark," she said.

"I know." He reached out and, after a moment, she let him take her hands in his. "Mary Smith, who are you? Because — we've got to start with that, haven't we?"

"I—" she said, and stopped. "I can't," she said. "I ran to get away from it. Now you're asking me to bring it back. Maybe you've a right to know. You've—but I can't."

Again she tried to stand, to go. But his hands would not let her stand. "You can't run," he said. "It's the cliche of all time, Mary Smith. But you can't run forever."

"I was a kid," she said. "I'd been to a dance and the boy who brought me back kissed me. I was wearing such a pretty dress and—I felt like a poem. Not a big poem. A—a tinkling poem. I was a kid, you see. And nothing bad could ever happen—"

She kept her eyes closed as she spoke. "A hundred years ago," she said. "Five years ago last September."

She stopped speaking. He did not say anything. After a time she opened her eyes. "The telephone was ringing," she said. "In Mrs. Kingley's room. She was the housemother. I started upstairs and she came out—she was wearing a blue robe, a quilted robe. She said, 'Oh, Mary. There's a telephone call for you. I'm afraid—it seems to be quite an urgent call. From Smithville.' That's where we lived — Smithville. It's a very little town."

Again she closed her eyes.

"My name is really Mary Smith," she said. "My mother was Marian Smith. And my father was Arlington Smith." There was no expression, no emotion, in her voice. "I suppose I could have changed my name. But what's a better name to hide under than—than the one I've got?"

So now he knew.

IT had been a big one; it had been the biggest one in years. It was far away, in a little town—a very little town, bearing the name of its leading citizen, great-grandson of its famous founder. Arlington had been quite a man, Martin Hale thought, looking into the brown eyes of his daughter.

All the Smiths of Smithville had been considerable. The first had made a fortune; the second had been a college president and his brother had founded the Wilbur Smith Clinic; the last had been fifty-five-years old, had been simultaneously, United States Senator and (some argued) major poet, and had been shot to death by his wife.

Marty could remember the headlines:

"Arlington Smith Slain!
Mistook Him for Burglar, Wife Says."

He could remember all of it, down through the rather protracted trial. Marian Smith and her older —fifteen years older—husband had occupied separate bedrooms in the big summer house on Lake Michigan. They had retired to them at about 11 o'clock on a warm September evening. There was a corridor between the rooms and the body of Arlington Smith had been lying in it, in blood, when the police got there. Marian Smith had called them; had been hysterical on the telephone.

Arlington Smith had been dressed only in pyjama trousers. Both barrels of a shotgun had been discharged into his body. His wife did not deny that she had killed him. She had thought he was a burglar, trying to force his way into her room. There had been very little light in the hall. Also, she was near-sighted.

For a myopic person firing into a dim hall she had been remarkably accurate. She and her husband had been on good terms. It was not true that she had recently been seen, had lunch with, gone to the apartment of, a man younger than her husband. Not in the way it was meant by the questioner. Never that way.

The jury had been a long time about it, but found Marian Smith not guilty of the charge against her.

"I was there all through the trial," Mary Smith said. "In the courtroom," she said. "I don't think I'd ever known before how important father was. It was a strange way to find that out, wasn't it?" She paused. "So many eyes. I hadn't known people's eyes were like that. And—and people whispering."

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"Mary," Marty Hale said, "I—you don't have to live it again."

She did not appear to hear him. "When it was over," she said, "when they said she wasn't guilty of anything, then I thought it would stop. We went back home—"

They had gone back to the big house in Smithville, and when she had closed the door behind them, Mary had felt great relief, as if the closing of a door shut what had happened into the past. "I never wanted to open the door again," she said. "Never wanted to go out again."

But it had not been possible not to go out again. There were dozens of little things which could not be done without going into the village. And some people had to be seen.

"Not many," she said. "You see—the town—the people in the town—had a—a way of feeling about my father. I hadn't realised that, either. Respect—more than that. And—well, they didn't believe what Mother said, what the jury accepted."

Whether her mother had known that things would be as they had been after the acquittal, Mary didn't know. "I had never been close to her," Mary said. "She was—just my mother. She said I should go back to school, but I couldn't do that."

Part she told him; part he could only guess at. Two women in a big house in a small town. There had been several servants before Arlington Smith was killed. Afterward there was only one. The one was a cleaning woman; she came three times a week.

"I could feel us shrinking," the girl said. "Nothing changed except—we changed. Mother the most, I think, but—" She raised thin shoulders, dismissing that as another thing not worth telling.

There was a question he wanted to ask, and, of course, could not ask. Nevertheless, she answered it—partly answered it.

"I believed what the jury believed," she said. "Always. It wasn't that that kept us apart."

FOR a moment she looked away, back into the past. She said that her mother had been beautiful when it happened, and that that changed, as they changed. Marian Smith had grown older rapidly. But she had been only 45—no older than that the previous December.

"Mother had been taking sleeping pills for a long time," Mary Smith said. "The doctor said it was quite common that a person who is used to them forgets—is drowsy and forgets, and takes more. I couldn't wake her up that morning, and—and nobody could wake her up. Of course, the town thought—but you can guess what the town thought."

He could guess. He could think that the town might well have guessed right.

"They were kind afterward," the girl said. "So kind—so proud of being kind. And—so full of advice. Perhaps I was wrong—to do what I did.

"I decided to go away—go away where nobody would ever find me. Nobody who knew about—about us. To—" She stopped suddenly, looked at him again. "Oh," she said, "I know what you're thinking. That I was crippled. That having it happen—and, most of all, the way it did, when I was so starry-eyed—was traumatic. That I'm crippled inside."

"Nonsense," he said. "You had a jolt. You decided to get out of there. Why not?"

She had wanted merely to disappear—to be there one day, not the next. There was cash in the house; several hundred dollars. There always was. Also, she had a bank account of her own. There was almost five thousand dollars in the bank account.

A local train stopped at Smithville at a little after ten at night. She had gone down to the station and waited in a shadow and slipped on to the train quickly. In Chicago she had gone to a hotel.

She had thought she might stay on in Chicago. But going into one of the stores in the Loop district, she had seen a girl she had gone to college with, and, although the girl had not seen her, had felt a kind of panic.

She had drawn a cheque on her Smithville account, leaving only a few hundred dollars in it, and had opened a savings account. Now she drew the money out of that, in cash, more than four thousand dollars, and flew to New York. She had remembered, from one of her other trips—a trip as a tourist—that the village had seemed somehow closed and secret. She had gone down there and found an apartment — "this apartment"—and then opened a savings account with the money she had brought. She had thought of changing her name, and decided against it. It had seemed unnecessary, and, anyway—"Why should I let them take my name, too?"

In the ensuing months she had—hidden. That was her word for it. She had spent a great deal of her time at the public library. At the library they had got to know her, to say "Good morning." The clerks at a drugstore knew her by sight; a grocery clerk knew her, and knew her name and where she lived. That was all.

"What were you going to do?" he said. "I mean—eventually?"

"Do?" she said. "I don't—oh, I suppose in time I'll have to get a job. Would have had to, I mean. Now—Marty, will the bank give me my money?"

"Sure," he said, and was not sure at all.

"Because," she said, "it's all the money I have."

She was the daughter of Arlington Smith and—as she had herself said—there had always been a lot of money. Her father's money would have gone to his widow, since the jury had decided that she was not his murderer. Now the money would come to her. There had been no other children. He knew that. (Everybody who had read an American newspaper five years ago knew that.) Therefore—

"I won't take it," she said. "Never. I'll never take it. Because—"

She stopped and put her thin hands up to hide her face—to hide, but it was too late now, what she had admitted. I will never take money my mother murdered to get, she had said—not said.

After some time she lifted her head.

"I don't really know," she said. "I can't ever take the money," she said then. "I can't betray them both."

"Mary," he said, "I'm not a lawyer. We'll talk to a lawyer if we need to. But—I don't think you can refuse the money. Refuse to use it, sure. Give it away. Nobody can stop that. But—when your mother died the money went to you. Unless—do you know whether she left a will?"

"Yes," she said. "The lawyer said she did."

"And left the money to you? Have you any idea how much money?"

"Yes," she said. "A good deal, I guess. But it doesn't matter how much."

"All right," he said. "To you it doesn't. Here's what we're up against. A young woman is killed in your apartment, and identified as Mary Smith. But—not identified beyond that. You are attacked—hit over the head—left for dead. In a part of the city you don't remember going to.

"All right. The police accept it as a bashing. It was the chief factor in the identification. What I was getting at—the girl was killed by somebody who thought she was you. Somebody who wanted to kill you. Only—anyway, this is what I am working toward."

SHE waited, then he went on. "Somebody gets the money," he said. "Money doesn't just—fade away. Because somebody won't take it. If you die now, who gets the money?"

She shook her head. "The nearest—next nearest—kin of Mother's?"

"Of yours," he said. "You've already inherited. Somebody will inherit from you—would have if you'd been hit a little harder. And—will if the courts can be convinced that the woman who was beaten to death here was you. Not just somebody named Mary Smith."

"Whoever killed her," Mary Smith said, "could have thought he was killing me?"

"That," he said, "is where it begins to fall apart. Because you had your handbag. It was stolen. It turns up here. So, whoever stole it brought it here—the same night, incidentally. Brought it here and planted it. So—he knew who you were when he hit you. If you were as dead as he must have thought you were—well, what more does he want? Why kill Mary Smith twice?"

She shook her head slightly.

"Could be," he said, "that the man who hit you came back here to see what more he could get. The key was in your handbag. Could be he found the other woman here and—" He spread his hands. "Why would she be here?" he said.

Mary Smith shook her head again. "Also," he said, "where am I?"

"Originally," she said. "A bit back—who inherits the money if I'm dead. Mother had a cousin. Only one, I think. A—" she had to stop to think. "An Albert Parkins. We almost never saw him. I'm not even sure if he's alive."

"Your second cousin," Martin Hale said. "Or cousin once removed or whatever it is. Failing anybody else, I suppose he—" He spread his hands again.

"What?" she said. "Hired somebody to kill me? Or—came himself?"

"There's still this other girl," he said. "Which is what makes it fall apart. When you say hired somebody. You're thinking of this man Atkins?"

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose—he's somebody tangible."

"By now," Martin said, "your mother's will is in the works. If she didn't name an executor, the court's named one."

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So—an executor in search of a legatee. If living, to inherit; if dead, to be inherited from. So—the employment of a private detective, a man named Atkins. A man who starts by familiarising himself with what the newspapers had printed. After that—Marty Hale shrugged. "In his place," Marty said, "I'd go to the police. As, Mary, we're going to have to."

"Are we?" she said. "With what?"

"With," he said, "who you are. With the connection between the two things. With—"

"With it starting all over again," she said. "With it all being raked up again." She covered her face with her hands again. "I can't," she said, her voice so low that he could barely hear her. "I couldn't stand it," she said. "It comes to that, Mr. Hale. I—I know what I can stand. It didn't happen to you. It didn't happen to you! I'm—"

She started to walk toward the door. She might, he thought, be walking in her sleep. He spoke her name and she stopped.

"All right," she said. "I've said it. You tried and I'm not worth your trying so—"

"Will you shut up?" Martin Hale said. "I'm a stupid fool and you're a girl dead on her feet. And tomorrow's another day."

"No," she said. "Tomorrow's the same day. They're all the same day, Marty Hale."

Then, very suddenly almost as if sawdust had dribbled out of a doll, she sat down on the couch.

"I'm too licked even—even to go," she looked up at him. "Tomorrow," she said, and then suddenly toppled sidewise on to the couch. "So sleepy," she said. "So—"

He took his shoes off and his jacket.

The sofa at the end of the room, under the windows, was too short for him. He lay as quietly as he could in the darkness and tried to make sense—any kind of sense—of any part of all of it.

MARTIN HALE thought, the fingerprints here, in this room, this room we're in right now—they were all the prints of the girl killed here. How can that fit in if this girl—this softly breathing girl—is telling any part of the truth?

There was no use in it. Not tonight.

Morning light awakened Martin Hale, who wondered what he was doing on the sofa instead of being, properly, in bed, and then remembered and sat up.

There was enough light in the room to see that there was nobody else in the room.

He went to the bathroom door and listened outside it, and knocked and then called "Mary?" twice. Then he opened the door. There was nobody in the bathroom; there was nobody in the closet.

There was a small table by the studio bed. On the table was a key. The apartment key.

Martin Hale looked at the key and was consumed with anger. Damn the girl! What did she mean by—? How am I going to find her?

Marty Hale had his jacket in his hand and was shoving his right arm into a sleeve when somebody knocked at the door. He opened the door and said, "Oh," involuntarily, to a tall, and heavy and dark, man with a big nose and a scar on his upper lip.

"Morning," the man said. "Spare me a minute?"

"Spare a minute to whom?" Martin Hale asked, with a pointed lack of cordiality.

"See your point," the big man said. "Just doing a little investigating job. About a girl who maybe used to live in this building."

He took a folding case from his hip pocket and opened it and showed part of its contents to Martin Hale. "Duly licensed by the State of Illinois," he said. "Name of Atkins."

"I can read," Martin said.

"Ever see this girl around?" Atkins said, and took a photograph out of his pocket—a "jumbo" print of a snapshot. A picture of a young woman — a pretty young woman with, it appeared, dark brown hair. The girl's face planed down to a pointed chin. She looked to be nineteen or twenty. She wore a loose sweater and a skirt. She looked happy.

"No," Martin Hale said. "Why?"

"Look, mister," Atkins said. "Mind if I come in? Take the load off my feet?"

"You've had your minute," Hale said. "I don't recognise the girl. But, O.K. come in if you want to." Atkins came in. He sat down. He said, "Thing is, the girl's five years older now. If she ain't dead, that is. Sure you haven't seen her around?"

"I've only been here a couple of weeks," Martin Hale said. "Who is the girl?"

"Name of Mary Smith," Atkins said. "Crazy note, ain't it?"

"A young woman who called herself Mary Smith was killed here," Martin said. "In this room." He did not suppose he was telling Bruno Atkins anything. Atkins didn't know.

Atkins looked around the long room. "Didn't know which one," he said. "It said third floor, sure enough. Didn't say front or back."

"Back," Martin said. "Who wants to find the girl? Or—I suppose this girl in the snapshot is the girl who got killed?"

"That's the squeeze," Atkins said. "Could be either way, mister? That's what they want to know."

"The executors of an estate?"

"Who gave you that notion?"

His astonishment seemed excessive. Martin told him that, when a private detective is hired to find somebody, money is usually involved and, thinking of money, one thinks first, of a missing heir.

"Could be that was it," Atkins said. "Could be it was something else, couldn't it? You interested, Mr. Hale?"

"Some," Martin said. "Since I'm renting the apartment this Mary Smith got killed in. Nobody can identify this picture?"

"Nope. Not to make it stick. Grocery clerk says maybe. Guy at the drugstore says could be." He sighed.

"Mr. Atkins," Martin said, "you weren't here last night, were you? About — oh, around nine o'clock, say?"

Atkins looked at him steadily, and then shook his head.

"Not me," he said. "You been having — visitors? Unidentified?"

"Could be. You interested, Mr. Atkins?"

"As a matter of fact," Atkins said, "I don't know if I am."

Again, there was knocking on the door. Martin went to it, but this time did not hurry.

It was another man, another tall man. This man was younger than Bruno Atkins — he had an unscarred and rather handsome face, and a bristle of blond hair. He said, "Lady of the house in?" The voice, like the appearance, suggested a youngish executive on the rise, not a man who knocks on strange doors.

"Sorry," Martin Hale said, "no lady of the house."

"Survey for the vacuum institute," the man said, in the same, pleasant voice. "No lady of the house, eh? Vacuum-cleaner, though, I imagine."

"No," Martin Hale said. "I just let it get dirty." To this the man said, "Ha!" acknowledging a gag. He looked around the room—down its length, briefly at the other occupant.

"Long as there's no lady present," he said. "How's if I use the bathroom?"

POINTING, Marty Hale said, "help yourself." The tall youngish man walked to the closet door. It was an easy enough mistake to make; the doors were side by side. He opened the closet door, said, "Oops," and, before Marty could advise, tried the right door. He went in and closed it after him. After a time there was the sound of a toilet flushing, and he came out. He said, "Thanks," and went out into the hall and started upstairs toward the top floor. Marty closed the door.

"Well—" Atkins said. He stood up.

"Sorry I can't help about the girl," Marty said, "You want to find her alive? Or dead?"

"You're a curious man, aren't you, Mr. Hale? We don't disclose. Thanks for giving the feet a break." He moved toward the door and stopped and looked at it, and turned.

"Name Bradley mean anything to you?" he said. "James Bradley?"

Martin Hale shook his head.

"Just came to me," he said "Don't forget faces. The man who wanted to sell you a vaccum. That's his name, James Bradley."

Martin Hale shook his head again.

"One of those things," Atkins said. "On the up and up now, apparently. Wasn't the last time I saw him. Must have been seven—eight years ago. In Chicago. I was on the force then."

He stopped and listened. Somebody was coming down stairs from the floor above.

"Didn't take him long upstairs," Atkins said. "Nobody home, probably. Mails to defraud, it was. Forgery in it, too. They let him off easy, as I recall."

He stopped again and continued to listen.

"Had a wife," Atkins said, and put his hand on the doorknob. "Pretty thing. Just a kid. Don't imagine he was inside for more than maybe a year."

He turned the knob.

"Sort of funny he'd turn up while I was here, ain't it?" he said. "Makes you believe in coincidence after all, I guess."

"I hope you find the girl," Marty said. "Alive, preferably."

"Always preferable," Atkins said. He went out and closed the door behind him.

Things got no clearer fast, Marty Hale thought, listening to the fading sound of Bruno Atkins walking downstairs. If the girl of the photograph was his Mary Smith — she had changed a good deal. But she had had cause to change a good deal. Could be. Like, so far as he could see, everything else. Including this identification of a vacuum-

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cleaner salesman as somebody named James Bradley, one time user of the mails to defraud, one time husband of a pretty wife who was just a kid.

What is any of it about? Marty inquired of himself and being unanswered, went out of the apartment, and down the stairs. He was at the street door when he thought of something and climbed the stairs again and opened the door of his apartment.

The key was on the table where she had left it. He picked the key up and, out in the hall again, his door locked behind him—put it on the lintel over the door.

SHE had wakened at first light feeling secure that she was "home" again. But then she remembered, could hear Martin Hale breathing at the end of the room. When he wakes up, Mary Smith thought, he'll want to go to the police—want it all started up again.

She stood up very quietly. Without turning on any light in the dim room she felt in her big, new handbag until fingers touched a key, closed on it. She laid it on the table by the bed. Her suit was not in sight; he must have put it somewhere after she had fallen asleep.

She clutched the bag under one arm and carried her shoes in the other hand, and moved slowly, carefully to the door. She turned the knob and opened the door.

She went down the first flight of stairs, before she put her shoes on. Then she went quickly out of the house and into the street through which the early sun slanted. She had no watch. She walked two blocks before she found a clock. It was eight-thirty. The bank would not open until ten.

Well, there was a cafeteria on Seventh Avenue and Christopher. Outside, at a stand, she bought a copy of the New York "Times."

She got orange juice from a counter, and, farther on, toast and then coffee. She found an empty table and drank the juice. With that done she took the purse out now and counted the money. Twelve dollars and fifty-seven cents. It was more than she had thought would be there. He had given her seventy dollars. That she could pay back when she got her own money.

She waited—made herself wait—until the clock showed five to ten. Then she went out into the sunny, already hot, street. She was a too-thin woman in a green linen dress with a grey handbag; she was a girl with cropped hair and a set face.

The bank was open. She told a guard what she had come for and he said, "Mr. Anderson" and indicated. Mr. Anderson was a bald young man, at a desk, with a fence around him. He said, "If you'll just fill this out, please? And sign it please?"

She filled it out as best she could. Pass-book lost on—on what date? Presumably, since the police had not found it in the apartment, on the date she had been struck down, the other girl killed. May eleventh, then. She wrote that down on the form. Number of book? She had no idea at all, and wrote nothing down. Amount on deposit? She could not exactly remember, and wrote, "about 4000 dollars." She wrote her name and address, gave the form to Mr. Anderson who looked at it and clicked twice, quickly.

"Immediate notice must be given," he said. "This says a month ago. Lost a month." He looked at his desk calendar. "More than a month," he said, in accusation.

"I just discovered it was lost," she said.

"I presume," he said, "you've brought adequate identification?"

"No. You see, everything was — No, I'm afraid I haven't identification."

He said, "My dear young woman. Credit card. Any credit card. Social-security card. Surely, Miss Smith?"

"No," she said. "Everything was —stolen."

She was beginning to tremble.

"Well," he said, "I don't know, Miss Smith."

He went to the far end of the austere expanse, and vanished there through a gate. She sat and tried not to tremble. The waiting seemed interminable. Finally, he came through the gate and sat down behind his desk.

"Miss Smith," he said, "this is a very unfortunate thing. There was an account under that name — in fact, there are several accounts under the name of Mary Smith. However. There was one of which the signature on the card corresponds — generally corresponds with your signature. The number of the account was—" He looked at one of the papers. One four, one two, one nine. The amount on deposit was—" Again he checked with records on his desk. 'Three thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents.'"

He looked at her.

"The balance—the entire balance, Miss Smith — was withdrawn on May twelfth. The account was closed. The passbook was stamped 'Cancelled.'"

She could merely look at him.

"I have here," he said, "the withdrawal slip. Would you care to look at it, Miss Smith?"

She looked at it; saw it dimly.

"You deny that the signature is yours?" he asked her.

"It's not mine," she said. "Somebody—somebody forged my name. Stole my money."

"To me," he said, "this signature appears to match that on the signature card."

"The bank," she said. "You—you have let somebody steal my money. Just walk in here and—"

"I refer you," he said, "to paragraph twenty-two in the passbook. Let me read it to you." The bald young man picked up a paper and read from it. "The officers of the bank will endeavor to prevent frauds upon its depositors, but all payments to persons presenting passbooks shall be valid payments to discharge the bank, and in respect to such deposits the bank shall be bound to exercise only ordinary care and diligence."

"But—" she said. "That means anybody can walk in with a passbook and—and withdraw what's in the account. Anybody?"

"My dear young woman," the bald man said. "The possessor of the passbook is assumed to be the lawful depositor. Of course, the signature is compared. We have several thousand depositors, Miss Smith. Naturally, few of them are known personally to our tellers."

"Mr.—" She had to look at the nameplate on his desk. "Mr. Anderson. The bank has let somebody rob me. Steal almost four thousand dollars. You—you sit there and quote things. What can I do? To get my money back?"

"You can hardly expect—" he said, and paused. "It would be necessary to prove gross negligence. Frankly, I don't think you can do that. Taking into account the delay in reporting the passbook lost and—"

She stopped listening. She stood up and turned slowly and groped at the gate. It did not open. The bald man got up then and pressed the catch which opened the gate. She went through it without looking at him.

The uniformed guard watched the girl in the green dress. She paid no attention, the guard noticed, to the tall youngish man with a bristle of blond hair who had come into the bank behind her and had gone to a desk and had stood there, apparently making out a slip throughout the time she had sat by the fenced-off desk. The man went out behind the girl. He hadn't, the guard noticed, transacted any business. He had merely stood at the desk.

Waiting to see how the girl made out, obviously. So, two of them were in it, whatever "it" was. In it, and hadn't got away with it.

She went out into Sixth Avenue, and stopped involuntarily just outside the door. And somebody bumped into her and said, "Oops, sorry miss."

"It's all right," she said. "I shouldn't have stopped so—" and looked up at a tall man with a bristle of blond hair, a familiar man? Her mind groped, while her lips completed the sentence—"suddenly."

"Should have looked where I was going," he said, in a pleasant voice. "But—no harm done, is there?"

"None," she said and then, because she had to move somewhere, turned uptown, toward Eighth Street. The tall man turned in the same direction, walked beside her and a step behind. And it occurred to her then that he was trying to pick her up. She thought this, and did not believe it, because she was quite sure that she was not the kind of a young woman men tried to pick up.

But the way he had looked was clear in her mind, with the clarity of the remembered — remembered not from this one encounter, but from some time earlier.

It snapped into place. At the library. In the reading-room at the library. She had looked up from her book and he had been sitting on the other side of the table. She had looked quickly away again, but not before their eyes had briefly met.

She decided to cross Sixth Avenue at Eighth and, halfway across, realised she must have started just before the avenue lights turned green. Cars began to move toward her from both directions.

She went on across Sixth Avenue and then up Greenwich. The tall youngish man with a bristle of blond hair stood on the sidewalk, at the kerb, on the east side of Sixth, and watched her go, while the policeman on duty watched him. By the time the light released him, Mary Smith was out of sight.

. . . . . .

Maybe Bernie Simmons would play along, would not insist on answers to the questions he obviously would ask. It might be worth trying, and it would not constitute betrayal. After all, Bernie could not make him tell more than he wanted to tell. After all he and Bernie Simmons had been good friends at Columbia, and

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still good enough friends when they had happened on to each other since, and suppose it had been years ago? Good old Bernie.

Martin Hale went rapidly down the stairs from the landing where he had put a key on the lintel of a door.

As, he guessed a little ruefully, a symbol of some sort. He didn't think the girl was going to come back of her own accord. He thought he'd have to find her if he was ever going to get this thing straightened out. Which was all he wanted to do, all he was after—just to get the thing straightened out, the equation solved, so that he could get back to work; so that his mind would stop itching.

IT was a quarter to eleven when he reached the sidewalk. Just as he reached it, across the street, the tall youngish man, the man Atkins said was a James Bradley who had done a little time, came down a flight of sandstone steps from a five-storey apartment house. Bradley—of course Atkins could have been lying to him, for reasons of his own. But think of him as Bradley—stopped at the foot of the steps and made a note in his black book. He walked to the next house and climbed up its sandstone steps. Working hard enough at it, Bradley was—whatever it was.

The first thing was to get some money. He had given—lent—the girl most of what he had on him. Martin walked to the Sheridan Square office of his bank and made out a counter cheque for two hundred dollars. No use running short. He was chewing holes in his stake but—there it was.

He walked through Waverly Place to Sixth, and up Sixth to the bank the girl had used—said she had used. Inside there were a good many people; he told the guard what he wanted and was told that would be Mr. Anderson.

"I see no reason why we should give you that information, Mr. Hale," Mr. Anderson said, on hearing what information was sought. "Such matters are confidential between the bank and its depositors."

"It's a very simple thing," Marty Hale said, with patience. "Nothing that reflects on the bank. All I want to know—did a young woman named Mary Smith come in here today and report the loss of a passbook?"

Mr. Anderson said, "Are you from the police?"

"Policemen show badges," Marty told him, with some weariness.

"A relative of yours? This Miss—Smith?"

The pause between the two words was familiar in Martin Hale's mind. He had used it himself. He shook his head. "You're an interested party?"

"Obviously," Marty said. "Or I wouldn't bother. If you mean legally, I don't suppose so. It's a very simple point, Mr. Anderson. Doesn't commit you to anything, does it?"

Anderson asked for identification, and got it. It included a police card which Marty should have turned in weeks ago, and hadn't turned in. Anderson said, with something like alarm in his voice, that he would have to ask Mr. Hale to wait a few minutes, and went out from behind his desk, and through his gate. He came back in about ten minutes, and sat down at the desk, and removed his glasses.

"A woman claiming to be a Mary Smith was here this morning," he said, like a judge delivering a rather unpleasant sentence. "She claimed to have lost a passbook. She was not, however, able to identify herself."

"She wouldn't—" Marty began, and stopped. "Will she get it back?"

"This is irregular," Mr. Anderson said. "However, I am authorised to tell you this. The account to which the young woman who claimed to be a Mary Smith laid—er—claim has been closed. The balance was withdrawn under procedures which you, or anyone else, will find to be entirely legal."

"You mean," Marty said, "that Miss Smith had drawn out the money? All of it?"

"The account to which the young woman laid claim has been closed by the depositor of record," Anderson finished, in monotone. "That's all I can tell you Mr.—er—Hale."

Marty said, "Thanks, anyway" and left. On Sixth Avenue he hailed a cab.

Bernard Simmons had an office of his own in the offices of the District Attorney, County of New York. Bernie was getting along all right. He looked now just as he had at Columbia, where he had played No. 2 on the tennis team.

Bernie said, "The Lute, as I live and breathe."

Nobody had called Martin Luther Hale "the Lute" for a good many years. Marty Hale said, "How'yuh, Bernie?"

Bernie was fine. He had heard that Marty had quit newspaper work. He had heard that Marty was working on a novel.

Martin Hale said, "I'm having a crack at it." He paused; he was told to sit down, and Bernie sat down behind the desk. "You've got things on your mind," Bernie Simmons said, and looked at Marty through shrewd eyes.

"Sort of," Martin Hale said. "Off the record, Bernie?"

Bernard Simmons raised eyebrows. "Unless you've found the body," Bernie said. "We like a record of things like that, you know."

"The body was found a month or so ago," Marty said. "You're still on homicide, Bernie?" Bernard Simmons nodded. "A girl named Mary Smith?"

"Tentatively identified as," Bernard Simmons said. "What about her, Marty?"

"Anything that wasn't published," Martin said. "Were you on it?"

"Johnny Kisco kept an eye on it," Simmons said. "Detective first-grade. Assigned to the Bureau. Why, Marty?"

"I'm living in the apartment she was killed in," Martin said. "Suppose I told you that I've got a notion to hang a novel on the case?" Marty said. "Try to, anyway. Wouldn't be the first time a writer's done that, would it?"

"Suppose you told me that," Simmons said. "Should I believe you? Or, should I wonder whether Marty the news hound has come on something he wants to keep exclusive? Even from the district attorney?"

"Nobody," Martin Hale said, "was ever able to stop you from wondering, Bernie. If you mean, have I got anything you could use, No. If you're wondering whether I'll turn it over if I came on anything. Sure. I'm a responsible citizen of the State of—"

"Come off it, Marty. You figure you might come on something we'd be interested in?"

Martin Hale nodded his head. Bernard Simmons, assistant district attorney assigned to the Homicide Bureau, looked at him for some seconds.

"Most of what we had was turned over to the papers," he said.

"You've never found out anything about her except her approximate age and height, et cetera, and the fact that she apparently was calling herself Mary Smith?"

Simmons shrugged thin, hard shoulders. "One thing we didn't give out. The blows on the face were struck after she was dead. Man maybe didn't know the first blow had killed her. That was on the back of the head."

"How long after she was dead?"

Simmons narrowed his eyes slightly and regarded Martin Hale. "Around half an hour, apparently. You'd have thought by that time he'd have known they were unnecessary."

"Except to prevent identification."

"Sure."

"According to what you did give out, her prints were all over the place."

"Not exactly all over the place," Simmons said, and spoke slowly. "On the tops of a couple of tables. On the refrigerator and the stove that's built on top of it. On a cupboard in a corner."

"And—not all over?"

"Presumably," Simmons said, "she was a good housekeeper. Kept things dusted."

"No records of her prints?"

"We don't miss on the obvious."

"Dental work?"

"Quite a bit. But there are a lot of dentists in the country, Marty."

Marty nodded. "No other prints?"

"None that—" Bernard Simmons paused. He tapped out a rhythm with his fingertips on the top of his desk. "O.K.," he said. "A few fragments. Sworl here and loop there. Probably a woman's prints. Had a friend. Or a cleaning woman."

"If they had a set of this other woman, could they identify?"

"From what they tell me," Simmons said, "no, they couldn't. Not to make it stick."

HALE thought for a moment. "Bernie," he said, "suppose it was a man killed her. A big man could—carry her around the room. After he'd killed her. Or drag her around. Put the fingers on the places one would expect to find them—table-tops, et cetera."

"If he didn't wait too long."

"Wipe off the places he wants to put the prints on. Remember where they were. Later, take his time and go over everything else with a nice damp cloth. Wipe off any prints he might have left. And—any others."

"I suppose so. Of course, the boys on the squad have probably been over all this. Chap named Weigand's running Homicide West now. Pretty good record, Weigand has. What else do you want?"

"If a man got in trouble with the Feds in Chicago six or seven years ago," Marty said. "You could check him out? Officially?"

"Given cause."

"I can't do that," Marty said "I don't know there is any."

"What it looks like to me," Simmons said, "you want to start something. In a word, us. What's the man's name?"

"I hear," Marty said, "his name's Bradley. James Bradley. Or, was.

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He's tall, about my age. Or a few years older. Good-looking. Brush haircut. Blond. You'll check back on this Bradley?"

"All right," Simmons said. "Victory is yours."

"There's a man named Bruno Atkins in Chicago. Runs a private-detective agency, apparently. Called the Atkins Agency."

"If he's got a licence, he probably hasn't been caught."

Simmons wrote the name of Bruno Atkins down. He was reaching for a telephone when Marty left the little office, and there was an expression of considerable interest in his reddish brown eyes.

BRUNO ATKINS was fond of saying that he followed his nose and of adding, "When you've got a nose like mine, what else can you do?" There was a widespread feeling among those who knew him in Chicago that he was rather too fond of saying this and of then waiting for appreciative laughter. Or, at the least, a smile. It was felt by some that Bruno Atkins made rather too much of his nose. "It ain't," one acquaintance said, more or less summing it up—"It ain't like he was Jimmy Durante."

However, when Bruno Atkins said it for the last time, and only to himself, the remark was more than usually pertinent. His mind told him that the guy named Martin Hale, who was living in the apartment the girl had been killed in, probably knew more than he was saying about something. Atkins hoped it was about the girl. His nose told him that it probably was—about a girl, anyway. He might, he thought, be, finally, on his way to the considerable bonus agreed upon. Finally was certainly the word; he was working per diem and expenses and there wasn't enough in it for the time it was taking.

Atkins was by no means physically inconspicuous, and this was something of a handicap in his trade. Izzie, his partner, could blend. Izzie was so unnoticeable that he might easily be overlooked if alone on a desert island. But Izzie was not along; there hadn't been enough money in it to justify bringing Izzie along.

Bruno Atkins blended as well as he could into the background—by going into an areaway across the street and examining an iron fence for flaws, and hoping that the owner of the fence would not show up to ask what gave—until Martin Hale had gone off about whatever business he had gone about. It was to be hoped that the business would take him a reasonable time. That had to be chanced.

Bruno Atkins waited until it was apparent that Hale had not gone merely to the nearest store for a packet of cigarettes. Then he went back up to Hale's apartment with a key designed to fit a good many locks, particularly those of doors in elderly buildings and, when he had closed the door behind him, sniffed.

His nose had been right. There was the odor of perfume in the air. It was the kind of perfume a woman would use, not the scent of a man's shaving lotion. So a girl had been there. Fairly recently. So—

Atkins locked the door behind him and, before he did anything else, walked the length of the room to the windows. One of them opened on a fire escape, and the fire escape led down into a rear court. The fire-escape window was closed and locked. Atkins unlocked and opened it. So—

Girls leave traces. Bits of tissue with lipstick on them. Or cigarettes with lipstick on them. Unfortunately, the two wastebaskets were empty. So were the several ash-trays.

Hale, or perhaps the girl herself, had tidied up. Atkins felt mild resentment at this; people made it hard for people. Cleaned up after he had left, too. He had smoked a cigarette while he rested his feet—and wondered what Hale was up to, was keeping back—and ground it out in a glass ashtray. The ashtray was empty.

Could be, he thought, that the girl had been there all the time. In the bathroom. In the cupboard. No, Bradley—and if Bradley's showing up was a coincidence, Atkins missed a guess — had been in the bathroom, after first going into the cupboard. By mistake? The hell it had been. What was Bradley up to?

And were he and Hale up to it together and stopped from getting on with it because of the presence of a big-nosed private operative from Chicago? His being there when Bradley came, with the old one about conducting a survey, probably was a coincidence. Unless Bradley had followed him.

Atkins had, he thought, more suspicions than he could shake a stick at or make sense of. Which was all right; which it was his business to have. If things were always what they appeared to be on the surface, men like him wouldn't be paid to scratch them out.

Of course, Bradley might have seen the girl and kept quiet about it. And it might have been any girl, including some girl who had nothing to do with anything Atkins was interested in. Conceivably—although it was difficult to explain Bradley if this were true—all that Hale had been keeping back was that he had a girl, any girl, with him. No reason he shouldn't have, if he liked, but he might want to save the girl embarrassment. So—

He opened the closet door. Nothing, at first sight, belonging to a girl. Atkins slid the suits one by one along the rod. The sixth suit was a heavy tweed; a brownish suit. A woman's suit and — well, I'll be damned. Bruno Atkins thought, and lifted the suit out and took it toward the windows. The more he looked the surer he became. Precisely as described!

And—put there recently. Nothing about a heavy, brownish tweed suit in the newspaper accounts of what the police had found. And, if they had found it, it wouldn't be there now. Something that had showed up since Hale moved in.

Not all I need yet, Atkins thought. But we're getting places.

He was standing facing the windows, his back to the room, when he heard a key turn in the lock. He wheeled around. He said, "All right, Ha—" and stopped, because what he saw wasn't what he'd expected to see.

"Oh!" Atkins said, "you, is it? So—? Hold it. What's the big—?"

He saw fire at the end of the revolver, and heard the sharp crack of the explosion. Atkins took two long strides forward, toward the gun.

And then fell forward, as dead as could be, still holding a brownish tweed suit which had told him so much of what he had wanted to know.

. . . . .

Numbness walked with her. It was as if she walked within a bubble of glass, shut away from all outside her. She walked nowhere, toward nothing, and could not bring any sharpness into her mind. As she walked there was a dull refrain in the numbness of her mind—I'll have to go back, I'll have to go back, I'll have to go back. Then she thought, the refrain breaking, They won't let me start over. But then that, those words, became the repeated refrain.

She walked north on Eighth Avenue, for no reason, going nowhere—a thin young woman in a green dress, with a wide belt of darker green; a girl who looked straight ahead and saw nothing. Several times she almost collided with other walkers, and that she did not was no fault of hers. Once, indeed, she brushed against a heavily built woman who carried packages, and the woman said, "Why don't you look—" and did not finish, because Mary Smith walked on without pausing; without, indeed, seeming to know that she had brushed against the woman, been spoken to. "Some people," the woman with bundles said, but nobody was listening.

It isn't the money, she thought dimly, although, of course, it is the money. With it I could have bought a place to hide in until—until something changed.

It was when she began to be conscious of physical weariness that the numbness started to lessen. "I'm getting tired," she thought, quite coherently. "I've got to find some place and sit down and rest. Where am I?"

She looked to find out. She was at Forty-second Street, and Eighth Avenue. Of course — the library. I can go and sit in the library.

She went into the library and along a corridor to the elevators. The elevator finally went, very slowly, up. She got off at the third floor and went along stone corridors until she came to the entrance of the main catalogue room.

SHE would get a book and sit in the reading-room. Before this had begun to happen she had been reading "The Brothers Karamazov."

She got the tray DOS to DOV and carried it to one of the tables and flicked cards until she found the one she wanted and then copied on a slip the information the stacks would need. She wrote her name at the bottom. The address wasn't hers any more, but there wasn't any other place. So she wrote under her name, in the same round, clear hand, the address of the apartment which now was Martin Hale's.

A rather tall man was standing beside her, and she was at first only vaguely conscious of him, and then had that familiar experience of repetition, the haunting conviction that what was happening now had happened before.

He was pleasant-looking and elderly, nobody she had ever seen before. Being looked at, he smiled, and said, "Another warm one, isn't it?" and then, without warning, took his catalogue and went away.

She had stopped watching him by that time. She stood, looking down at the slip she had written on, because suddenly her mind was working with complete clarity.

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AND LEFT FOR DEAD

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—March, 1962

The man at the bank—the tall, youngish man—had stood so beside her at least once, possibly several times. It wasn't merely that he had sat opposite her in the reading-room. Suddenly, it all came back. He had walked immediately behind her, once, at any rate, to the desk where slips are handed in, and standing beside her he had needed merely to look down at the slip she made out to know who she was and where she lived.

It was meaningless coincidence. It had to be. He lived in the same part of town, used the same savings bank, had happened to be there this morning at the same time. It's only coincidence, she told herself again. And—did not at all believe what she told herself.

He knew where I lived, she thought. And a girl not unlike me was killed there.

The next thought was entirely unexpected. I've got to go and tell Marty, she thought. What's been the matter with me? I've got to go and tell him.

MARTIN HALE had told the cab-driver to take him to Bleeck's, and where Bleeck's was. He said this firmly, feeling that the cab-driver needed reassurance, but in his own mind his destination was somewhat tentative. It was about time for lunch—a fairly early lunch. And, Larry Wolf might be having lunch at Bleeck's. He often did, and when he did he had it early. And Larry might be able to tell him more about Bruno Atkins, of the Atkins Agency. Just what was not too clear. Larry might, conceivably, know where to find Atkins in town; he might, conceivably, be able to persuade Atkins to be communicative. Anyway, it was about time for lunch.

But it wasn't to Bleeck's that Marty Hale really wanted to go, not Larry Wolf he really wanted to see. He realised this when the cab had worked its way as far north as Twentieth Street.

"Changed my mind," Marty said to the driver. "Make it—" and gave the address. The driver sighed, obviously. He said, "Where'd that be, mister?"

"The Village," Marty said.

"Mac," the driver said, "I'm from Brooklyn. Down there the streets go every which way."

"Nevertheless," Marty said, "I'll guide you."

He had to. It took time. The cab stopped in front of the building and Marty paid. "How the heck do I get out of here?" the driver wanted to know. Marty told him. "Thanks," the driver said, and drove.

It was absurd to think the girl had come back. Why should she?

If she wanted to be there, why leave there in the first place? And why this business about passbook, carried out—acted out—to the point of going to the bank and reporting it lost? When she had already drawn the money out? Unless—

Unless, of course, she had forgotten. Unless—face it—she was—face the word—nuts. Nuts or, to further purposes which remained obscure, one of the fanciest liars he had ever come across. And he had come across a good many. (A woman named Marian Smith had killed her husband, thinking him a burglar or not thinking him a burglar, and been tried and acquitted. Which was something anybody who could read newspapers five years ago could know about.) I go round and round, Martin Luther Hale told himself, and climbed two flights of stairs and reached into his pocket for the key to his door. And then took his hand out of his pocket and looked up at the top of the door.

It was absurd to hope. And, as this thought formed itself in his mind, as he reached a hand up, he was faintly puzzled that the word the thought had hung on was the word "hope." That word was obviously too strong, obviously did not apply. It was all one to him whether Mary Smith had come back. If she hadn't—as of course she hadn't—she would have walked out of his affairs as she had walked into them. Which would be fine by him.

His searching fingers found the key on the narrow ledge above the door. That was fine by him. He fingered the key down and used it to unlock the door. But then, with the door unlocked but still unopened, he hesitated. He reached up and put the key back on the door lintel. All right—silly thing to do. But it wasn't a bad place for an extra key, and anybody, changing, can forget to put a key chain in the proper pocket. Might as well leave a spare there for the time.

He opened the door. The room was dim, it always was. The room was too long to be lighted properly by the windows at the far end. The room did somehow seem dimmer than usual. Probably begun to cloud up outside, although he hadn't noticed on the street that—

He saw what was on the floor. He moved quickly then, and crouched and almost at once was certain.

Bruno Atkins had fallen face-down. But his neck had twisted, so that Marty could see his face—see the small scar on the upper lip. And he could see that Bruno Atkins was dead.

He had bled a good deal; there was blood all around the body. Shot or stabbed, Marty Hale thought, but he couldn't be sure without moving the body, and the police wouldn't like him to move the body. Probably he couldn't be sure even then; perhaps only a doctor could be sure. But there couldn't be any doubt that Atkins was dead—dead in his apartment, where only a few hours before he had sat and showed a photograph, and asked Martin Hale what it meant to him; had sat and been, beyond that, entirely uncommunicative.

There was nothing Martin Hale could do for Atkins, who wouldn't be communicative now, or ever again; who couldn't explain what he was doing in another man's apartment, what he had come looking for. Or, of course, how he had got in.

One of the big windows at the end of the room was open. Marty was pretty sure he had closed the window when he left, but only because he always closed it.

The police would ask, and he would have to tell the police that he was only pretty sure. Of course, he might have closed and locked it and somebody—Atkins or whoever shot him—might have forced it open again.

This blows it wide open, Marty thought.

The closet door was open. He was sure—but again only pretty sure—that he had closed it before he left. He went to the closet. It did not take him as long as it had taken the bulky detective from Chicago. Everything was there except the one thing which now meant anything—a brown tweed woman's suit.

The suit was gone.

Atkins hadn't taken it. If he had taken it, the suit would still be there, since Atkins was still there, in a manner of speaking. And who else would want—?

Marty didn't like the answer; he didn't at all like the answer. The most likely person to have taken the brown suit was the girl who owned it.

Why? Possibly, merely because it was hers, and she wanted it. Possibly, because she wanted to clear from the room all evidence that she had ever been in the room. And possibly because the suit had some special importance—an importance not explained by the suit as a suit, as a garment. Something the girl wanted in one of the pockets? He hadn't, of course, searched the pockets when he hung the suit up after he had straightened the sleeping girl on the studio bed, and covered her thin body lightly. Anything—anything not too heavy—might have been in one of the pockets. But—was he sure even of that? The suit itself was heavy, and he had had no previous experience by which to know whether it was heavier than it should be. He was pretty sure there hadn't been a gun; even a small gun, in one of the jacket pockets. Pretty sure. He would tell the police he was pretty sure. They'd love that.

The girl—the girl who said she was Mary Smith, could have come back for the suit, because it was important. She could have taken the key from the ledge above the door and let herself in. She could have found the suit and—and been surprised by Bruno Atkins and killed him. Taken a little gun from the jacket pocket of the suit, and used that. Or brought a gun with her from wherever she had been since she left the apartment.

HE went to the telephone and called the police and said who he was, and where he was, and what he had found when he got home. He said, "Sure I'll stay," and put the receiver back. He looked at the telephone for a moment. He got the Manhattan directory out and ran a finger down a column. He dialled and waited and said, "Mr. Bernard Simmons, please." After some seconds, Bernie Simmons came on.

"Bernie," Martin said. "Marty Hale here. I—"

Bernie said, "You are in a hurry, O.K., I've put some calls through and the boys in Chicago are—"

"It's a bit beyond that now, Bernie," Marty said. "One of them's dead. Atkins." He waited a moment. "About four feet away," he said. "On the floor of my living-room." He listened. "Sure I have," he said. "They're on their way, Bernie—listen."

"I'm listening."

"There's a tie-in with the Mary Smith kill," Marty said. "There has to be."

"I'll come along," Bernie Simmons said.

. . . . .

She had to wait some time for a Washington Square bus. As always, when one wanted a bus that went all the way, the buses which came along were those bound for Twenty-fifth Street, or Wanamaker Terminal. She had not at first thought of taking a cab—when one has just lost almost four thousand dollars, and has only a few dollars, cabs are not at once thought of. She was

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about to change her mind because a feeling of urgency tingled in her, and then a Washington Square bus came. It took her downtown slowly.

She had no assurance that Martin Hale would be in the apartment. But the apartment was the only place she could think of to start, and if he wasn't there, she could wait. Sometime or other, he'd come back.

She was still tired; sitting on the bus had rested her a little, but not enough. She walked slowly. Her hurrying mind tried to force hurry into lagging body. But there isn't really any hurry, she thought. Why does my mind hurry so — hurry as if toward home? Why — why do I feel I am hurrying home?

The street was only a single crooked block. For half its length, the street ran, generally, toward the west. Then it jogged at an angle.

She thought: It isn't far now. She walked toward the crook in the street; home (why now, of all times, think of it as home?) was only a little way beyond the crook.

Cars were parked on one side of the street, which was narrow as well as bent. She heard a car door open, but that meant nothing — had nothing to do with her.

Then she felt hard pressure against her back, between her shoulder blades, against her spine. It was metal hard.

"That's right," a man's voice said — a rather pleasant voice. "It's a gun. Turn around, Miss Smith. The carriage waits."

She tried to turn to face the man behind her, the man who now stood so close that she could feel his body against hers.

"Not like that," he said. "Toward the car." She turned slowly, the cold metal pressing against her back against her spine. The door of the third car down the street was open. She drew in breath to cry out, but the gun — the gun she had not seen — pressed harder.

"Just slide in," he said. "I suppose you can drive a car?"

She slid under the wheel.

Now the gun was no longer against her back. It dug into her side. She looked at it before she looked at the man. She did not want to look at the man — the pleasant-faced, youngish man with a brush of blond hair. She said, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"A little drive in the country," he said.

THERE was nothing threatening about the man, no harshness in his voice. The threat was in the gun.

"You couldn't get away," she said. "Couldn't use it and get away."

"My dear young woman," he said. "What difference would that make to you? You'd never know whether I did or not, would you? You do know how to drive, of course?"

She could lie and say she didn't. The gun dug into her side. She nodded her head and started the motor, swung the car out into the street.

There were two police cars beyond the crook, double parked outside other cars. There were people clustered on the sidewalk. Between the police cars and the opposite kerb there was barely room to pass.

"Move right along, lady," a patrolman said.

She could cry out now — cry for help. The gun pressed harder into her side, was bruising against a rib. He wouldn't have a chance if she cried out now, with the patrolman so close he could reach into the open window of the car. You couldn't have a chance, the pressing gun told her. The car rolled on, between police cruisers and kerb.

"That's the girl," the man said, in his pleasant voice. "That's what I call keeping your head, Miss Smith."

"What you left of it," she heard herself say, and was surprised not only that she had said that, but that she had said it so bitterly.

"My, my," the man said. "Temper. And all the time I thought you were just a little mouse. A little nobody of a mouse."

There were four men — a sergeant named Stein from Homicide, Manhattan West; a younger detective named Phelan from the sixth precinct; a detective named Kisco — Johnny Kisco — from the Homicide Bureau of the district attorney's office, and Bernard Simmons, assistant district attorney.

It took a good deal of time for it to reach that stage—a good deal of time and a considerable number of men. During that time Martin Hale sat where directed, moved when directed. Every place he went, it seemed, he was sooner or later—usually sooner—in the way of somebody.

Martin had known what happened —known of photographs and fingerprinting, of the general layout sketch, of the medical examiner's certification, of vacuum-cleaners over floors, and fingerprint dust over everything, of many men milling in what looked like confusion and was not confusion. He had known that as the machine rolled its control changed—changed from uniformed men to precinct men not in uniform; changed again (less obviously) with the arrival of Stein and a detective, first grade, named Murphy from Homicide West; was altered once more when Simmons and Kisco got there. He had known about this, but he had never seen it going on. Reporters are not encouraged to get in the way. There were probably reporters — district men—waiting downstairs now, being kept out of the way.

It intensified very rapidly; at its height the long room seemed full of it. It diminished more slowly. One of the first to leave was the subject of it all. Having made its contribution, which seemed strangely incidental, the body of Bruno Atkins was taken elsewhere. A chalked outline on the floor (and some blood on the floor) became the abstract symbol of violent death—and of a tall man with a big nose, who had been alive not long before. (Had been alive until around noon, at the medical examiner's rough estimate, to be refined subsequently if possible.)

Detective Kisco had come rather early, only a little time after the arrival of Sergeant Stein of Homicide West. Almost an hour after that Bernard Simmons arrived said, "Hiya, Marty?" and conferred with Kisco; then more protractedly, with Stein. After that he and Stein stood side by side, and watched and were told things in low tones and nodded their heads, or shook them. It was almost three o'clock when only the four of them, and Martin Hale, were left in the long room.

Marty looked at the other men, who looked back with the expressions of men who are waiting something out. There was neither hostility nor cordiality in the faces of any of them.

"Marty," Simmons said, "who's the girl-friend?"

Marty repeated "Girl-friend?" and was told to come off it, by Simmons.

"There were several prints left by a woman," Stein said. "Quite recently, Mr. Hale."

"Oh," Marty said. He hesitated. "She says she's Mary Smith," Marty said. "I came home last night and—"

It took time, even without trying to explain the workings of the girl's mind. After all, what did he know about the workings of her mind, except what she told him?

"The key was where you'd left it?" Stein said when it came to that. "I suppose you handled it, Mr. Hale?"

"Yes," Marty said.

"Too bad," Stein said and went to the door and opened it and reached above it, and came back with the key, held by the shank. He put it in an envelope.

"Did Atkins have a key which would have worked?" Marty asked, and Stein and Bernie Simmons looked at each other. It appeared they communicated. "He did," Stein said. "Go ahead, Mr. Hale."

MARTY went ahead. When he came to the suit, Detective Kisco went to the closet and was there for some minutes moving Marty's suits back and forth. He came back and shook his head.

"Was there a label in the suit, Mr. Hale?" Stein asked.

Marty tried to remember. He ended by shaking his head.

"There might have been something in it?" Stein said. "In a pocket? Or in the lining, for that matter?"

"I don't know," Marty said.

"Anything as heavy as a gun? A quite small automatic, say?"

"Look," Marty said. "I picked it up only that once. All I can say is, I'm pretty sure there wasn't a gun in it. Just pretty sure. He was shot, then?"

"He was shot, Marty," Simmons said. "Very small calibre. Probably a twenty-two."

"A good shot," Stein said. "Or a very lucky shot. I suppose you haven't such a weapon around, Mr. Hale?"

"Not that kind," Marty said. "Or any other kind." He paused. "It sounds as if you think the girl shot him, Mary Smith. Why?"

"I don't say we think that," Stein said. "He was—may as well tell him, don't you think, Mr. Simmons?"

Bernie Simmons said he didn't see why not.

"Our late friend," Bernie said, "was what he said he was. Nothing against him in Chicago. Mostly, tried to find people other people wanted found. I got hold of his partner, employee, Atkins had been engaged by a man named Albert Parkins to find a girl named Mary Smith." He paused. "Daughter," he said, "of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arlington Smith. Parkins claimed to be—"

"I know," Marty said. "A cousin of the late Mrs. Smith. Look, Bernie. The girl—my Mary Smith—knew about Parkins. And if she's dead he inherits and—"

"Hold it, Marty," Bernie Simmons said. "About the last, who knows? As for her knowing about it—Parkins was mentioned in the stories of the shooting. Rallied around his cousins. Undying confidence in her innocence. And Parkins was Mrs. Smith's relative, not Smith's.

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AND LEFT FOR DEAD

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—March, 1962

"Atkins was checking out the girl who was killed? To find out if she was the right Mary Smith?"

"Apparently. The partner says a lot of Mary Smiths cropped up. To nobody's astonishment."

Marty Hale lit a cigarette.

"Bernie," he said, "the fingerprints you people got here just now would pretty well have to be those of—call her my Mary Smith. No other woman's been here.

"She says she was at the East River Hospital. After being bashed. They say they called a woman 'Mary Smith' because they were full up with Jane Jones. They'd have tried to identify her, wouldn't they? And—taken her fingerprints?"

SERGEANT STEIN answered that. He said, "Yes, Mr. Hale. And the prints we found here will be run through the identification mill. And if they match those of the girl at the hospital, it's pretty much automatic, Mr. Hale. You want to believe the girl, don't you?"

"It's all one to—" Marty began, and Bernie Simmons and Sergeant Stein looked at him. "O.K.," Marty said. "Suppose I do? Is there something wrong with that?"

"I can't think what would be wrong about that," Sergeant Stein said. "She's an attractive girl, I gather?"

"She's very thin," Marty said. "She looks as if she's been sick."

"Of course," Stein said, "a girl could fatten up a bit. You can buy quite a lot of groceries for close to four thousand dollars. Phelan, why don't you drop by the bank—they'll still be there, even if it's closed and—"

"They won't be talkative," Phelan said. "Particularly if it begins to look like they might have paid the wrong person."

"Still," Stein said, "if there are disparities between the signatures on the withdrawal slip and on the record card. Things a teller wouldn't necessarily notice. Things an expert might. Well—we're done here for the moment, Counsellor. You? And you, Johnny? Dig elsewhere?"

"Find us this girl," John Kisco suggested. He sighed. "What it does," he said, 'is open up the other one, doesn't it? The other kill." He gestured loosely at the room they sat in. "The other girl."

"It opens up—" Stein said and at the same moment Marty Hale said, "Bernie. What about the other man?"

"Other?" Bernie Simmons said and then, "Oh. Man named Bradley? We sent through—all right, Marty. How does a man named Bradley figure?"

He probably didn't, Marty said. Which was why he had forgotten to include James Bradley in his chronicle of events. However, he told about Bradley.

"Probably just happenstance," Stein said. "A good deal of that about, Mr. Hale But—we'll ask around."

The telephone rang. Marty picked it up and said, "Yes?" He held the receiver out to Bernie Simmons, who said, "Simmons" and then "Go ahead." After listening for about a minute he said, "Thanks," and hung up.

"Happenstance," he said. "I've always liked happenstance. James Bradley. Nine years ago, not seven or eight. Mail fraud. Sang — that is, gave assistance to the United States District Attorney. Which was appreciated. Served just over a year. Thirty when he came out. Had a wife. Name of Laureen. So they let him out and did he rush home to waiting arms? Wife said not at the time. Asked to have him looked for. Was, but probably nobody broke their necks about it. Or, maybe he did go back later and she never mentioned it. One of those things that just—trail off."

"No apparent tie-in," Stein said.

"Coincidence does interest me," Simmons said. "Rather. But all we know is what Atkins said — what Marty here says he said. Maybe Atkins couldn't tell one face from another in broad daylight."

"Well," Stein said, "he was a cop. Had been. Cops are encouraged to remember, you know. Now—"

Now was that they would want the apartment empty for a day or so. The lab boys might come across something, they'd want to check back on. So—he was afraid Mr. Hale was going to have to be inconvenienced.

They waited while he packed the things he wanted into a suitcase. Simmons, the last out, had all but closed the door when the telephone rang. Stein nodded to Martin Hale, who went in to the telephone. He could not recall, afterward, what caused him to close the door after him, but he did close the door.

He was not gone long. He came out and they looked at him.

"Guy wants me to have a drink with him," Marty Hale said. He spoke quickly, and then realised that he had not needed to speak at all, since nobody had asked anything.

. . . . .

She had driven as he directed, through thickening traffic. Finally she made a very sharp turn, and climbed a ramp on to an elevated highway. "Straight ahead now," he told her. "Nothing to worry about now."

The traffic was heavy, but it rolled smoothly—rolled north. The West Side Highway. That was what it was. She must remember that—must remember all of it.

The gun no longer pressed into her side. He held it in his right hand, the hand on his lap. It pointed toward her.

"You can have the money," she said, in a voice which was not her voice. "Whoever you are, you can have the money. You don't have to kill me for the money."

"Oh," he said. "The money's water under the bridge, isn't it? Just a little bonus. What do you mean, I can have it? I've—" He stopped, suddenly. Then he said, "Mustn't be inquisitive, Miss Smith."

"Albert," she said. "Albert Parkins. He's the one—you're working for him, aren't you. So he'll—"

He turned toward her. He said, "Who's Parkins? What are you talking about?"

The whole attitude of the man, the apparent puzzlement in his voice—that was all a lie. An obvious lie. He was, she thought, rather good at it. For a hired killer. (Killer. Killer. Killer. It went so in her mind. But I'm not going to die. To—). She did not answer. "A mouse," he said. "That's all. A little nobody of a mouse. What's all this about money?"

Her mind groped — picked anxiously at the meaningless. There was something—there was everything—she didn't understand.

"It was all the money I had," she said. He would show somehow if that was the money he was talking about; if he thought that was all the money. But—he didn't have to do anything to get that money.

"More than you'll need," he said.

She could turn sharply to her left, ram another car. She could do that and run—do that and scream out that the man beside her had death in his right hand. He would kill as she swerved—try to kill.

"I wouldn't," he said. "While there's life there's hope. Like they always say. Maybe I'll think of another way, mouse. Figure it like that. Relax, Miss Smith. Enjoy the drive."

The pleasant note had come back into his voice.

"Who—?" she began.

"Relax," he said. "It doesn't matter to you. I'm just your bad luck. Nothing personal about it, mouse."

The country began to grow hilly. Then there was the sign, "Parkway Ends 1000 Feet Ahead. Slow. End of Parkway 500 Feet. Signals Ahead."

"Turn left," he said. "Through Katonah. I'll guide you."

It was NY-35. Remember it was NY-35. Tell Marty it was NY-35. She followed the winding road; stopped at a traffic signal which was red, crossed a road when the light turned green.

"We turn off around the next bend," the man said. "Where it says private road."

She turned the car off on to the private road; turned off to the right. There was no traffic at all now. The road climbed steeply. At the top there was only sky—a notch of sky between the green of trees. On the left, water rippled in the afternoon sun. A lake, set in circling green hills, sparkled below them. The road dipped down again.

"Keep going," he said. "It's a pretty lake, isn't it? A lot deeper than you'd think to look at it."

The road swerved slightly away from the lake, which it seemed to be circling.

"Over this hill," the man said, "there's a dirt road. Leads down toward the lake. Take that."

GENTLY she took the car down the sharp pitch of a road which was little more than a trail; a road on which, she thought, no car had been driven for a good many days. Then, after a little twist they were at the lake. The road widened a little as it ended. She pulled to the right, partly on grass.

"Little boat ride now," he said. He smiled as if offering her a treat.

He got out of the car and held the gun pointed at her while she got out. "Down there," he said, and pointed at a dock of sorts, at a rowboat tied to one of the piles. She went toward the boat, and he went behind her.

When they reached the boat he got into it first, and sat facing toward her. The gun motioned, directed. She sat in the stern, facing him. He put the gun down on the thwart in front of him. She leaned forward, instinctively.

"Naughty," he said, and moved his own hand slightly. She leaned back, against nothing. He lifted oars from either side, pushed with the left oar until the boat floated out from under overhanging bushes. Then he began to row.

From the sparkling water, which darted in the eyes, she could now see much more of the lake. It was oval; in the centre there was a small island, wooded, apparently unoccupied. Around the edge of the lake there were a number of

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houses, some large, with sand beaches between them and the water; others much smaller, hiding in trees. A dozen houses—she counted. (Remember little things.) Unless there was one hidden behind the island. Or two—guess at two. Fourteen houses. Five of them with sandy beaches.

There was nobody on any of the beaches. There was no sign of life around any of the houses. The man looked over his shoulder after he had watched her look around the lake.

"Get up around five or six mostly," he said. "Stay over until Monday morning. Can you swim, Miss Smith?"

"No," she said. "I'll be easy to drown. Is that what you want to hear?"

He wouldn't believe her. He knew who she was. So he would know she had spent all the summers of her girlhood on the lake shore.

"You know," he said, "I hadn't thought of it that way." He did not seem to reject what she said, but only to consider it.

HE rowed toward the right of the island. It was, at a guess, half a mile across the lake. He rowed strongly, smoothly, on the rippled lake. The gun on the thwart in front of him jiggled a little.

She move slightly and, as she moved, the heel of one shoe caught on some roughness of the boat's flooring and slipped from her foot. In that instant, she knew what she would try—would have to try.

He did not notice that the shoe was off her slender foot. He did not notice — did not seem to notice — when, with the toes of the freed foot, she levered off the other shoe. She threw herself sideways, out of the boat, into the sparkling water. The water was sharply cold.

Instantly the green dress clung, hampered. She felt, swimming under water, that she was going with incredible, with fatal, slowness.

He doesn't know I can swim, she thought. In seconds he will know —he knows now. But he didn't know in that first instant. His not knowing gave me that first instant.

She stayed under as long as she could. She turned on to her back and came to the surface, and her lungs grabbed for air. She was about thirty feet from the boat.

He did not at once see her, although she was plainly in — No. That was it. She was west of the boat; the sun of early afternoon glittered from the water into his eyes.

He saw her. He pulled furiously on the right oar, swinging the boat toward her. She went under and swam hard, away, toward the west—toward the sun. She did not stay under long. It was slower swimming so, and if he had not fired by now he probably would not.

She was not out of range. But she might well be out of effective range — with the light dancing in his eyes, the man might not risk a shot. The sound of even a little gun would reverberate in the hills.

She turned and looked back. The boat was coming after her. It was not gaining on her. Every now and then the man who rowed the boat had to twist on the thwart, look over his shoulder to see where she was. And each time he looked around he was momentarily blinded by the splintered light.

The island was fifty yards or so to her right. She was swimming parallel to it. She kicked and dived under, changed course. She came to the surface, and was still thirty-five yards or so from the island. He had seen her, the boat was angling toward her.

She did not again try to swim under water. She had, now, to swim fast. The shelter of the island seemed, still, far away. And—

The plan came to her from nowhere. She broke her stroke, floundered in the water. She had done that years ago; it had been a game. Imitate an exhausted swimmer; a swimmer with a cramp.

It was easy — too easy — to imitate the exhausted swimmer. It was easy, instead of swimming smoothly, to flounder toward the island. She looked back over her shoulder as she churned on, churned on frantically. The boat was very close. The man rowed with long sweeping of the oars.

She reached the overhanging bushes and knew that, for a few seconds, she would be out of sight. Her feet touched bottom.

She pulled herself up on to the beach, began to run, at first through underbrush, then along a path. In the island's centre there was a clearing, with benches and tables —picnic place.

He would, if her pretence had succeeded, expect to find her exhausted. If he believed her floundering, he would tie up the boat and come ashore and that would give her time. She reached the far side of the island, ran into the water, and stopped. It was a long way—a long way of glittering water—to the shore beyond. She tugged at the zipper of the dress. It stuck and she yanked desperately, and it gave. She stepped out of the green dress and picked it up and ran back along the beach until she found a place overgrown with bushes and then pushed the dress in among them.

She went back into the water and struck out for the shore. It was easier now.

She did not look back until she was half-way between island and shore. He was not on the beach. She did not see him in the water between her and the island. She altered her course a little so that she swam toward a beach, and then the water grew shallow and she put her feet down and found sand.

She ran the width of the narrow beach and on to a lawn beyond it. The boat was not in sight. He must still be searching the island. She ran across the lawn toward the house. She ran a few steps to a porch and to the door, and knocked on the door. When she heard no sound from inside the house, she ran along the porch and stopped at a window. If she could get to the telephone—

She ran, pale in the shadow—an untanned, slender girl in a bra and clinging silk—to the end of the porch, and then around the house.

All the windows she passed were closed. There was nobody there, not yet. "They" came late Friday afternoons, he had said. "They" were the people who had summer houses around a pretty lake. As—of course. As he had himself. There must be a way to drive around the lake to the houses; the houses must be between private road and shore. If he had driven around, instead of using the boat, the car parked at his house—which house? this house?—would have revealed his presence.

She could not safely stay in this house, even if she could get into it. If she could reach the telephone. Reach the telephone. Find clothes. She had to have clothes.

At the rear one window was a little open. She tried to open it farther, tried without hope. And the window flew up.

She climbed through it, into the kitchen of the house. She closed the window. She ran to the room she had first looked into, and to the telephone.

She dialled the operator and said, "I want a New York number," and gave the number of her telephone at the apartment. The recurrent buzz of a rung number began and she thought, "The number will have been changed. I know—"

"Yes," a voice said. His voice? "Marty?"

"Where are you?" he said.

"I don't know," she said. "A man —the man who must have followed me—" There was no time for that. "It's on a lake," she said. "We went through Katonah. It's—It must be a place called South Salem. That's the number on the phone."

"What number?" he said. "South Salem what?" She told him.

"Can you stay there?"

She looked out through the window. The boat was pulling away from the island, pulling toward the shore.

"I don't think so," she said. "No, I can't. But—I can stay somewhere near. Will you—"

"Above Katonah. On a lake. All right. How—?"

The boat was coming very close.

"The NY35 route," she said, "Then a private road, Marty. He's—I can't stay here! I—"

"Wait," he said. "What's the name of—?"

The boat grounded on the beach. The man got out of the boat, faced toward the house; he would be able—

"He's—" she said and then, "Come, Marty!" She put the telephone down on the floor and then herself dropped to the floor so that she was below the level of the window. She crept away, deeper into the room. She was almost across the room before she stood up.

MARTIN had lied without thinking. What was the girl to him, that he should lie for her? That, without thought, as a kind of reflex of the mind, he should protect her? And, from what? From the police, of course; from a charge of murder. Until—all right, until she had had a chance to tell her side of it. Only—what claim did she have on him? What difference could it make to him?

Oh my gosh, Martin Hale thought. Not that! Surely not that! She's not even pretty, for heaven's sake. She's just—just something the cat dragged in. She's—what's happened to you, girl? What the heck's happened to you?

From even the most casual of human contacts, some disentanglement is necessary.

It took Marty Hale some minutes to disentangle himself from Sergeant Stein and Detective Kisco; longer to loosen himself from Bernard Simmons, who offered to drop him wherever he wanted to be dropped.

Marty said vaguely, "Only a couple of blocks. Take longer in a car."

Bernard Simmons said, "O.K.," not hurrying over it. He said, "Where'll you be, Marty? In case we want to get in touch with you?"

Marty pulled it out of a hat. He pulled "The Algonquin" out of a hat.

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"Nice place," Bernard Simmons said, still not hurrying it.

Marty Hale said, "Be seeing you," and walked off, carrying his suitcase, like a man on his way to meet another man for a drink. (He hoped.) Bernie Simmons stood by his car, watching Marty Hale, until Hale turned the jog in the street. Then Simmons got into the car.

After a moment, Detective Kisco got out of it, and walked down the crooked little street, and past the jog in it. Bernard Simmons drove off the other way—drove until he came to a drugstore. He went in and went to a telephone booth.

The telephone booth Martin Hale went into was some blocks away. "He's—" and a break, and "Come Marty," and then—then nothing. No click of a disconnected telephone, just the furry sound of an open line. No answer when he spoke. Had he raised his voice when he spoke, saying, "Mary? Mary?" He hoped not. It wasn't good not to remember. But none of it was good.

The South Salem number appeared to puzzle the operator. "Probably through Mt. Russo," Martin said, at a guess, and waited. "That call is routed through Mt. Russo," the operator told him, in a tone of faint reproof. "I'm ringing it now." Marty got the busy signal and hung up.

There was a car-rental place on Sixth Avenue. He got a cab to it and got a car from it, and put his suitcase in the trunk. He tried the South Salem number again, and got a busy signal again.

No part of it was good. He could make a picture of it, and the picture was vivid and the picture wasn't good. "The man who must have followed me." She had said that he had caught her at the telephone; caught her as she said, "Come, Marty!" Caught her before she had time to put the receiver back, so that it now dangled at the end of its cord. The telephone dead and—and the girl dead?

He drove the rented car as fast as traffic would let him, which wasn't fast. It is a long way to Katonah on a Friday afternoon in summer, with half Manhattan rolling, and stopping and rolling, toward Putnam County and Westchester County. She's so little, he thought—so thin and—and—

BERNARD SIMMONS could be a patient man, even in a hot telephone booth. He realised the difficulties. He also realised that what he wanted was not impossible. "There is a record," he said, with patience. He said it to a woman and to another woman, and finally to a man. They were all in Mt. Russo. The man said, "Now listen. What you're asking—"

"The District Attorney's office, Simmons said, with patience. "New York County. This is official business. There is a record. For billing purposes. I want the record."

The man said, "But, Mr Simmons—"

"I'm not at the office now," Bernard Simmons said, with patience. "I'll go there. Call me there in—" he considered briefly—"twenty minutes. Half an hour at the outside."

He hung up and drove back to Leonard Street.

The man hadn't seen her at the telephone. At least, he did not act as if he had. She was just inside a hallway leading from the living-room toward the rear of the house; in the comparative darkness of the hallway. Looking into the house from the beach he could have seen her in the living-room. He could not — anyway, take for a moment the chance he could not—see her in this darker place. Although, she thought, I'm all white—white as a ghost; white bra and white pants and white me. (I used to be so tanned by late in June.)

He did not act as if he knew where she had gone. He stood on the beach in front of the drawn-up boat and looked at the house. But he did not come toward the house. He looked to the right toward (she supposed) the next house; then he looked, irresolutely, toward the left. He turned back quickly and looked again at the house in which she hid, and, she thought, he's trying to trick me, get me to move so that he can see movement. And then, she thought, he doesn't want to commit himself to one of the houses, because he doesn't know and while he looked in one, I—He moved slowly off toward his right. There was no use in watching any longer.

The hallway led back toward the kitchen. She had come that way. Doors opened off it. The first door was closed, the second open. It led into a small room, with two bunks against the wall. Neither was made up.

There was a closet, and she went to it. It was a boy's closet—a glance told her that. The clothes were boy's clothes. There were sneakers—several pairs of sneakers—on the floor. A sweater, on a hook; a windbreak—very dirty—on another. And a pair of blue jeans. The jeans first. She took them down and held them in front of her. Not a very big boy. Still—

Take what comes to hand, she thought. Hurry—hurry—covering—any covering you can move in. She could move in the constricting jeans. Just. They were dark blue. That was something.

There was no shirt in the closet. She needed a shirt—a dark shirt to hide her body's whiteness. She looked around the room. A chest of drawers. Nothing in the top drawer; in the second a tennis shirt—white. No, not a white shirt. A heavy woollen shirt, in bright colors. Not if she could find—a blue polo shirt. She grabbed it out, held it up. Too bad the boy wasn't a bigger boy. She pulled herself into the shirt. Another skin. But a darker skin—a dark blue skin.

There was a mirror, which wasn't much of a mirror, over the chest. She backed away so that she could see most of herself in it. With her cropped hair she looked almost like a boy. Perhaps from a distance like a boy. She went back to the closet and got a pair of the sneakers—a dark blue pair. She put them on. They were too large—laced as tightly as she could manage, they were too large. Well, thieves can't be choosers. Now—hurry—hurry!

She heard sounds outside the house. The room's single window was in the rear wall. She moved to one side of it, crouched low, looked out. A man and a woman were coming down a path; the man carried a suitcase and a duffel bag. The owners of the house were arriving for their weekend.

She drew back quickly, involuntarily. Then she thought, I'll tell them what's happened. They'll help me. They're not part of anything.

"Hi!" a man called—called from up the path. Called in a pleasant voice. Called in his voice.

She dropped to the floor, pressed herself against the wall below the window.

"Whatja say, Max?" the other man said.

"You're up early," the woman said. She has a nice voice, Mary Smith thought. They're nice people. Only—only they're people he knows. People who will believe him.

"Hot in town," the man they had called Max said. "Also—anxious to see a friendly face."

"Where's she got to now?" the other man said. "That wandering wife of yours?"

"Rome," Max said, in his pleasant friendly voice. "Greece next stop. Be hot in Greece, I'd think, but papa-in-law's always wanted to go to Greece. So—"

SHE guessed, from the sound of his voice, that he had come on down the path; that the other two had put down what they were carrying, and were waiting for him.

If I'm quick enough, she thought, I can get out of the front of the house while they are talking.

She started, still crouched below the window level, toward the door.

"Come along in," the man who wasn't Max said. "Get this gear in and I'll buy you a drink."

At the same moment she heard the sound of a key in a lock. Too late to go that way. From the back door they could look through the hall she would have to use. She retreated; went back toward the window. It would have to be that way. Once they were in—if they passed the open door of the boy's room without looking in—if she could hide if they did—

"A customer," Max said. "You've got a customer, Tony."

Tony—that was the man she'd stolen from. From whose boy—

"Kid not along?" Max said.

"Camp," the man called Tony said, and she heard the door open.

She had seconds; might have seconds. They were still in the kitchen. Under the lowest bunk was the only thing; she rolled under the bunk. After they had passed the door—

She heard the quick tap of a woman's feet in the hall; the heavier sound of a man's feet. Two of them. She heard the sound of a refrigerator opening. The one called Tony getting ice for the drinks he was buying.

Max spoke from the living-room on the beach side of the house. He raised his voice so that the other man could hear him in the kitchen.

"Those kids are around again," Max said. And from the kitchen—as if he were speaking into the open refrigerator, his voice muffled, the one called Tony said, "They are? At your place?"

"Interrupted before the completion of the crime," Max told him, called to him down the hallway. "At the door when I came up, set to break in. And ran like the devil. Ran this way, and—hey!"

The refrigerator door clunked. There had been an imperative note in the "Hey!" and the man called Tony was answering it. His feet were noisy on the hall flooring.

"Old Timothy's boat," Max said, and Tony said "The nerve of the brats. Not enough that they dodge circles around him. Now they use his own boat to do it and—"

"Anthony!" the woman said, and her voice was suddenly high in

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pitch. "Somebody's been in here! Used the telephone and not—"

It was the time, if there was going to be a time. The window—no, the hallway, the kitchen door! They would be—

She stopped thinking. Her body rolled from under the bunk and to its feet, ran on feet, cushioned in sneakers.

But did not run soundlessly. Not soundlessly enough. She was at the kitchen door, tugging at it, but they had heard by then.

"Hey," Tony shouted. "You!"

She was through the door, running. She turned from the path and ran into underbrush—ran, crouching. Thorn bushes clutched at the tough fabric of the jeans, dug through the shirt, tearing at her skin. She kept on running, deeper into the hostile underbrush.

A TELEPHONE dead. And the girl dead? Or—merely driven from the telephone by the man who had "followed" her? She might still be near the telephone; he might reach her, tell her he was coming. And, which was more to the point—she might now be able to tell him the name of the lake. Worth the trial, anyway.

Marty kept telling himself that; not believing that. The other picture was vivid in his mind, a twisting ugly movement in his mind.

The man had caught the girl, struck her down. He wouldn't fail a second time. Or—would it be a third time? She was lying somewhere on the floor of a house by a lake. A telephone was dangling—

He reached the Saw Mill River Parkway and almost at once turned from it at a telephone booth and into a parking area near it. He had to wait several minutes, and waited angrily; had to fight himself not, insanely, to yank the booth door open; yank out of the booth a usurping teenager. He got into the booth. He gave the South Salem number to the operator; heard the recurrent buzz which promises that somewhere a bell is ringing. So—the receiver no longer dangled dead at the end of its cord. So—The buzzing went on. He waited on.

"Hello?" a voice said—a woman's voice. It was a pleasant voice. It was not the voice he wanted to hear. He could not trust an unidentified voice, pleasant or not. He could not say, "Is a girl dead there? My girl dead there?" He couldn't commit himself; could not take a chance.

"Could I speak to Gertrude?" Martin Hale asked, and made his voice light, expectant.

"Gertrude?" the woman said. "I'm afraid—"

Marty put surprise into his voice. "Isn't this the Tomlinsons'?" he said. "South Salem three, three four two one?"

"That's the number," the woman said. "Only, there's nobody named Tomlinson. Our name is Hunter."

"Funny," Martin Hale said. "I could have sworn Gertrude gave me that number. I—" He broke off. He said he was sorry, Mrs. Hunter, and Mrs. Hunter, accepting the identification, said that it was perfectly all right, and hung up.

He had a name — the name of Hunter. Someone to find; a place to find. (Right person or wrong person; right place or wrong place.)

He might have gone fishing — fishing for an address. And—scared the fish.

Somewhere near Katonah. He was sure of that. Some place with a South Salem telephone number.

He went back to the car, and drove north.

She had crouched behind bushes, where the shade was deepest. She had heard the two men go up the path, the first running, the second moving more slowly. When they were nearest—no more than twenty feet away — she froze motionless; held her breath and froze. They went on up the path. When the sound of their movement faded somewhat, she moved, cautiously, further into the bushes. Then she heard sounds again.

She ducked quickly. From the sound, only one of the men was coming down the path, going back to the house. She could not tell which one. Probably it did not matter; both men had run out of the house after her. So, both were in it. She had to assume that both of them were in it—both the men, and the woman, too. The one called Tony had not, somehow sounded as if he were "in it."

He had talked of ordinary things —of the absence of the wife of the one called Max; of buying Max a drink. Max had been equally casual —asked about the boy. But—called attention to the beached boat. And suggested an explanation of its presence there. To fool the one called Tony? Who then wasn't—

There was no point in trying to work it out. Not now. The thing, now, was to get away. But not too far away. Because Marty would come. All right, might come. A place to hide in until he came.

I should have called the police straight away, Mary Smith thought, crouching in bushes, cramped in slacks not meant for a woman's body. (However thin the woman.) Why did I think only of calling him? As if—as if, somehow, I had made him responsible; as if it is something we are sharing.

There was no point in trying to work that out, either. A place not too far from the house, in which she could hide. (Still I'm hiding; will I always be hiding?) There was, now, no chance of reaching the boat, exposed on the sandy beach. The road must be up the slope. He would have to come by car. Reach the road, hide near the road, wait until he came in a car.

Slowly, making as little noise as she could, she began to work her way out of the thorn bushes. The thorns scratched at her through the thinness of the polo shirt, stung her body. There were worse things. Finally she was free of thorns, in underbrush which was not hostile. She began to work her way up the slope; parallel to the path, some thirty or forty feet from it. Out of sight from the path, if she was lucky, if she was careful.

She climbed slowly. Every few steps she paused to listen — held her breath to listen. Each time she heard nothing, and went on. It was breathlessly hot, with the underbrush cutting off the movement of air. She was conscious of the heat, now; she was conscious of her scratched body. But strangely, she was no longer tired. There would be a time, later, to notice, to console her body's tiredness. When she had reached the road, found a hiding place near the road—

She came very suddenly out of the undergrowth of the hillside. She came out on a level place; a place of grass, roughly mown. Beyond it was the road she sought, but in the grassy area a car was standing.

Of course—the car the man and woman, the man named Tony and the woman—had come in. It would be locked, of course. No—not of course. Here, in a sheltered place, a place remote, they might not bother to lock the car. If it were not locked —

She stood on the edge of the cleared area, having come out into it with little warning, and for some seconds did not move, but looked around the place and toward the road beyond. He might be hiding there, somewhere there, waiting for her.

As long as she was closer to the underbrush she could run back into it—run like some small, frightened animal into shelter. She looked around the open place and listened, and again held her breath to listen.

I'll have to do it some time, she thought. I have to chance it. It won't get any safer.

She went quickly, not quite running, toward the car. She could see nobody on either seat.

She reached for the door handle and he straightened up from his crouch on the floor in the back of the car.

"You certainly do things the hard way," the man named Max said, in his soft voice. And pointed the little gun at her. "Getting yourself all scratched up like that."

"Name of Hunter. Anthony Hunter," Bernie Simmons said. "Lake Carabec, wherever that may be. Subject of inquiry, a young woman who calls herself Mary Smith. We want to talk to her about a man got taken dead."

The duty sergeant of Hawthorne Barracks, Troop K, New York State Police, made a sound with tongue and teeth.

"You may well say," Assistant District Attorney Bernard Simmons told him. "Only—I'm a little uneasy about the girl, Sergeant. If you boys go screaming through the hills somebody might get jumpy."

"We don't usually go screaming," the sergeant said. "However—contents noted, Mr. Simmons. We will approach with caution. With cat-like tread. You're sending somebody up?"

"Yes," Simmons said. "Me. Wait for me."

He hung up.

IT never failed, Helen Hunter had thought, and sat up on the sand, and automatically brushed sand from what there was of bathing suit, and from Helen Hunter, of which there was somewhat more available. Helen Hunter was a slim woman, well-tanned in spite of blondness, and understandably annoyed. It always rang when she was nearest. She looked out at her husband's dark head, halfway between shore and island. Sometimes it seemed that he arranged it.

Helen Hunter ran up the beach toward the house. Her husband, treading water offshore, watched her.

She did not run back. He was standing on the beach, towelling. He was a square man with dark hair, and teeth which were very white in a brown face. He raised dark eyebrows.

"Telephone," she said. "And a wrong number."

"A day of tribulations," Anthony Hunter said. "Intruders, followed by wrong numbers."

"The poor little tike," Helen said.

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and sat down on a towel. "Did Max call the police?"

Hunter raised and lowered his shoulders.

"After all," he said, "the poor little tike broke in. Used the telephone. Might have stolen the family jewels. The silver plate. Broken into the safe hidden behind the family portrait over the mantel."

"Yah." Helen said. "The poor little tike. Did he? Max. Call the police?"

Tony Hunter didn't know. He did not see what good it would do if Max had.

"Max Reid," Helen said, "has got responsibility. Civic responsibility. A man of conscience. An upholder of law and order."

"Somebody has to be," Tony Hunter said, and draped the towel around his neck. "I suppose," he added but then to that added, "Max is O.K. Also, a good advertising man."

"Who," Helen said, "married the boss' daughter. But O.K. Max is O.K. Do you know anybody around here named Tomlinson?"

He raised thick eyebrows.

"The wrong number wanted Tomlinson," she said. "Tomlinson, Gertrude."

"Never heard tell," Tony Hunter said. "Shall I bring drinks down?"

"Yes," she said. "While I have a quick swim."

She went into the water and swam off. Tony Hunter went across sand and over grass to the house—the weekend house they had rented for five years, and owned for one. And, Tony Hunter thought, now that we own it I'll have to cut the grass. Tomorrow.

NO journey lasts forever, Martin Hale thought. This one had lasted until after four, which was long enough. Traffic had thinned after Hawthorne Circle, which was something. "Parkway Ends, 1000 Feet." Sure enough. A light stopped him. He waited, with impatience. The light released him, and he turned left on to Route 35, and across the New York Central tracks and into Katonah.

And—now what? A house on a lake. Somewhere off Route 35. But Route 35 runs through Katonah. West on Route 35, toward the Hudson? Or east, toward Connecticut.

He found a place to park and a telephone. He thought of ringing the number again, and decided against it. None of the subterfuges which occurred to him seemed likely to help—only likely to alarm anyone with a reason to feel alarm. He leafed the Westchester telephone directory.

There were a good many Hunters in Westchester County. Three with South Salem numbers. One—good. Hunter, Anthony. Lk Carabec.

He was in a drugstore. He said, "Can you tell me how to get to Lake Carabec?"

The boy behind the fountain could tell him. He took Route 35, headed west. "Only it winds a lot." Four, five miles he came to a turnoff marked "Private Road." He turned right. He came to a fork, he went either way. "Road runs around the lake, see?"

"Nice place, Carabec," the boy said. "This time of year, anyway. Summer place, you know. Sort of a colony, kind of."

Marty Hale thanked him. He went back to the rented car and roused it from dreams of peace. He drove west for a little more than five miles, and turned right into a private road. When he reached the fork he stayed right, since it didn't make any difference. He hoped the Hunters would have a mailbox, or a name-sign.

The wheels of the rented car kicked up dust from the side, well-graded, but unsurfaced road. It had been a dry June; Marty was vaguely aware of that, but only as a city man is aware of such trivial matters. They ought to oil the road, Marty thought, absently. The lake glittered on his left, sometimes to be seen through trees, again disappearing, then coming in sight again. An inviting lake for a dusty traveller. It would be a place to come to on hot summer weekends with—

Half a mile beyond the fork he had been told about, the road split again, and, not having been told of this, Martin slowed the rented car. Here the right-hand fork ran only a hundred yards or so before it joined a blacktop road—town road or state road. The other fork continued its gently leftward curve. There wasn't much doubt which way to go; there wasn't any doubt. But where right-hand fork met town blacktop, there was a cluster of mailboxes.

Martin Hale drove to the cluster to have a look. A dozen boxes on their posts, some large, others small. Names on them—Max Reid, Richard Wallace, W. W. Davis, W Edwards, and on and on. And, Anthony Hunter. So—the flocked mailboxes of what the boy in the drugstore had called a colony, sort of. Rural carriers do not traverse private roads; Marty Hale remembered that from the lumber-room of inconsequential memories that all newspapermen, and former newspapermen, maintain, whether they like or not.

He turned the car and went back to the road which curved around the lake—Carabec Lake. There wouldn't be mailboxes in front of the houses; it was to be hoped there would be signs.

Almost at once after he had taken the left fork, the plan of the colony—call it a colony—became apparent. The road circled the lake, on high ground, some two hundred yards, give or take a hundred, since the shore line was irregular, above the lake. The houses were between road and lake. Some, as he drove slowly, could be seen at the ends of sloping driveways.

Glimpsed so, they seemed to vary—one was the familiar simulation of a log cabin; another was rectangular and glassy.

Several had to be taken on faith, since no driveways led down to them, but only paths from areas cleared for parking. Two of these areas had cars in them; the others were empty. The cars had lucky owners — owners who could get away early on Friday afternoons.

There were, for the most part, signs. "Reid" was hand-lettered, by an amateur's hand, on a board nailed to a tree. It was the first he came to, and passed. The house had no driveway, was visible from the road. "W. W. Davis" was professional — a metal sign on a metal spike driven into the ground in a parking space. The Davis' were among those who could get away early; they were also the possessors of a large car. "James Brown," also professionally supplied, had a driveway down to the lake.

Still no Hunter. Then, the pattern broken — a sign on the right, lettered "Richard Wallace," and from it a driveway curving up, far up, the rising ground; curving to a big stone house with many windows glittering in the sun. The manor house, Martin Hale thought. The squire lived there, presiding over the peasantry below. (The peasantry with large cars.)

He drove past eight entrances—not counting that of the imposing Mr. Wallace — and did not come to "Hunter, Anthony." Unless Hunter was one of the three secretive ones, whose houses were unlisted in this roadside directory. Martin Hale's impatience, always just under his skin, began to break through. He swore at nothing — swore at the car, which was obedient; swore at the dust, swore at increasing frustration. Then—"Anthony Hunter," on a metal sign. No driveway. Martin turned in and parked beside a sedan. He got out and walked down a path toward the lake.

A HOUSE came in view after he had gone a few feet down—a simple, wooden house; an old house, he thought; once a farmhouse. For what farm? Unless, where the lake now was, there had once been bottom land. He looked over the house at a glittering lake. The lake was deserted.

No—near an island toward the centre of the oval lake, a man was rowing a boat. The man wore a yachting cap and, Martin thought, dark glasses. He'd need them on the lake. Martin Hale looked down at welcome green at his feet, and blinked, and went on down the path. He came to the rear of the house, to what was evidently the kitchen door.

He thought, This is it, and felt his nerves tense. Then he knocked on the door. Nothing happened. He knocked a second time.

"We're around front," a man's voice said — a man's voice which had, apparently, circled the house. There was a relaxed cordiality in the man's voice. It was almost as if he expected Martin Hale to come knocking, in search of a lost girl.

Martin went around the house, and the lake sparkled at him. The man in the boat was rounding the island, apparently headed for the opposite shore. Martin blinked in the lake's glitter and turned the corner of the house.

A porch ran the width of the house. A man and a woman were sitting on the porch with drinks beside them. The man stood up and walked to the edge of the porch, and smiled at Martin Hale. He was a square brown man, in polo shirt and walking shorts. The reflected light made his face crinkle. While he smiled, he raised his eyebrows in inquiry.

"Mr. Hunter?" Martin said, and Hunter said, "That's right." Now the inquiry was in his voice—the waiting quality in the voice with which a householder greets a stranger who may, after all, be selling lightning rods.

"My name's Hale," Martin said. "Martin Hale. I'm looking for a girl."

The man's face crinkled further, not this time altogether in response to the sun's glitter from rippled water. All right—it sounded funny. Martin had supposed it would. To a man who had no part in this, obviously it would.

"Afraid we're fresh out," Anthony Hunter said. "However—you said 'Martin Hale'?"

"Yes."

"On the 'Express'?"

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"Until a few weeks ago," Martin Hale said, and now it was his turn to raise eyebrows slightly, to look more closely at the square, brown man.

"No," Hunter said, "you don't. I was on the 'Herald Trib' for a couple of years a while back. No reason you should ever have heard of me. But — your name got around. The Martin Hale sort of thing."

There was no reason it shouldn't be true. Martin knew his name had got around. Inside the business. Not outside it. The lot of the rewrite man. Hunter must have been inside. Or peeped inside. Or — gone to the trouble of finding things out.

"What's about a girl?" Hunter said. "Also, how's about a drink? Also — Helen, this is Martin Hale."

MRS. HUNTER was slender and blond, and her long legs were golden-tan. She wore a white shirt and brief white shorts. She said, "Mr. Hale, find your friend Gertie? Gertrude Tomlinson?"

He stepped up on the porch and looked down at her.

"Oh," she said, and smiled up. "A guess. A good one, apparently. From the voice and — call it a hunch."

"We're having gin and tonic," Anthony Hunter said. "There are alternatives."

There were several. One was to get away from these friendly people while the getting was good; to decide they were "in it" and so were lying; to take such further steps—which would probably include the police — as suggested themselves.

"Gin and tonic'll be fine," Martin Hale said.

The ingredients were on a shaded table. Anthony Hunter turned to it and mixed. He said, over his shoulder, "What's this about a girl?" He turned and held out a glass, gesturing toward a chair.

Martin Hale said, "Thanks" for the glass. He sat in the chair. He hesitated.

"A friend of mine," he said. "A girl. Called me from this number—at any rate, gave this number. Called me in town." He paused. He took a swallow from his glass. "The girl's in trouble," he said. "It's too much to go into, but all kinds of trouble."

The Hunters looked at each other. Helen Hunter nodded, just perceptibly.

"Somebody did get in here," Hunter said. "Couple of hours ago. A little more, maybe. Only — it was one of the kid pack. A boy."

Martin waited.

"Juvenile delinquents," Hunter said. "In a mild sort of way. Most of the lake houses are weekend places. Closed up from Monday to Friday. A temptation to kids. Or, what Helen calls the poor little tikes.' One of them got in this afternoon. Forced a window, probably. Used the telephone. Anyway, left it out of the cradle. Almost caught him, as a matter of fact. Max Reid and I chased him but he dodged off into the bushes."

"A boy?" Martin said. "You're sure about that."

The Hunters again looked at each other.

"Well," Helen said, and spoke slowly. "Until this minute, I guess. He—all I got was a glimpse. Tony?"

Tony Hunter did not respond at once. When he did, he said, "Trying to visualise it. Is she a thin girl? Hair cut like a boy's?"

"Yes."

"They run different," Hunter said. "It never entered my mind it wasn't one of the kid pack. Of course—" He paused. "Max was ahead of me," he said. "Between me and — whoever we were chasing. Whoever it was was dressed like a boy — blue jeans, polo shirt. Sort of things our own kid—"

He stopped. He said, "Hold it." He went inside. He came out in a few minutes. "Junior take all his jeans to camp?" he asked. She said, Goodness, I don't know. He picked out what he wanted and—"

"Because," Tony Hunter said, "he didn't leave any. And one pair — even for Junior it was pretty crummy. The ones he was weeding in. If weeding is what to call it."

They looked then, drinks abandoned. They could not be sure about the boy's clothes. They could be sure that, if a girl had changed there, she had not left behind what she had changed out of. "She could have worn a swimsuit," Helen Hunter said. "Put the kid's clothes on over it. Only—"

They were back on the porch by then.

"Only," Helen Hunter said, "Max saw a kid running away from his place and we supposed—I did, anyway—that this was the same kid. But Max would have noticed any boy who ran like a girl. When he was running from his place. And, when he was running here."

"Max—?" Martin said, and remembered. "He's got a place here?" he said. "Down the road a bit? I remember passing a sign with that name on it."

"Max Reid," Tony Hunter said. "Max and Hilda, only she's in Europe just now. With daddy-o."

"Her father," Helen said.

"Her father," Tony said. "The one and only Richard Wallace, Inc. Head of—"

"I know," Martin said. "Advertising."

"And how," Tony Hunter said. "Just pulled an account out from under—" He shrugged. "Anyway, Max is his son-in-law. And, naturally, a vice-president. Not that he isn't good. But still—"

"Max," Helen said, "is a very nice man," and her husband said, "Sure."

"Anyway," Helen said, "if this boy was this girl, Max is the man to talk to, Mr. Hale. Only—"

Martin started to get up.

"Only," she said, "he just rowed Timothy's boat back across the lake, and should be on his way back along the road now. Timothy's a man who works for most of us, and he comes across in a boat. Only today, somebody rowed the boat over and didn't—anyway, Max took it back. Just before you came. The responsible type, Max is."

"So," Tony Hunter said, "you may as well finish your drink. Because he'll have to walk around, and it's more than two miles from the place Timothy ties up. The girl's in trouble?"

Martin Hale hesitated. This was not, nerves told him, a mounting sense of urgency told him, a time to sit on a shaded porch by the side of a lake and drink a long drink. This was a time—To what? his mind interrupted. Swim out into the lake after a rowboat? A boat now again in sight, beyond an island, moving slowly toward an opposite shore? Or, to beat the brush, call a girl's name?

It might come to that — come to something like that, in time. But there was a lot of brush to beat around Lake Carabec. And this was the house she had called from; the house to which, when she could, if she could, she would return. If the man who had been following her hadn't caught her. If—. A man named Max Reid could, perhaps, tell him more—tell him if the boy had run like a girl; tell him which way the boy-girl, girl-boy had been running.

"This Reid," Martin said, and sat down and picked up his drink. "You're sure he didn't catch whoever it was who was running?"

"Last time I saw him," Tony Hunter said, "he was standing in the parking place up there, looking around. And swearing, in a mild sort of way. I said, 'Let's skip it, Max. Come on back and have that drink.' And he said he'd look around a little more, first, because the kids needed to be taught a lesson. I said 'Not by me' and came along back for a swim. So—I don't know, Hale. My guess would be he didn't, and went on back to his own place to stand guard, maybe. What's about the girl? Or aren't you saying?"

It was, Martin said again, too long a story. The girl had been hit on the head and had been in the hospital. And somebody had had another go at her. And, she had disappeared in New York and turned up here. Or, said she was here. The point was, she was in some kind of trouble.

"Your girl?" Helen Hunter asked.

"Not especi—" Martin said, and broke the word in two. It was, certainly, the damnedest thing. He realised, and the realisation was like a slap, that he had known the girl for less than twenty-four hours. And yet he broke in two a word which would deny that she was "his" girl.

"Your girl," Helen Hunter said, with what appeared to be maternal satisfaction.

"The motherly type," Tony Hunter said. "A type to watch, Hale."

Martin managed a smile of sorts. He stood up. The boat had nosed into the far shore; the man had got out of it and appeared to be tying it up. Martin couldn't tell anything about the man from that distance, across the dancing light.

MARTY finished his drink, standing. The lake was beginning to take on life. A boat had put out from somewhere—somewhere on this side—with two people in it, and was being rowed toward the island. The person—a woman—in the stern had a fishing-pole. Then, somewhere, an outboard motor started up. A week-end beginning, Martin thought. The boat with a motor came out from the far end of the lake, and water sprayed up from its bow, water that broke and danced in the slanting light of the sun.

"I'll go along and wait for Reid," Martin said. "Or drive around and pick him up. What sort of looking man is he?"

"Tall," Tony Hunter said. "Middle thirties. Blond hair which he keeps cut short, collegiate like."

Martin Hale thanked them and went around the house and up the path. While he was turning the rented car, a State Police cruiser went past on the private road. It went by idly, a police cruiser going nowhere in particular.

It was almost five o'clock when Assistant District Attorney Bernard Simmons and Detective John Kisco left downtown New York in an inconspicuous car owned by the County of New York. A few things had taken time. There had been a call to the office of the District

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Attorney of Cook County, Illinois, and that had taken time. It had resulted in a promise: The Chicago Police would be asked to co-operate, and would co-operate, and would talk to, among others, dentists. As soon as they had what they needed to go on.

Getting that, and getting it off—partly by teletype, but partly by air mail—had taken time. And it might well be time wasted. More time, perhaps only hours, perhaps days, would tell about that. A guess, a guess fabricated out of thin air, might be confirmed, might be blown away by a gust of fact.

"Come down to it," Detective Kisco said, driving the car on to the West Side Highway at Canal Street, "we don't even know there is this girl. Granting that Hale's a friend of yours. What I mean is—come down to it, we couldn't prove anything about her."

BERNARD SIMMONS was firm in his reply. "A girl did walk out of East River Hospital. A girl did try to get a new passbook for a savings account."

"Which," Kisco said, "isn't there any more. Oh, there is a girl all right. Only, if it came to that, what could you prove? What you'd come down to, Hale says all this about a girl named Mary Smith. Another girl named Mary Smith, this one alive. So — Hale says it. Only, where's the girl? Only Hale's seen her and this man at the bank—Anderson — who says he certainly couldn't identify her if he saw her again, on account of he sees people all day long. You see what I mean Bernie?"

"Vaguely," Bernie Simmons said.

"The thing's just too vague," Kisco said, driving north through traffic which was anything but vague. "What's the country got that's worth this?"

"Trees, Johnny."

"Central Park's got trees," John Kisco said. "If you want trees. What do you think about the four grand?"

"That it belonged to this girl we've never seen, only heard about," Simmons said. "That somebody got hold of the passbook, either out of her bag or out of the apartment this other girl was killed in, and stole the money. That's what I think, Johnny. Partly because I know Hale. Partly because, who is this Ferdinand Smith? A relative, sound like?"

That far Detective Michael Phelan had got. (And learning what he had got had taken more time.) The balance of the savings account of one Mary Smith had been paid out in the form of a cheque, with her as payee. The cheque had cleared through a branch of the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company.

It had been endorsed, "Pay to the order of Ferdinand Smith," by Mary Smith, in handwriting which nobody had seen any cause to question—in legible handwriting, lacking idiosyncrasies. It had been endorsed again, in a different handwriting and for deposit only, by "Ferdinand Smith."

That was as far as they had got, or would go until Monday, when the branch of the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company would reopen.

"Who's anybody?" John Kisco asked. "Who's a small-time crook named Bradley, and the only people who've seen him are Hale again, and this man Atkins, who's dead. Seen him here, I mean. And Atkins could have been wrong, and, even if he wasn't, so what? For us, I mean."

He was told he put it in a nutshell.

"Irregardless of which," Kisco said, "you've got a hunch. And you're sitting on it."

"To hasten hatching, Johnny," Bernie Simmons said. "Only the broody hatch the hunch."

"Confucius, no doubt," John Kisco said. "At this rate, it's going to take us a couple of hours."

. . . .

There was a car, a dark sedan, parked off the road where the sign read "Max Reid." There was room to park beside it and Hale stopped the rented car beside it. For a moment, the presence of the other car puzzled him. It had not been there, he was sure it had not been there, when he first drove by seeking the Hunter place.

But Reid himself had arrived—had come to the lake and helped Hunter chase an intruder, had had time enough to row to the middle of the lake. Well—perhaps Reid had a visitor. Nothing, in any case, to concern Martin Hale; at most, a minor complication to a major puzzle.

Martin walked down the path. It was a steeper path than that which led to the Hunter house, and less well cared for. The house Max Reid lived in, when Martin came in sight of it, proved to be small and modern, and on the very edge of the lake. It looked a little like a houseboat.

Martin went to a red wooden door and raised his hand to knock on it, and the door opened.

"Mr. Reid?" Martin began, and stopped, and looked at a tall youngish man with blond hair in a brush cut. Martin said, "Oh," in a flat tone.

"Come right in," the tall man said. "Hoped it would be you, Mr. Hale. She said it was you she called, but she could have been lying. Can't tell what a woman will do, can you?"

"So you call yourself Reid," Marty said. "Where is she, Reid? Or is it Bradley—James Bradley."

"So I was right," Reid said. "I figured Atkins had spotted me. Nosy sort, wasn't he? Anyway, you looked at it."

"Not nosy any more," Martin said, and looked at the small, bitter gun in the man's hand. "You took care of that. Walked in on you?"

"Other way around," Reid said. "Not that it matters."

"Not a bit," Martin said. "Where is she? Where's the girl?"

"The mouse," Reid said. "The little nobody mouse. Where she won't cause any more trouble, Hale."

Martin's body tensed; his hands tensed.

"I wouldn't," Reid said. "Oh, she's alive. For the time being. Too many people around now. Time and place for everything, as they say. You, too, of course."

Martin moved.

"Really I wouldn't," Reid said. "It can be now if you're set on it. If you're in such a hurry. Won't do the little mouse much good though, will it?"

Reid was enjoying himself. Martin Hale thought; a man with a gun enjoying himself. A crazy man? No. Just a man playing a game he thought was a fine game.

"What's the game?" Martin Hale said, words following the pattern of thought.

"No," Reid said. "Not that you'll be telling anybody. Bad driver you're going to turn out to be, you know. Run off into a reservoir, probably. But still—suppose you passed a miracle. You won't, but suppose. Less you could tell the better."

"You ——"

"Sure," Reid said. "Let's get going, Hale. Out the other way." The little gun gestured. "Take you to see the little mouse. Kindly old Max Reid, letting boy meet girl. The rest won't—"

He suddenly seemed to lose interest in his game.

"Get going," he said. "Pleasant chat and all that, but get going."

He moved behind Hale, the gun pointed. He did not get too close. Hale walked across a living-room and through an open door on to a terrace. "Left," the blond man said, "down the steps." Hale went left, went down steps; was on the edge of underbrush with a path through it.

"Straight on," Reid said, and Hale went straight on. I could run, Martin thought. Run off the path and—and get myself killed. Be no good to anybody—to her or anybody. He went on the way he was told to go.

The path went toward the end of the lake, but was at some little distance from it. It was a faint path, little used. He had, at intervals, to push branches aside, let them spring back. "Careful," Reid said once. "If one of those hits me it might make me nervous. When I'm nervous, my fingers twitch."

Martin Hale was careful.

About half a mile, Martin guessed, when they came to an area where the undergrowth was less dense. On the left, a little way up the slope, there was an ancient excavation; a rectangle which once had been walled. Of course—the basement, foundation walls, of a house long since gone. Burned, probably. Burning is the final fate of country houses. They went past the old foundation.

"Up to the left," Reid said. There was a path again; an even fainter path. They climbed for more than a hundred yards, and then Reid said, "O.K. This is it."

THIS was a heavy wooden door which sloped with the ground. The door was secured by hasp and staple. A wedge of iron was slipped through the staple. "Open up," Reid said, and, when Martin momentarily hesitated, moved closer and tapped Martin's shoulder with the gun.

Martin bent to the sloping door, released the hasp. The door was heavy. It came slowly up and out.

When it was at right angles to the ground Reid moved—moved with quick violence. His left hand grasped the door and he struck with the little gun.

Martin knew it was coming, but that did no good. There was a great flare of red and an instant of great pain, and he fell forward into darkness. He did not hear the heavy door fall after him into its frame . . .

He heard his name, first, from a long way off. "Marty," he heard. "Marty. Martin Hale."

At first the sound was only in his mind — a soundless sound, a distant memory of sound. Then it seemed to come closer; become real. He thought he opened his eyes, but he could not have opened his eyes, because still, there was only darkness. Then he heard the voice, and knew the voice, and knew that the darkness was real, was an absence of physical light,

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and not the darkness into which he had fallen.

"All right," he said. "All right, Mary. I hear you."

She gave a little sob, then.

"You're alive," she said. "I thought — never. It's been — it's been so long and — and — You were breathing, but after a while I thought it was only my breathing and that you — Marty. You came, Marty."

He was lying with his nead in her lap. Lying on something hard with — He felt what he was lying on. It had the feel of earth. He started to sit up, and the darkness swirled around him. He braced himself and she held him. The dizziness passed.

"All right," he said. "I sure came ingloriously, didn't I? Are you all right?"

"He didn't hurt me," she said. "He just pushed me in — in here Marty — he's going to kill me."

"Both of us," Martin said. "If he can get away with it." He turned, faced in the darkness toward her voice. "What's it about, Mary? You say he followed you and — what's it about? He's — now he calls himself Max Reid. Atkins thought he used to be a small-time crook named—" The name momentarily escaped him; he captured it. "Bradley," he said. "Why's he after you?"

"I don't know," she said. "Marty — I don't know! He — I think he followed me from the library or found out there who I was and—"

She told him what she thought, speaking quickly in the darkness. It made no sense; explained nothing. "He said he was just my bad luck," she said. "Bringing me up here he said that. He said I was just a mouse — just a nobody mouse. As if — as if it were, in a hideous sort of way, impersonal. But — is he mad, Marty? I mean — crazy?"

"I don't think so," Marty said. "It must — I think it must — make some kind of sense. But — Where are we? I mean, what is this? Did he—"

"No," she said. "And I didn't have any matches. Or — anything. Have—"

But by that time he had a lighter out. For seconds even its tiny flame was a blinding light. Then dimly, they could see around them.

THEY were in a kind of cave. It was dry, and seemed to be lined with stone; it was like the beginning of a tunnel; the floor was of earth, the ceiling arched stone. A lot of trouble had at some time been—

"Root cellar," Martin said, and snapped the lighter out. He couldn't remember when he had filled it last, and there wasn't anything more to see at the moment. "A real old-timer. Probably belonged to the house. You saw the foundation?"

"Yes."

"Stored root vegetables in here probably," Marty said. "In the winter. Maybe an ice house in summer. Probably the cellar of the house was damp. It was much nearer the water. Up the slope here—" There was no use going on with it. What it had been didn't matter. It was a prison, now. It was a prison like a tomb.

"He could just leave us here and let us die," the girl said, and her voice went up. "Marty — just die."

He turned toward her, reaching for her. She was shaking in his arms. "In the dark," she said. "The awful dark. The—"

He snapped the lighter on again. The little flame seemed vigorous. She needed light.

She was wearing a torn polo shirt, and blue jeans. "So," he said, "you were the boy who ran from the Hunters." He had to explain that, since she did not know the name, only the telephone number. He kept her talking, although after a few moments he flicked the light off again. She told him all of it. He swore, called the blond man names. But that was no good. His mind caught at something.

"You've been here a couple of hours," he said. "More, probably. And — the air's all right. So, there's some sort of ventilation. Of course — they provided that. So things wouldn't get damp rot. So—"

He freed her and stood up. He felt his way along one side of the cave. It was not quite high enough to stand erect in. Then, when he was at the far end, he flicked the lighter on again.

There were a few shelves there, the wood old, falling apart. Above the shelving there was an opening in the ceiling. He flicked the light off, leaned forward, looked up a narrow chimney. At the top there was, faintly, light. She said, "What is it?" and he told her. She said, "Could we yell up it?"

They could. He suspected they were a good way from anywhere, from anyone. But they could yell. Only, there was another—

He used the light again to see his way to the door. Instinctively he pushed at the door, expecting nothing, getting nothing. He put the light out again. After a time, as his eyes re-accustomed themselves to darkness, he could see a faint tracing of light at the bottom of the door. Not a tight fit — where light came, air could come. He hoped.

He went back to the far end of the cave and began to pull at the shelving. It came away easily; it was old and rotten. If he could get a fire going, he'd get what he wanted.

"A column of smoke by day," he said, and continued to pull at the boards. He got slivers — and splinters in his hands. Which didn't matter.

. . .

Anthony Hunter didn't look like being anybody he wanted. Anthony Hunter was sitting on the porch of a house by the lake, and had the air of a man who was making a drink last. When he stood up, he was not especially tall; he was not at all blond; his hair was not crew cut. Not that that necessarily proved anything, except that Bernie Simmons was sitting on, with intent to hatch, a hunch that he was rather fond of.

Bernie Simmons said that he was looking for a young woman and Hunter said, "My gosh! Another one." That brought it out, of course. It did not take long, but it took some minutes. It also proved that Bernie was, as he had supposed he might be, beating brush already beaten.

"Hale went along to see Mr. Reid, did he?" Simmons said. "Used to know a Reid — heavy dark man. Stockbroker."

Not this Reid, Hunter told him. Tall and blond, not heavy and dark, this Reid was. Advertising executive, not stockbroker. Bernie Simmons accepted the fact that this must be a different Reid altogether. He said, "Batten, Barton and et cetera?" as he turned to go, and was told Richard Wallace, Inc. Simmons stopped, and said he had seen the name of Richard Wallace on a sign down the road. Same Wallace? There was no special interest in his voice.

The same Wallace. Reid's father-in-law. Not there, now. In Europe with his daughter, Hilda. Max Reid's wife, Hilda. Leaving Reid to mind the store. Along with umpteen others.

"Thanks, Mr. Hunter," Simmons said. "Sorry to barge in."

He went back up the path to an undistinguished car, property of New York County. It had a two-way radio, now adjusted to the frequency used by the State Police. Kisco, waiting in the car, looked at Bernie Simmons. "Nope," Simmons said. "Anyway, I don't think so. Anything coming through?"

NOTHING of moment. A trooper named Crowley had reported, because he had been instructed to report any movement, that a car had been driven up the long driveway to the Wallace house and, apparently, left there. He had been too far away to identify the car, or even guess its make. It had been a sparkle on the rising driveway, light reflected from a windshield.

The radio took that moment to squawk. Mr. Simmons was wanted by Hawthorne Barracks. Simmons said, "Simmons speaking. Yes?"

The voice of the duty sergeant was distorted. Mr. Simmons' office wanted him to call in when he could. Meanwhile, Mr. Simmons was to be told that they had had luck in Chicago. Got the right dentist on the third try. And the tentative answer was that the dentist thought so; was, in fact, pretty sure so.

"Hunch hatching?" Detective Kisco asked, when Simmons put the receiver back.

"Could be," Simmons said. "Teeth from the past bite hardest."

"Not Confucius," Kisco said, with conviction.

. . .

The police cruiser was parked on the remnants of a farm road some twenty feet above the Lake Carabec road. It faced the road. A good deal could be seen from where the car was parked. Unfortunately, none of it was of much interest. A deer went by, but there was no occasion to report so common a thing as a passing deer. Trooper Raymond Crowley was behind the wheel. Trooper Anderson was beside Crowley. It was Anderson's outspoken opinion that the city boys needed a lot of help to pick up one girl.

"You smell smoke?" Crowley said, and Anderson sniffed, and said, "Sort of. Somebody's having a cook-out. All the time these people—"

"Over there," Crowley said, and pointed. There was smoke "over there," between road and lake but nearer road. It was coming from an area which seemed entirely overgrown. "Hell of a place for a cook-out," Crowley said. "And things are damn dry, Andy."

"Only you can prevent forest fires," Anderson told him.

"Keep your ear to the squawker," Corporal Crowley instructed, and got a friendly "Yah" for answer, and went from the car to the road, and down the road a hundred yards to the point where it began its sharpest bend around the end of the lake. He went into the underbrush, toward the smoke.

It wasn't working out. That was clear enough, and the only thing

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clear in the little prison which was so like a tomb. The place was full of smoke; he had wanted smoke and he had got smoke, starting with pages of a little notebook, going on to splinters of wood, to largely rotten boards. He had, it was almost at once evident, got too much smoke. It was only an annoyance, at first; only a thing to make eyes run, to bring coughing.

It was more than that, now. If any of the smoke was going up the chimney to make a column of smoke by day, it couldn't be much. The smoke was thick in the place, and growing thicker. "Door's too tight," Marty told the girl — coughed out to the girl.

They were both at the door, by then; both lying on the dirt floor as near the door as they could get, as close to the crack under the door. A little air came in through the crack. Not enough air came in.

KNOWLEDGE was in Marty's mind suddenly—overwhelming and fearful knowledge. What he'd done, what he was doing was the blond man's work for him. No need to kill people who kill themselves.

He touched the girl's shoulder, pressed down gently, mutely telling her to stay where she was. No air to waste on words. No air —

He was, he realised, fighting to stay conscious. And smoke was choking in his lungs.

He crawled on the floor. There would be air there if there was air anywhere. He had started his fire under the opening in the roof, at the end of the little tunnel — the little tomb. Perhaps he could smother it out. He crawled toward it.

It was a desperate task to get his jacket off; it was more than a man could do to take a jacket off. The left arm out first; then the—

He got it off. What had he taken it off for? Why had he—?

Dimly, he remembered. Choke the fire out with the jacket. Put the jacket down on the fire and smother the fire with the—

It was certainly queer. The smoke was simply coming up out of the ground. No fire. Just smoke coming up through — through a hole in the ground. Crowley stared at the smoke coming out of the ground, as out of a chimney, for some seconds before it made sense. As out of a chimney — that was it. He moved fast, then.

A kid was lying just inside the door when he got it open — a thin kid who seemed to be out. The damn fool things kids would think of to do. Build a fire in a place like this and —

He dragged her on to the grass. How the — she'd been locked in there! Some fool kid played a joke on her and might have killed —

"He's in there," the girl said. He could hardly hear her, and then she was coughing, uncontrollably. She couldn't get words out. Then she got words out.

"In there!" she said.

Crowley ducked low and went into the smoke; he could see nothing in the smoke and didn't have a flashlight. He had to grope, feel. It took time and the smoke was getting him. He found a man. A heavy man. He dragged at the man, holding his breath. The man felt dead.

He got the man out on the grass in front of the cave. The girl was all right — coughing, but all right. What he needed for the man was oxygen. If he waited for that, there wouldn't be any man left.

Trooper Crowley began to apply artificial respiration, as if the man had drowned in water, not in smoke. It was the only thing he could think of to do.

. . . . .

Max Reid could hardly have been more co-operative. He was on the terrace of his house when Bernard Simmons knocked, and he came through the house, carrying his drink? Looking for a young woman? He was afraid he couldn't — Why not come out on the terrace, where it was cooler, and have a drink? Not that there would be anything he could tell that would help the— Mr. Simmons had said the New York D.A.'s office? They must want the girl badly.

"Rather," Simmons said. "The charge probably will be murder, Mr. Reid. And — yes, I could do with a drink."

Max Reid repeated the word "murder" and made a sound with tongue and teeth to indicate how the word shocked him. They went through the house and on to the terrace, and Reid mixed a drink for Bernie Simmons and freshened his own. He said he would certainly do anything he could. He listened while Simmons repeated what Anthony Hunter had told him about a running boy. As he listened, Reid several times nodded his head, confirming.

"I suppose—" he said, and paused, thoughtfully. "No, I'm pretty sure Hunter said. However—you said the one I saw was a boy. Ran like a boy. You're sure the girl called from Hunter's?"

Bernie Simmons shrugged. He was pretty sure she had given Hunter's number as the one she was calling from. Of course, she might have been lying. On the other hand, somebody apparently had used the Hunters' telephone.

Reid shook his head and said it was a thing, quite a thing. He said he didn't envy Simmons his job. Asked, he said that a man named Hale — he didn't get the first name — had stopped by. Looking for this same girl.

"I couldn't help him any more than I can you," Reid said. "He asked pretty much the same thing — could it have been a girl, and I said I was pretty sure it wasn't. So — he took off."

"I'm interested in Hale," Simmons said, and Reid raised his eyebrows, said, "He's in this — you said murder?"

"Could be," Simmons said. "How did he seem to you, Mr. Reid? Excited? Worked up?"

"I didn't notice anything at the time," Reid said. "Heard a car door slam and figured I had company. Went to the door and he was coming down the path. All he wanted to know was — had I seen a girl? Did I think the boy Tony and I chased could have been a girl? I said 'no' a couple of times and he went back up the path."

"So you've got no idea which direction he went? After he got in the car, I mean."

Reid hadn't. He wasn't being much help.

"All you can be," Bernie Simmons said, and sighed, a baffled man. "Needles in haystacks. That's what we're supposed to find." He sighed again.

("Wait ten minutes or so," Simmons had told Detective Kisco. "Come down all full of it." He had told Kisco what he was to be full of.

"If you're as sure as you sound," Kisco had said to that," "why beat around the bush? They keep records, even in Chicago. Pick him up and—"

"For what? Rowing a boat without a licence?"

What it came to, Kisco had told him, was that he wasn't as sure as he made out. What it came to, Simmons told Kisco, was that he had an objection to leading with his chin.)

"Who was killed?" Reid said, rather in the tone of a man who keeps a conversation open; puts a lingering guest at ease.

"Man from Chicago," Simmons said. "Called himself Atkins. Matter of fact, we think he was a small-time crook named Bradley. James Bradley."

(Kisco was late. Try it without Kisco.)

Bernie Simmons, who had been looking at the lake — looking at nothing — turned suddenly as he told his lie, brought out the name. He turned and looked at Max Reid, and for a second Reid's eyes lost all expression, became pebbles. But that passed, and Reid nodded his head, to show he had heard.

(You cannot arrest a man because, hearing a name, his eyes harden, lose expression. But — you can prove a hunch. And where the heck was Kisco?)

"In Hale's apartment," Simmons said. "Which is why we want to talk to Mr. Hale. Very elusive, he's proving to be. Well—"

He put an empty glass down and moved as if to get up.

"Don't even know what kind of car he's driving," Simmons said, very sadly indeed.

"Dark blue sedan—" Max Reid said — and stopped, and his eyes showed that he knew he had not stopped soon enough. "Went up the path with him a little way," he said, quickly — too quickly, too anxiously. "Got a glimpse of the car."

SIMMONS managed to look puzzled. "I thought you said — doesn't matter. Glad to know the kind of car. By the way, you a married man, Mr.—?" He seemed to grope for the name. "Reid," he said. It would be interesting to watch his man — no doubt about it now — scramble from slippery ground.

"Yes," Reid said, and almost hid relief. "Sure am. Wife's in Europe now, with her father. Hilda, her name is."

Answer what isn't asked; keep talking; build an escape bridge out of inconsequential scraps.

Simmons stood up.

"Really?" he said. "I thought her name was Laureen. How do you suppose I got that idea, Mr.—Bradley? Mr. James Bradley. Or—do you prefer Smith? Ferdinand Smith'?"

Reid was on his feet, by then. He had, had seemed to have, a pleasant face. The smile on it wasn't pleasant.

"So," he said, "another bright—" He didn't finish. He had a little gun in his hand; a bitter little gun.

(Won't have to look for it, Bernie Simmons thought. Save trouble all around. If Kisco hasn't gone to sleep.)

"It'll make quite a noise, Bradley," Simmons said. "Bring a lot of curious bystanders. Including quite a collection of cops. So—"

"Not when the time's right," Reid-Bradley said. "Nice little storage bin, I've got. Store bright boys

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and little girl mice. Nobody around here come Monday morning, Mr. District Attorney. Nice quiet little —"

A man could look into a window on the land side of the little house and through the house and see the terrace. Kisco, who had not gone to sleep, had looked through the window and through the house. He had come around the house, fast, when he saw the two men standing, seen the blond man draw a gun.

He was in time to say, "Drop the gun, Mr. Reid," before Reid saw him. Reid dropped it. Bernie Simmons kicked it aside, and then picked the gun up.

"You were a bit late, John," Bernie Simmons said. "But, better late than never, as they say."

"Things came up," Kisco said. "Want I should put them on, Mr. Simmons?"

"By all means," Simmons said, and Detective Kisco put the cuffs on Reid-Bradley. "What came up, John?"

"The girl," Kisco said. "And your friend Hale. Queerest thing. They were locked up in a kind of cave. And made smoke signals. And almost knocked themselves off doing it."

"Almost?"

There was some anxiety in Bernard Simmons' light voice.

"They'll be all right," Kisco said. "Took them along to a hospital to be looked at, the troopers did. Annoyed about that, Hale was. Wanted to see you first. Tell you Reid here is Bradley and that he's got a theory he wants to pass along." He looked at Simmons, then at the tall blond man. "Coals to Newcastle, I guess," he said. "You're under arrest, Mr. whatever you want to call yourself. On a charge of—"

He paused, turned to Bernard Simmons.

"Suspicion of homicide," Bernard Simmons said. "In connection with the death of one Laureen Bradley, known also as Laureen Evans. Your wife, Mr. Bradley. The one you beat to death. Not the one who's in Europe. Also there's the death of one Bruno Atkins. And the kidnapping of one Mary Smith. The real Mary Smith, Mr. Bradley. To say nothing of the bashing of the aforementioned Miss Smith. To say nothing of—"

HE paused. "Of course," he said. "I'd almost forgotten. The theft of a little under four thousand dollars by misrepresentation and forgery." Bernard Simmons nodded, rather pleased with himself. "Enough to go on," he said. "But, as I said before, Bradley, the final charge will be murder."

Bradley swore. He said he didn't know what the hell Simmons was talking about. He said there wasn't a thing anybody could prove. Because there wasn't anything to be proved.

"Nonsense," Bernard Simmons said. "The kind of nonsense commonly called utter."

James Bradley, alias Max Reid, alias Ferdinand Smith — the last, incidentally, was one for the books —could clam up all he wanted to without doing himself any good. Simmons was sure of that.

"Because," he said, "one, he didn't break her teeth out. Careless of him, because a good deal of work had been done on them, and the dentist will identify Laureen Bradley, who'd gone back to her maiden name of Evans after Bradley did a vanishing act. Two, Reid's prints are Bradley's prints. Three, the girl registered at the Greyland — respectable cheap hotel — and checked out on the afternoon of the eleventh. Four, you two can testify that one of you was kidnapped and both of you got locked up in a dungeon."

"Smokehouse," Marty Hale said, "I wasn't too bright about that."

"You got us out," Mary Smith said. "I asked you to come and you came. And got us out."

"Into the nearest hospital," Marty said, but he could not deny to himself that her tone pleased him.

It was Tuesday. They were having pre-lunch drinks at the Algonquin, into which Martin Hale had never got around to moving. (He could go back to his apartment any time now, they told him.) Bernard Simmons had suggested the lunch. He said they had at least that coming, since in one way and another it was because of them that James Bradley, one-time petty criminal, late vice-president in charge of media for Richard Wallace, Inc., would get what was coming to him.

"Chiefly," Bernie Simmons said, to Mary Smith, "his trouble was that you had a harder head than he had figured on."

Unconsciously, Mary Smith touched the back of her harder head. It felt all right; it felt better than it had two days before. It was more the hair, of course, than the head itself. An operator at Antoine's had done what he could, making commiserating sounds as he worked; saying there wasn't much even he could do, but, in spite of pessimism, doing a good deal. Anyway, it wasn't rugged any more.

Simmons and Marty Hale watched her, smiled at her, at each other. Everything had worked out as hoped; Kisco, in Chicago, was neatening everything up. It is always pleasant to have a hunch work out.

"A hard head," Simmons said, cheerfully, and, it momentarily occurred to Marty Hale, with enviable detachment. "You can't really blame him."

"I can," Marty said. But it was all very cheerful.

"For the mistake," Bernie Simmons said, genially. "You looked very dead, Miss Smith. The ambulance surgeon thought you were dead until he had you in the ambulance. You can't blame a layman, checking in the dark, and in something of a hurry. Of course, when he read that you were in the hospital, and not expected to live, he could only hope you'd die. When you didn't oblige, he could only try to pick you up when you got out and correct his oversight."

Marty, speaking mildly, with restraint, suggested that Bernie Simmons begin at the beginning.

Simmons said, "Where do things begin?" and, on being looked at with forbearance, said, "All right. But there are still two places."

One was when James Bradley, having completed serving time, decided to start over again, without a wife, with a new name. The other, years later on, was when the abandoned wife saw a newspaper picture of her long-lost husband.

Martin Hale shrugged his shoulders and looked at Mary. She was looking much more rested; her wide brown eyes were quite bright now. She shook her head.

"Oh," Simmons said, "I don't contend we can prove it. But—Reid gets a promotion in the agency, which has an office in Chicago, too. And the surest way of getting your picture in a newspaper—one of the surest, anyway—is to get promoted in an advertising agency. Check?"

Marty nodded, as a check.

They could not, of course, prove that Laureen Bradley, then using her maiden name of Evans, had seen the photograph. They could prove that it had been published; that Laureen had left the apartment she shared with another young woman the day after the photograph appeared, and said she was going to take a trip to New York. They could prove that, the day after that, a young woman checked into the Greyland Hotel under the name Laureen Evans. They could prove that that was a little less than three weeks before she was killed, in another place, under another name.

"My place, my name," Mary Smith said, keeping it straight. Simmons nodded.

THEY could not prove that, finding her husband doing so well under a nice new name, with a nice new "wife," Laureen had got in touch with Reid-Bradley and said, in effect, "Or else." Or, alternatively, "Come back to me." They could not prove that he had stalled her along—making promises, keeping her in funds—while he made other preparations. They could prove that, on the afternoon before the night she died, Laureen had checked out of the hotel. They could prove she had died in the apartment.

"Probably," Simmons said, "he told her that he'd found a much better place for her to stay—a nice apartment instead of a small room in a third-rate hotel. Told her to bring her things and come to it. Met her there and—zowie. Then further zowies to make identification difficult. Then, as you guessed, Marty, a bit of lugging around of the body to get fingerprints in the right places. He'd had plenty of time to polish off earlier prints."

"Mine," Mary said. Then unexpectedly, she shivered; she had lifted her almost untouched drink and the liquid trembled in her glass. She put the glass down, and Marty Hale reached out and touched her hand. She managed to smile, then. "I'm all right," she said. "It was just—for a moment I felt like nobody. As if I—weren't. He kept saying a 'nobody mouse.'"

That was, of course, the way Bradley had thought of her—not as a person, as—"call it," Simmons said, "an identity for another person to die under."

He digressed momentarily; pointed out that murderers are caught because of their relationships to, connections with, their victims. Only out of such relationships do motives grow. Hence, no relationships, no suspicion, no tie-in. "All," Bernie Simmons said, "very logical. From a certain point of view, of course."

While he stalled his wife along, James Bradley had sought a suitable identity for her to die under. The requirements were not too restrictive — approximate age and size; a young woman more or less alone in a great city; a young woman who lived alone in an accessible apartment.

"Actually," Simmons said, "there are probably thousands in town who would answer, and hundreds more coming every day. It's a city that calls them, our city. It takes time —months—before they are part of the city. Even when they want to be." He paused, looked at Mary as

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AND LEFT FOR DEAD

if, now, he saw her—saw her wide dark eyes, the delicacy of her pointed face. "As," he said, with unusual gentleness in his voice, "you didn't, my dear."

She nodded her head, slowly.

"A good place to look," Simmons said, "is in the reading-rooms of the public library. Lonely people kill time there. Busy themselves there. Go there to rest. People who aren't any more, or aren't yet, part of anything. A good place to look."

Bradley had looked. Simmons looked again at Mary Smith, and raised his eyebrows.

"Yes," she said. "When I saw him again I — remembered. I'm quite sure."

Find a girl, read her name and address from a book-call slip, follow her for a time to learn her habits, check up on her without being caught at it, decide whether she fills the bill.

"It must," Mary said, "have pleased him to discover that I had such a—such an ordinary name."

Presumably it had, although a common name was not really essential to the plan. Call it a minor bit of luck for a murderer. Murderers need a good deal of luck. More than James Bradley had turned out to have.

"Get on with it, Bernie," Marty suggested. "If you get on with it, I'll buy you another drink."

More important than the name, Bernie said, after a moment's reproachful stare, was the time. The chosen—he paused—subject had to be someone who had been living in the apartment for at least several months — months during which Laureen Evans had, demonstrably, been living in Chicago. So that, if a search were started for Laureen, nobody would get the unfortunate notion that she was really a murdered Mary Smith.

"Somebody," Simmons said. "A man—called the rental office and gave them a story. He used to live in the apartment and liked it a lot and had heard that it was vacant. They told him that hadn't been true since February, and wouldn't be until at least October. Disappointed, the man who called was. Wondered whether it was anybody he knew. Said he knew a lot of people in the village. Thought if it was, maybe he could make a deal. Really did want the apartment. They told him a Miss Mary Smith. Made disappointed sounds, they report.

"Seems so a suitable identity for a former wife, and present threat to everything achieved, to die under. Of course, the identity had to be vacated first. So——

"You left the library that night when it closed at ten." Simmons said to Mary Smith, in the cool friendliness of the Algonquin's lounge. "You remember that?"

She nodded. She said, "Nothing after that."

It was rather a pity she didn't, Simmons said; a pity, but not too important. Since there was no clear reason for her having gone to the East Side, where she didn't live, it could be assumed that Bradley had waylaid her nearer home—"some nice dark spots around there"—and struck her down. Then, of course, he had to get the body out of the neighborhood. Put it—

"Please," Mary said. "Not 'it,' Mr. Simmons."

"Good girl," Bernie said. "You. Took you out of the neighborhood. Left you for dead. Took your identification keys. Went back and prepared a place for Laureen. Took your pass-book as a — a kind of bonus." He stopped suddenly. "Mary," he said, "if you had found the pass-book when you — came back — had had the money—would you have—?"

"Gone away again?" she said. "Hidden again? I—I don't know. But" — she looked suddenly at Martin Hale — "I was still running from — from myself. From—contacts. Yes, I think I would have." Her expression asked something from Martin Hale. Understanding, Martin Hale thought. He could only hope that his own expression gave it, that a smile gave it.

"Once a small-time crook, always a small-time crook," Bernie said, giving no evidence he had noticed anything. "The chance to pick up almost four thousand dollars by a little easy forgery. And if he hadn't been greedy, you'd have completed the job for him. Vacated the identity. And, he didn't need the money. It gives one pause."

He used his to finish a gin and tonic. Marty used his share of it to tap a waiter's little bell.

That was, Simmons said, about all. Presumably, Bradley had scouted the apartment Friday morning to see what the set-up was, if the excess girl had showed up there. Running into Atkins was a bad break. He recognised Atkins — Atkins was a very recognisable man. But Atkins gave no sign of having recognised him. He had gone back later, planning to wait around—

BERNARD SIMMONS looked at Mary Smith. "For you, undoubtedly. He'd seen you go out, Marty. Figured the apartment was the best place to find you, my dear. Finish the job off. And Atkins walked in on him—"

"It was the other way round," Martin Hale said. "He told me that much before — before the smokehouse."

It didn't matter. He walked in on Atkins, then. And this time, presumably, Atkins — who was looking for evidene that the dead woman was (or wasn't) the daughter of Arlington and Marian Smith—had revealed that he knew who Bradley was. And got killed for his carelessness. And——

Simmons interrupted himself.

"This suit of Mary's," he said. "Presumably Atkins found it; Bradley took it after he'd killed him. Was there *something* special about the suit, Mary?"

"A little tailor made it for me," she said. "Back home in Smithville. I was wearing it when I left home. He—the tailor—I suppose he would have recognised it."

She pleased Bernie Simmons. His expression told her that.

Bradley himself would not, of course, have seen any special significance in the suit — found it would prove the existence of another woman—"an extra woman." So he took it and destroyed it. And, since he had been forced this time to fire a shot, which might have been heard, he got going. Not far—to the car, to wait in the car.

"Which," Bernie Simmons said, "is about the size of it. You were in on the rest. Both of you. He planned, Mary, to finish the job on you—vacate the identity for good. See that you weren't—found."

"It's a—a little chilly in here," Mary said.

"Air conditioning," Marty told her.

"As for you, my friend," Bernie Simmons said, "As for you, a nice accident, I think. Since if you merely vanished questions would be asked. And—since you were the only one, aside from the man at the bank, who says he can't swear to anything, who had seen Mary after she left the hospital. Seen her to know her. Would be in a position to prove there were really two Mary Smiths — two girls for only one identity. The case of the overcrowded identity. So——"

The accident would, of course, have been in the rented car. Bradley had put the car in his father-in-law's garage for use, probably, some time on Monday, after the weekenders had gone home, when the lake colony was deserted. After, probably, Bradley had finished his business with Mary Smith.

"The nobody mouse," Mary said, and shivered again. And then a bellboy began to walk through the lounge, saying, "Mr. Simmons, please. Mr. Bernard Simmons." To which Bernie Simmons said, "Blast it!" He went to a telephone. He came back, glowering. He said that even an assistant district attorney ought to be allowed to eat lunch. He started off. He stopped. He said, "Bless you, my children." He went.

Marty looked at the girl, but she looked beyond him. He waited.

"Marty," Mary Smith said. "I'll have to go back, you know. Not run any more." He nodded his head, but it did not seem she saw the motion. "Because," she said, "I'm not — not just any young woman, right age, right size. I'm—I'm me, Marty. I can't run from *me*, can I?"

He said "No" and now, finally, she looked at him.

"I'm Mary Smith," she said. "For me, the Mary Smith."

"People have to be. It can't be run from."

"Not a nobody mouse," she said. "Not—I do have to go back, don't I? Be—who I am?"

"Yes. Mary—would it help if I went with you?"

Her eyes were very large. It was a moment before she answered.

"No," she said. "By myself. The—the way I ran. To prove, by myself, that I don't have to run any more."

It was a little cool in the lounge. The air conditioning, as he had just told her.

"Of course," Mary Smith said. "I'll have to come back when — when they try him. Won't I?"

He said yes. He looked at her. And now, as not before, she really looked at him—seemed to wait for him.

"I—" Marty Hale said, and hesitated. One has to find things out. "I could come out and get you," Martin Hale said.

He waited.

"Yes, you could, Marty," Mary Smith said. "You could come out and get me."

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Teenagers WEEKLY

TUESDAY WELD
— page 4

BEING 17 IS SUCH A PUZZLE
— page 3

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Personality ideas for basic style

ONE of the most popular styles worn by teenagers today is the "straight-up-and-down" dress without sleeves. With a little improvisation you can create a personality frock out of this style.

Here are five suggestions:

1. Wear a heavy gold chain around the hips with the medallion hanging to one side. If you want to be daring, wind an identical chain around your forearm.

2. Sew a large artificial flower on the hem to one side, making it in a contrasting color. If your material is black and white stripes, the flower can be crimson or daffodil-yellow.

3. Pin several rows of rope beads from one shoulder of the dress to the other. For dramatic effect wear them on the front AND the back of the dress.

4. Tie a long sash around your waist, letting the ends fall almost to the hemline. Make your sash in a darker or contrasting shade. A pink frock would have a deep dusky-pink sash.

5. Sew large flat buttons in a continuous downward spiral around the frock. If the material is plain, different-colored buttons will add piquancy, but on a patterned material white buttons are best. — *Greta Ross, Chatswood, N.S.W.*

How would YOU make TV better?

WHICH television programmes do you watch? Why do you watch them? Are you satisfied with the entertainment TV offers you? If not, what types of programme do you think TV could provide for the teenage viewer?

The Australian Council for Children's Films and Television is conducting a campaign for better TV entertainment for young people and is inviting viewers under 18 years of age to give their answers to the above questions.

A prize of £1/1/- will be awarded to the best letter received.

Letters should be addressed to: Australian Council for Children's Films and Television, 59 Raleigh Street, Essendon, Vic.

Heart sob

A HEART is not a plaything,
A heart is not a toy,
But if you want it broken,
Give it to a boy. — *"Helpful," N.S.W.*

Point to ponder

TWO thousand years ago the Egyptians were noted for their pyramids, slavery, and high standard of civilisation; the Romans for their roads, Empire, and laws; the Greeks for their athletics and democratic system.

So, in 2000 years' time, our civilisation will be noted for something. What have we to show for ourselves? One-third of the world living in luxury while two-thirds starve? Scientific progress and good literature swamped by rubbish? If none of these, then what? — *"Wondering," Red Cliffs, Vic.*

The hard way

UNTIL recently the saying "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today" meant nothing to me. Then I was involved in an accident, and for the few seconds it took to happen many things went through my mind — my family, friends, and the things I wanted to do. Had I really done something each day to make someone else happy? And just how much time had I wasted? I hope that others don't have to learn what life is worth the hard way, as I did. — *Fay Crowhurst, Sans Souci, N.S.W.*

Head on stamp

MOST people have seen the head of an aboriginal displayed on the face of the two-shilling Australian stamp.

Until recently I had assumed the head was just an artist's impression of an Australian aboriginal, but W. E. Harney, in his book "Life Among the Aborigines," says the aboriginal was a gardener for a family (the Waudbys) living at Emu Springs, Northern Territory. He is known as "One Pound Jimmy" and is the only aboriginal whose profile appears on a postage stamp. — *Janet Coake, Sydney.*

Hat trick

IF you have a beach hat which needs some decoration, here is a novel idea. Add a bobble fringe to the brim and sew separate bobbles to the crown. If this is too expensive for your pocket, rummage through Mum's sewing-box and select some buttons which have interesting shapes. Sew them on to the crown and brim of your hat. In this way you have something different for the beach. — *Sonia D'Adam, Cabramatta, N.S.W.*

Democracy

DEMOCRACY — what is it exactly? I think the best definition is: "Our constitution is called a democracy because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many. In settling private differences all are equal before the law, and in public we honor all kinds of able men, not because they belong to any particular class but because they have ability."

This was written in the 5th century B.C. by Pericles, of Athens. We call ourselves a democratic country because the elections are in the hands of the people.

But I don't think we are a classless society, honoring all able men. We look up to men with professional positions and down at the working classes, and so draw a distinct line, despite the particular ability of either group. Are we truly democratic? — *Marilynne Woods, Kogarah, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Well, I think you and Danny are made for each other. He knows nothing about anything — and you know everything about nothing."

XXXXXX

WHEN writing to their sweethearts or loved ones, most people put a row of Xs at the bottom of the letter.

I recently read that this custom grew from the medieval legal practice of putting the sign of St. Andrew after signatures on all important documents. This sign resembles the letter "X."

Many contracts were not considered binding until each one who signed affixed St. Andrew's cross and then kissed it as a guarantee of trustworthiness.

So today, many years later, we send these Xs as a sign of love, good faith, and trustworthiness. — *"E.D.," Melbourne.*

Phony caught out in the rye

● "The world is full of phonies," wrote "Out," of Windsor, N.S.W. (T.W. 14/2/62). He denounced "hot-shot disc jockeys," "crummy rock-'n-roll singers," the twist, and beatniks. Readers howled him down.

"OUT" should have labelled his letter "Phony." He is one of the characters J. D. Salinger wrote about in "The Catcher in the Rye" (which clearly inspired "Out's" letter). This would be obvious to anyone who has read the book, and I'm sure I don't know of any more despicable "phoniness." — *"Reader," Camberwell, Vic.*

I LIKE listening to "some hot-shot disc jockey raving about some crummy record he doesn't know a thing about." The D.J. is giving his personal opinion of the record. As for the fact that it "kills you" to see people lined up waiting for admission to the movies—it's a pity someone doesn't! The twist is a fabulous dance. What's the matter? Can't you do it? Beatniks believe in their way of life, no matter how it looks to you. I wouldn't know about the Foreign Legion, but why don't you join it and find out? — *"I'm In," Morningside, Qld.*

YOU sound as if you have been reading the book "The Catcher in the Rye." I recognise the phrases and the attitudes. If you haven't read it, you should — you will discover a kindred spirit. I bet you go around saying "How pathetic" to everything and everyone and calling everybody hypocritical when they don't agree with you. I did this for about six months after reading the book — driving my friends, my family, and myself crazy. I am pleased to report that I am now almost completely recovered, after realising that I was the biggest phony of them all, as well as being an out-and-out egotist. You will come to realise that you aren't a dictator and that you can't change human nature. You have to accept this or commit suicide — *Marianne Fleming, Beresfield, N.S.W.*

IT takes one phony to recognise another. — *"M.K.," Highett, Vic.*

BELIEVE it or not, there actually are some of us who sincerely enjoy listening to "hot-shot disc jockeys" playing "some crummy record"! Not only that but I also find theatre-going great fun and the queueing up is usually well worth the trouble.

Most of the people I know are straightforward and honest. I pity "Out," living in his imagined world of phonies. The only way of escape for him is to find a cave in the hills and go there to live, free from "crazy teenagers," "stupid movies," and "dumb kids."—*W. Dalley, Artarmon, N.S.W.*

HOW does "Out" know that these disc jockeys do not know a thing about the records they rave about? Or does "Out" have personal contact with them? Well, at least I can say I'm one of those so-called "dumb kids" who listen to and enjoy them.

As for people who say, "I'm so PLEASED to see you again" — most of them are really honest when they say it. What do you expect them to say? "I don't want to see you. Goodbye"?

You ought to think it a compliment that a person who hardly knows you will say it (if they knew you better they might not!). Maybe if you joined the Foreign Legion Australia's teenagers would be a lot better off. — *Jacky Lovering, Elizabeth, S.A.*

Next week

HOW long since you worried about how to pep up that dress or coat that's now a dead loss in your wardrobe? For next week we've chosen three dresses — and show different ways to keep them alive simply and cheaply by using the right accessories.

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By MARCH WINGATE

The party's over, you are no longer sweet 16—you're finding . . .

17 IS SUCH A PUZZLE

● Everyone knows that to be 17 is to be in love and that being in love is AWFUL at 17. Talk about a vicious circle!

YOU'RE never sure of him (or her). You're waiting for the sword of Damocles to fall and slice your romance to pieces. Adults don't help much, either.

But, not to worry. If you don't get your heart broken when you're 17 it is very possible that you never will, or else that you've got no heart—because simply every 17-year-old I talk to these days finds his or her life in pieces, like a jigsaw puzzle.

Moony, dreamy, lovelorn, they're either heading for or recovering from the big crash.

They languish lamentably near the telephone. When it rings they pounce joyously, but soon they are back in their moony dream . . . heading for their heartbreak.

It's a demon of an age, 17. You fall in love, you perhaps go for your driving licence, your parents nag you about your exams or your job.

It's the age you're supposed to be "getting somewhere," and just to complicate things thoroughly it's the age at which you fall hook-line-and-sinker.

The latest love makes all the others melt to nothingness, like snowflakes in a pressure-cooker. Yet all the time you feel it's too good to last, and subconsciously you're waiting for disappointment.

So what do you do? You struggle through a year of bitter-sweetness, pleasing no one.

If you stay round home nights, waiting for the phone to ring, then you're the type that never makes friends. Why don't you go out somewhere? they ask.

If you take the same girl out often, then you're too young to be serious. If you play the whole field, you're wild. That's why I say adults don't help much.

Enjoy yourself

It's all rather inevitable but completely logical, and there's no reason why it shouldn't be enjoyable. The pieces of the Seventeen Year Jigsaw Puzzle are really quite easy to pull apart—if not put together.

The reason you get your heart broken at 17 is because if you're a boy you fall in love with someone of exactly the same age as yourself. After a time the girl, who grows up faster, feels you're too young for her. Older boys take an interest in her and you lose her.

Don't worry, you'll recover. Just adore her for a while and let her go when the time comes.

And if you're a girl, your heart is usually broken by a much older man. You have a teenage boy as a steady (see above—you break his heart), but you fix your romantic, idolising eyes on a much older man. He takes an interest in you because your devotion flatters him, but eventually he says: "I'm almost old enough to be your father."

The heavens fall, your world collapses, your heart is broken. Actually it's only tempered, like steel, with a hardening agent which will make it more resilient next time. It takes a while to find this out, though.

At this age it seems hard to take a trick.

The obvious answer is, perhaps, to wait a few years and then settle for the age-matching which traditionally works out matrimonially—that is, the girl from two to four years younger than the boy.

Once you get into your 20s your ideas will have changed several times, and this age-grouping adjusts itself in most cases.

Most boys like to "talk down" to their girls a bit, though there are some who are subconsciously looking for the motherly girl. If you are the maternal type you will be happy going along with them.

But if you like to lean, the boy a few years older is the one for you.

The best thing is to take what comes at 17, heartbreak and all, and make a lovely year of it. Don't be too serious, but fall lightly in love if you must . . . without someone to love a little, life would be empty.

The person you love now is likely to set the whole pattern for future standards, so treasure this love at 17, even if it peters out.

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LADY WITH A LAMP —AND A HELMET

● Occupational health nursing is a career with an increasing attraction for girls. We interviewed one of these nurses, Sister Enid Cook, of Maroubra, N.S.W., to find out what the job entailed, the necessary training, and how she liked it.

By Win Munday

SINCE the N.S.W. College of Nursing introduced a postgraduate course in occupational health (it used to be called industrial nursing) the nurse in industry is becoming an important member of the staff of every factory, office or department store large enough to merit a "first aid" department.

Sister Cook has 500 men in her care—from the managing director down to the youngest apprentice.

She has regular working hours (7.30 a.m. to 4 p.m.) five days a week, three weeks' holiday a year, and a bigger pay packet than she would get at a hospital, even after paying for her own board and lodging.

Above all—apart from these material advantages — Sister Cook has a job which tests her initiative every day and gives her a satisfying feeling of helping to prevent accidents and illness before they occur.

"The old days of an industrial nurse's duties consisting of putting on a finger bandage or lifting up a telephone receiver and calling an ambulance are gone with the increased mechanisation," Sister Cook told me.

And going around her small domain at a chemical and plastics factory at Maroubra, I could see that industrial nursing has marched a long way from the days of the old first-aid room with a few boxes of bandages and plaster and a supply of headache tablets.

In one corner an instrument steriliser was bubbling away, in another stood an oxygen cylinder ("for dealing with anything from heart attacks to an accident with chlorine gas," she explained), an infra-red lamp, and trays and trolleys of instruments which she may have to use on the 20 or more patients who come into the surgery every day.

While we talked, an employee in overalls came in for attention for a tooth extraction he'd had the previous day.

Where once employees requiring regular medical treatment had to take days off to go to a doctor or hospital, they can now often get it through their works' medical departments, saving them and their employers money.

Hanging behind the door was Sister Cook's crash helmet. "I have to wear it every time I go into the plant," she said. "I work with the resident doctor here, the management, the personnel and training departments, and the safety officer.

"Between us we see that accidents are kept to a minimum, and if — as occasionally happens — a bad one occurs, I have to make a report on its cause so that steps can be taken to prevent its recurrence."

Sister Cook enjoys the personal relationship she has with everyone—from the managing director downwards.

"The men come to me with all kinds of problems, apart from medical ones," she said. "They also come for free advice about their children's measles and their wives' aches and pains.

"I try to be a friend as well as a nurse to them, and they repay me with consideration, politeness, and gratitude."

ENID COOK wearing the helmet which is compulsory for everyone in the factory where she looks after 500 men.

36-week course

There are about 300 industrial nurses in New South Wales. Some, like Sister Cook, work with a resident doctor, but many cope alone. Often their sharp, watchful eyes spot the early onset of diseases like hepatitis soon enough to avoid an epidemic.

Sister Cook trained at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital and, after graduation, went to England. She worked for another two years at R.P.A. on her return before deciding to take the College of Nursing's postgraduate course in industrial nursing.

The 30-week part-time course included lectures on industrial welfare, workers' compensation, and industrial legislation as well as conducted visits to factories, offices, and department stores.

"I'd just no idea of how much was involved until I took up the course," she said, "but I'm glad I did."

For the girl interested in occupational health there is a wide variety of industries open to her. Match plants, paper and cotton mills, several big department stores, and the railways all employ industrial nurses.

MODERN EQUIPMENT, such as this oxygen apparatus, is now common in factory surgeries.

Tuesday today —and tomorrow

● Blonde film star Tuesday Weld, who has just turned 18 and is this week's cover pin-up, has been working for 15 years.

AT the tender age of three her mother packed her off to be a photographer's model to help support her elder brother and sister.

She posed for her pay until she was 10. "I loved it till I was seven," she said, "but after that hated it and gave it up when I started getting parts in TV shows and stage plays."

At 15 she landed her first important film role in "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and soon afterwards the lead in "The Five Pennies" with Danny Kaye.

Then a two-year contract to star in the "Dobie Gillis" TV series gave Tuesday her first secure income.

Own phone

She and her mother moved from their Sunset Strip apartment into a house where they had separate apartments, separate phones.

Recently she has been doing lots of TV work, including a part in "Follow the Sun."

Tuesday (called Tuesday because she was expected on Tuesday but born on Thursday) is 5ft. 3in. high, weighs 8 stone, has golden-blond hair and has eyes that change from hazel to green to blue according to her moods.

Her figure is a neat 36-19-36.

Guitar, ballet

Tuesday is a mixture of child and world-weary woman. Last year she had a fight with her doting mother, and moved into a 19-room Bel-Air mansion, complete with swimming-pool, hi-fi, piano, and furnished doll's house.

Tuesday knows how to provide color and excitement about herself, and works hard to further her career. She has taken lessons in guitar, classical ballet, and modern dance to fit herself for any part she might get.

She strives for publicity with outrageous and often untrue remarks — and gets it.

TUESDAY — child or world-weary woman?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5526190

Thumbs up for cheap travel to see Australia

● You don't need a wallet bulging with notes to see Australia. More important are a spirit of adventure, lots of initiative and enthusiasm, and just a few pounds to get you started.

PAUL TUMMINELLO carrying the rucksack filled with sleeping-bag and all the gear he needed for his 7000-mile hitch-hike.

CYRIL and Paul Tumminello, aged 19 and 17, left their home in Sydney to travel to the Northern Territory. They had £20 each and two bulging rucksacks. When they returned, 30 days later, they had covered 7000 miles.

"We weren't travelling all that time," Paul said. "We had 10 days of sightseeing, waiting for trucks, or being held up by flooded rivers. In 20 days of actual travelling we averaged 350 miles a day."

The boys hitch-hiked north as far as Townsville, then west across Queensland to Mount Isa and Tennant Creek, north again to Darwin, south through Alice Springs to Adelaide, then east to Melbourne and back to Sydney.

"We had to travel in the wet season because it was the only time we were both free together," said Paul.

Flooded rivers

His brother Cyril attends St. Columbus College, at Springwood, and Paul has just started Agricultural Science at Sydney University.

Their choice of timing landed them into plenty of excitement. They crossed flooded rivers in the Northern Territory with the water sometimes up to the windows of the vehicles.

Several times they had to help the drivers rebuild bits of washed-out roads before they could go on.

The boys managed to make their £20 spin out without doing any work. Most of it went on food and color films, and they each arrived home with ninepence.

Between them they took 150 color slides. "We could have taken hundreds if we'd had more money," said Paul. "The Centre is so colorful, exactly as Namatjira painted it.

"The people up there are wonderful. They like to pick you up and are just as interested in you as you are in them.

"They're only too anxious to show you all the sights and will go five miles and more off the road to show off some gravestone or ancient landmark."

Both boys are vegetarians and lived on dried fruit, vegetable extracts, vegetables, and powdered milk.

"We spent about £11 each on food," said Paul, "but fruit in the Northern Territory is poor quality and expensive. The cheapest is about sixpence a piece, and dried up at that.

"We didn't seem to worry much about food, though, and were often satisfied with an evening meal of a cake and an apple. We both lost about a stone in weight."

Made own tent

The brothers took sleeping-bags and a two-man tent they had made themselves, shorts, shirts and long trousers, paper handkerchiefs, and a billy.

"We could have done with one shirt each and no long trousers. You can wash a shirt and it will be dry in 20 minutes in the hot winds," Paul said.

Mostly they slept on the roadside in their padded sleeping-bags.

At Larrimah they slept in a railway shed, at Woomera they slept on the floor of the security guard's office, and for two nights they had the comfort of the inside of a roomy new car perched on top of the semi-trailer that was transporting it.

At each township the boys contacted trucking firms and contractors to find out when transports were leaving.

"Because of the wet season we had to wait around quite a bit for transport, but we were glad we didn't have to pay the petrol for our travels. At one place the price went up to 7/- a gallon."

Paul thinks that anyone could do the same as he and his brother did as long as they had the right mental attitude.

"We didn't expect the trip to be a picnic, and at times it wasn't," he said. "But we were prepared to rough it and we never regretted a minute of it."

PETER GOSLETT, who went tin-prospecting during his 4700 - mile hitch - hike, weighing some of the tin which paid his expenses.

He paid his way with tin

A £5 note was all the cash that 22-year-old Peter Goslett had when he left his Wahroonga home in Sydney last October.

Four months later he returned — having hitched and worked his way up to Cooktown in Northern Queensland. He saw 4700 miles of Australia, including Thursday Island, in that time and earned his living expenses by prospecting for tin.

Peter is an aspiring actor and had a good part in the Australian film about surf lifesavers, "The Bungala Boys."

"About October things were a bit quiet in Sydney, so I decided to hitch-hike to Surfers' Paradise and look for some kind of a job," he said.

"I didn't care for Surfers', so I hitched a ride farther north, until I reached Mareeba, where I got a few days' work on a tobacco farm.

"Another lift — this time from a tin-miner who was going into Cairns for supplies — gave me the idea of tin-prospecting."

A miner's licence cost Peter 5/-, but he found that the few tools needed — a shovel, a pick-axe, a gold pan, and a mineral map of the area — were gladly lent to him by old prospectors, who assured him that there were fortunes to be made.

Peter, who did his national service in Malaya, also borrowed a .22 rifle to shoot his own food.

"I found a deserted hut on Mount Amos, about 100 miles south of Cooktown, and squatted there," he said. "It was right next door to a deserted pineapple plantation.

I lived on wallabies, wild pigs, scrub-turkey, pheasants, and fruit—wild lemons, pineapples, papaws, and bananas.

"Then I went prospecting around the Pascoe River, 200 miles north of Cooktown. I borrowed an old utility to get there and took along two aborigines who knew where the tin was.

"I made enough out of the tin to pay expenses and to buy the utility before the 'wet' set in. The diggings around the Pascoe River are 14 miles off the road, but I couldn't get the truck through in wet weather.

"I had to carry the tin back to the road in small bags. It's no joke lugging a hundredweight of tin 14 miles. Tin-agents sold it for me in Cairns.

"Next I hitched a ride to Thursday Island on a lugger," he said. "I went diving there for shells in a helmet and canvas jacket, which didn't seem too safe."

On the return journey Peter hitched another ride to Brisbane, and the last part of the journey back to Sydney was as a pillion passenger on a motor-cycle.

Best pies in Cairns

The only part of the journey Peter paid for was £2/10/- for the boat trip from Cooktown to Cairns.

"As I'd earned £4/10/- on the way up the coast, I made £2 profit on the travelling. The prospecting covered all other expenses, so it was a cheap trip.

"I lived mostly on pies, milk-shakes, and cigarettes. Cairns has the best meat and apple pies I've come across anywhere.

"Now I'm back I'm planning to do the two-year course at the National Institute of Dramatic Art."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5526191

CAR-RACE FANS—IN TOP GEAR

IN THE PITS (above) a driver looks resolutely ahead while one girl wears a knitted jersey slack suit and leather hat; the other, stretch-nylon pants, bulky Fair Isle sweater, pull-on hat.

CURVES on the circuit can prove dangerous for drivers, but when they're provided by a lovely model in a stretch-nylon jerkin and pants set they add up to glamor.

● *Female enthusiasts (many of them teenagers) are increasing in numbers at car-racing meetings in Australia. And the girls are setting new trends in spectator fashions. Here is some top gear worn by models at an Australian Racing Drivers' Club practice day recently at Catalina circuit, near Katoomba, N.S.W.*

● Pictures by David Mist, Sydney. Fashions by French Knit, Sydney, Vogue of South Australia, and Watersun, Melbourne.

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CRASH WAGGON "helpers" — girl in stretch-nylon pants and ocelot-print top; friend in red stretch-nylon pants with kid finish, heavy-knit cardigan.

RUGGED UP to watch an exciting race, these two enthusiasts wear skinny pants in stretch nylon and jersey, and complete their outfits with brushed fabric toppers.

ROUND THE CIRCUIT speeds a model atop a sports car as colorful as her pretty patterned shirt and smart ranch pants, which are pants belted in satin.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Quick freeze

"RECENTLY I went over to my sister's place to stay for a week. While I was there I met this boy. He came over a few times, and I realised that I like him very much. He was nearly 17 and I'm 15. After I'd been home a few days, I received a letter from him. He said he hoped I'd come over to stay again soon as he missed me and he also asked me if I'd write to him frequently. I wrote, but got no reply. I wrote again telling him when I was going over and got no reply again. I stayed at my sister's place again and didn't see him once. What should I do?"

C.S., W.A.

Write him off to experience. Obviously he no longer feels the same way. Treatment like this is very dashing to young romantic hopes, but it is rare indeed not to experience it during your early romantic adventures.

It's of no comfort to you or your sore heart now to know that such an experience makes you a more interesting girl to know. You're not so gullible, not so easy to win.

Country boys

"HOW may a city girl get to know farmers' sons? I much prefer them to city boys. Would I have to give up my present employment?"

Vee, N.S.W.

If you want to specialise, the only way to do it is to go where farmers' sons are. How you combine this with earning a living in the city, I don't know.

Still, living and working in the city does give opportunities. Showtime is wonderful, with all those young men in their broad-brimmed hats. You'd better get out and about the Show pavilions at Easter.

Boy wants fling

"MY boy-friend and I are 250 miles apart because of his job. I am very much in love with him. We went steady together before he was moved. I am 20 and he is 21. Last week he wrote to me saying that he wished to go out on the fling. He also told me to do the same thing, but I can't, because when I do all I do is think about him. He told me that if I was still around after he had finished his fling he would snap me up. His sister told me to keep corresponding with him, as she thinks he still loves me and he will never find anyone else as good as I am. What will I do?"

"Broken-heart," Vic.

Let him go easily without sign of great emotional upheaval and you've got a chance of getting him back. But write and tell him you are heart-broken and keep writing to him as his sister suggests and you haven't a chance.

Like most young men, he doesn't want to get himself tied down to one girl until he has been out with many other girls and found out by experience which is the girl for him. You may be that girl.

I think he's acting quite well about it all, far better than many other young men would. He has given you notice of his intentions and suggested you do the same thing. Maybe he'll find someone he likes better. Maybe you will in the interval, but he's going to do it anyway whatever you say.

It would have been very easy, separated from you as he is, to take other girls out on the quiet and keep you on a string with occasional letters, but he has paid you the compliment of being honest with you.

Say as little as possible and have as good a time as you can. Go out with whoever asks you, even if you do think of him all the time.

And don't make a great confidant of his sister, thinking she will pass on news of you. Brothers don't take a great deal of notice of what their sisters say or the advice they give.

Right to write?

"I HAVE liked a certain boy for two years now, but during this time he has gone to boarding school and I've lost contact with him. His friends say he likes me but is too shy to write. Should I write first, as I would like to? I am 15."

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

Why not? Everyone likes to get a letter sometimes. Whether or not he'd like to keep up the correspondence is up to him, so you may as well find out.

Not too late

"I HAVE been engaged for about a month and I was planning to make my debut sometime this season. My friends have advised me that after getting engaged it is impossible to make my debut. Can you enlighten me?"

"Debut Troubles," N.S.W.

In the good old days when making your debut really meant something, I think your friends may have been right. Today, however, making your debut comes down to a pretty ceremony at a dance and I can't see for a moment why you can't still be in it, engaged or not.

Sudden drop

"WE are three fairly attractive girls of 13, 14, and 15. For several months we have been going round with a group of boys. Several days ago they dropped us, the reason being we were not pretty enough for them. What should we do?"

M.S.R., Vic.

Nothing, except think. What you should think, too, is rather awful—that it is not right for girls of your age to be in a situation where you can be got rid of so hurtfully.

If you were older you wouldn't have let yourself be cast off—you'd have cast them off. Wait round for a few years before you get yourselves involved in further man trouble.

No longer lonely

"A BOY I had a crush on about four years ago wrote to me recently explaining that he was out west and lonely. He asked me to write to him, which I did, not because his letter stirred up my old puppy love again but because I felt sorry for him. My letter was chatty and with nothing personal or anything that could hurt him. However, he has not replied, and as many months have passed I've given up hope of hearing from him again. Should I write to him again or forget him and his loneliness?"

"Pen Pal," S.A.

Don't write again. He obviously has found a new girl, a better cure for his loneliness than letters.

Treated badly

"WE have a girl-friend who is in love with this boy who treats her terribly. He sees her only when he has no one else. She realises this and they are always fighting about it, but she will not give him up. Without hurting her feelings, what can we do to make her realise he is doing her no good. Or do you think we should stay out of the affair?"

"Two Troubled Friends," Qld.

Stay out of it.

Wait to be asked

"WHERE I play sport on Saturdays there is an extremely nice boy. We say one or two bits of conversation to each other in company but never really speak to each other alone. I am not sure if he likes me or not, but how could I get to know him better? If I asked him to go swimming or to the pictures, would he feel embarrassed? If I did this and he refused I would feel as if the whole world would swallow me. I would be so ashamed. In looks I am rather a plain Jane. At what age do you think a girl should wear high heels or little ones?"

"Plain Jane," N.S.W.

Don't ask him to take you out; that would be awful. Concentrate on talking to him and getting to be friends that way. When you are friends, don't ask him to take you out even then. Leave that to him.

I think little heels are permissible for parties from about 14 onwards, but I think high heels, even 2in. ones, should wait till you are 16 at least.

Sneaky girl moves in

"PLEASE help me. I have been going with the boy next door for more than a year now, and I would hate to lose him. A girl who lives in the next street is very sneaky; everyone hates her, including me. She has many boy-friends and she is trying to add the boy next door to her collection. How can I stop her? She comes round all the time now and calls to the boy and asks him out. I am afraid she is succeeding, because he speaks very highly of her all the time. Another thing in her favor is that she is very pretty and I am not. I cry every night about this and I don't eat. I am very jealous.

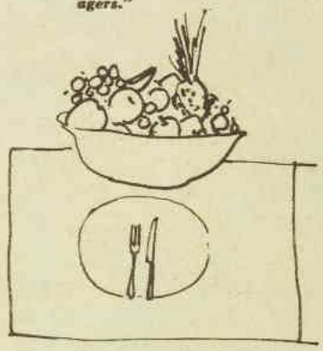
M.V., Vic.

You're in a ghastly situation, I know, and it is the kind of one that you can only grin and bear. But one thing you must try to do—hide from this boy the way you feel. It is all right to be outright angry with him, but to let him see that you are feeling jealous and dispirited will not endear you to him.

TABLE MANNERS

DESSERT (2)

From "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."



● *If fresh fruit is served, another dessert or fruit plate is brought in with a fruit knife on it. Take the apple or pear, quarter it with the fruit knife, and peel it. Then take the quarter in your fingers and eat it. Grapes and cherries are eaten with the fingers.*

● *When it comes time to use your finger-bowl, dip the tips of your fingers in it. But don't forget, it is not a bathtub—you're not supposed to dunk your whole hand. Wipe your fingers on the napkin provided.*

NEXT WEEK: Some Don'ts . . .

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5526194

Smooth make-up

● *The fresh look of simple make-up, achieved with a light powder-base, a powder which matches the skin, a discreet touch of lipstick — and a delicate bloom of rouge in the evening if you're really so pale that you need it — is enough coverage for a pretty face.*

By Carolyn Earle

FORTUNATELY, almost any girl can learn to do a smooth make-up job on herself if she keeps in mind that the object is to build up, not cover up, and is willing to practise patiently, striving for natural effects.

Do your face-making this way:

FOUNDATION or POWDER-BASE goes on first, and it goes on a freshly cleaned face. Be realistic about your own coloring when choosing a foundation; nothing contributes more to the success of your final appearance than a base which "does something" for skin tone as well as texture.

If your skin is clear and your coloring good, you can use a colorless base. For pale and sallow skin choose a slightly warmer, darker base. Foundation with a beige cast can tone down skin that tends to get red.

To put it on: With fingertips, stipple foundation lightly on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin, then blend it in all over, carrying it right up to the hairline, if it's to look natural, and fading it off at the base of the throat.

People in the know about cosmetics keep an extra foundation for feature-improving tricks, too. Dark foundation makes prominent features recede, a pale one will show them up. So dark shades are used on either side of a large nose to cover a prominent chin, to soften a too-square jaw, and so on.

ROUGE, if it's cream or liquid, goes on next. The whole point of rouge is to accent the *upper* part of the face, add sparkle to your eyes, so place it in three dots, as the girl above is doing, where your natural color appears when you are fresh, glowing, and looking your best. Blend it with a clean fingertip, out and upwards almost to the hairline. Never hurry on this part of the job.

If you are nervous of using rouge for the first time, try one of the very pale powder rouges (dry rouge goes on after powder, but looks best with another dusting of powder over it). Tip: Light pink or coral is becoming to young faces. Use pale rouge to contour plump cheeks.

FACE-POWDER puts the finishing touch to a pretty make-up. When applying loose powder, pat (don't scrub) it on generously all over your face and neck with a piece of clean cotton-wool.

When you have a complete coverage (be sure to get it well around the nose and eye areas), take a tissue, a soft powder brush, or your clean hand and pat off any excess in light, downward strokes on cheeks, nose, and chin, and smooth off your forehead in side strokes.

You probably think you need no tips on using LIPSTICK, but don't forget to start by powdering your lips, then draw your outline, and fill it in smoothly with bright color.

MORE TOYS WITH LESS KIDSTAKES

● Kids are not particularly interested in space toys, according to millionaire American toymaker Louis Marx.

"THEY go for action, and you don't get much out of sticking a guy in a cabin and having him speak to ground control," Mr. M. said.

If what the toy tycoon says is true, then it seems to me that many traditional toys could give extra appeal by offering more true-to-life action.

They could also be more instructional, giving kids a hint of things to come in later years.

Take, for instance, the bride doll.

Manufacturers could insist that retailers not sell them across the counter but deliver them by car.

Five minutes late, of course.

These toys could always be sold, too, with a groom doll (a worried-looking, pasty-faced replica of the real thing), a bride's mother doll (that bawls its eyes out when a music-box inside plays da-da-dee-da), and a bride's father doll (complete with an empty wallet).

The next logical development would be to alter a mama doll and turn it into a going-home-to-mama doll!

And what fun a little girl could have with a diet doll.

This would be an inflatable rubber job that the girl would let down until it was its old sylph again.

Dolls' houses would be made more like real homes if their young owners had to pay off mortgages.

Pedal-cars would be more fun if they came with dummy pedestrians to chase and extra room for little lady back-seat drivers . . .

. . . And if they came in specially battered models—for girls.

Toy trains, too, could be made more realistic. In each carriage there could be model-girl passengers—strap-hanging and scowling at males.

A detective's toy-kit should not be complete without a pretty secretary.

And, similarly, a nurse's kit should have a rich patient for the junior Nightingale to marry.

Even the traditional toy cowboy and Indian suits could do with a six-shot in the arm.

As TV and Hollywood Westerns have shown, there should also be revealing, very feminine outfits for make-believe squaws and ranchers' daughters. Remember, the brave deserves the fair and the cowboy to make that pass!

Mr. Marx, it seems, made his fortune largely out of the yo-yo and the hula hoop.

But I can improve even on those successful products—a combination of the existing two . . .

. . . A hula girl, on a string!

— Robin Adair

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5526195

AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS

By Douglas Watson

Convict's art won pardon

1. JOSEPH LYCETT, or LYSAGHT (early 19th century).

JOSEPH LYCETT arrived in New South Wales in 1810 as a convict. For a time he worked in a police office in Sydney, then in 1815 he was sent to Newcastle, where his ability for drawing was noticed.

There he was asked to paint an altar-piece for a church. The painting he did must have pleased the official concerned, for Lycett received a conditional pardon and was allowed to return to Sydney.

During the next few years Lycett earned his living by painting, and during the years 1819-1821 did a series of views of New South Wales and Tasmania.

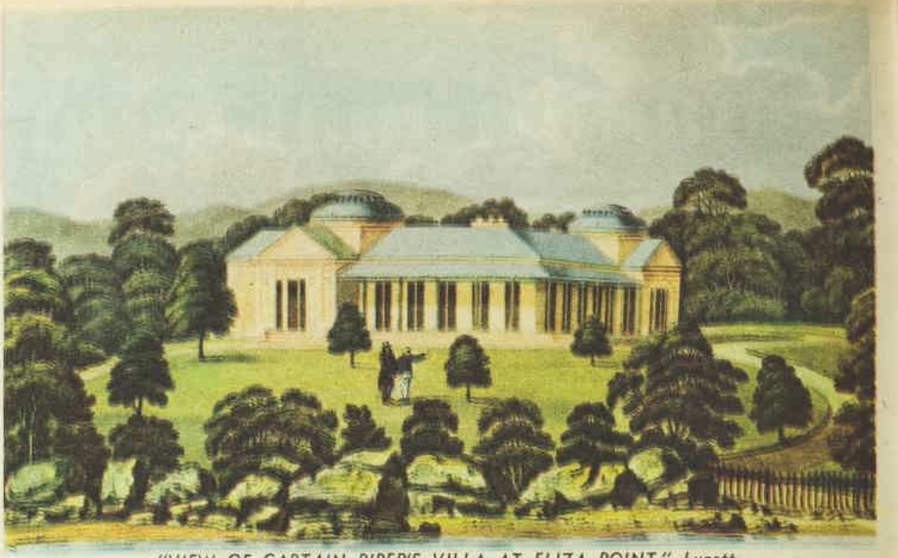
The picture reproduced, "View of Captain Piper's Villa at Eliza Point" (now Sydney suburb Point Piper), is a typical Lycett painting—highly stylised and with extremely formal construction and composition.

The picture conveys the impression that Lycett was determined to please his patron. The villa, which occupies most of the picture, is shown as an extremely elegant piece of architecture, probably the most beautiful house in early Sydney.

Lycett's paintings were handled with infinite care, for he had the most acute eye for detail. Naturally, the English tradition of watercolor painting completely dominated him and he rarely gave the viewer a strong feeling of the purely Australian scene.

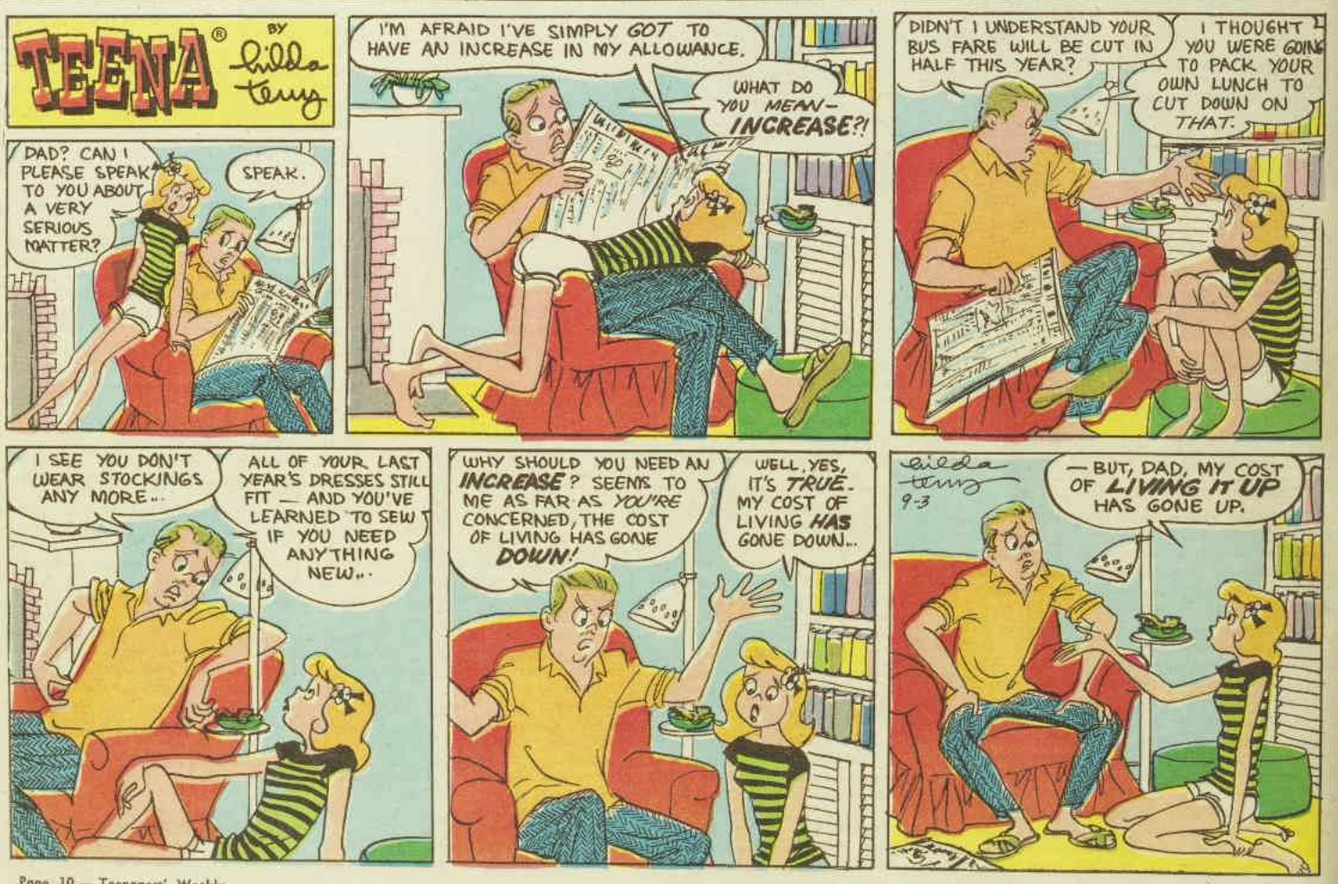
In 1822 Lycett returned to England, and there his volume of "Views in Australia" was published. The painting reproduced is one of that series.

NEXT WEEK: Joseph Fowles.



"VIEW OF CAPTAIN PIPER'S VILLA AT ELIZA POINT," Lycett.
Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Public Library of N.S.W.

● This is the first article in another fascinating art series, AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS, which succeeds our ART THROUGH THE AGES. The new series discusses and shows color examples of work by important Australian artists.



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THE ALLEN BROTHERS

PATSY ANN NOBLE

RAY PRICE

Local talent to try their luck overseas

● Patsy Ann Noble will be leaving us soon. She is definitely going to London in July, Mrs. Noble told me.

"SHOW business is very tough in America," Mrs. Noble said, "We feel Patsy should get more experience before she tackles it. London is a good place for that.

"Also, in London there's more scope for theatre work, which Patsy prefers to everything else."

Patsy will perform on TV, radio, and the stage when in London.

The Allen Brothers may also be going abroad in July — but they will head for America. It's to do with television and, whatever it is, it's pretty big.

The Allen boys, I've heard, have been invited to set an example in the U.S. of Australian teenage entertainment. The full story is a closely guarded secret so far. I'll let you know more later.

THE kettle drum used in **Barry Stanton's** "Back in Your Arms" disc came from the Revue 62 set and is played by **— Johnny O'Keefe!**

ON March 15 Sydney will have its first Trad Jazz Festival, organised by **Ray Price,** on similar lines to the Down Beat Jazz Concert in Melbourne last month.

In Melbourne there were seats for 2500, but at least another 1000 were milling around and standing at the back for the concert.

In Sydney fans will hear the **Ray Price Quartet,** the **Black Oval Jazz Band,** the **Paramount Jazz Band, Graeme Bell,** the **Port Jackson Jazz Band,** and **Kate Dunbar, Marie Benson,** and **Joe Jenkins** singing. The four hours of continuous jazz will be something special.

Ray Price's Port Jackson Jazz Band will be appearing with the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** in Adelaide, too, at the Festival of Arts on March 27.

The Australian Jazz Convention, next December, will be held in Sydney. Forty interstate jazz bands are expected and probably more will be included by then.

Jazz enthusiasts from every State are already beginning to make plans for a holiday in Sydney at that time, and some are talking of staging a local Newport Jazz Festival at Sydney's popular northern beach suburb, along the same lines as the famous American festival.

LISTEN HERE — *with Kirsten Ward*

Jazz: The growing interest in local jazz is reflected in the latest disc releases. Jazz has been the order of the week— and what a fantastic order!

The new Time stereo label, released through W & G, is definitely in the same class as the longer-established Command label for superb sound reproduction.

Both use 35mm. magnetic film (an idea dreamed up by Enoch Light, of the Command label) instead of the normal tape when recording the original sound.

The Time label LP — "Marches, Brass, and Percussion" — is part of the Series 2000. Arranger **Kermit Leslie** has used 36 musicians to interpret the marches — an often forgotten and neglected branch of music.

In the same series there is the exciting LP called "Bongos and Brass," arranged by **Hugh Montenegro.**

Heard of the buzzimba or the scratcher? These are two of the amazing assortment of percussion instruments used. The end result is dynamic, potent, adventurous music.

Remember how I raved about the Command "Percussion" series? A couple more Command LPs arrived this week. My favorite was "Bongos," by **Los Armiradores,** produced by **Enoch Light.** The tracks swing from bluesy to staccato, dynamic to plaintive. Well worth the money.

On the same label **Enoch Light and his Orchestra** play "At Carnegie Hall." The actual music on this LP doesn't appeal to me as much, but that's just personal taste and has nothing to do with quality or the sound reproduction. He plays "Zing Went the Strings Of My Heart," "Heat Wave," and "All The Way," among others.

ON London LP, **John Lewis,** of the **Modern Jazz Quartet,** has used a full symphonic orchestra for his jazz arrangements. And, as my sister would say, "Oh, boy!"

On the jacket it says that to John Lewis "there has never been much difference between jazz and classical. Both deal with imaginative organisation of musical sounds into communicative order." There's some truth to this. Certainly when the jazz is as great as this lot from the MJQ it comes into the classical class.

THE generally light, coolish touch of the **Chico Hamilton Quintet** transforms selections from "Irma La Douce" and "Bye Bye Birdie" into a jazz session that's inventive and subtle, without being too complicated. (Coronet LP.)

Local talent: Australians won't know the name well, but in New Zealand **Peter Posa** and his guitars are very popular. He gives a breezy, piquant touch to the four tunes on the Festival EP "Peter Posa and his Multi Guitars." If the boys will excuse my feminine logic I'll explain his appeal by saying that when you hear him playing you get the feeling he's a nice fellow.

Pops: First time on R.C.A. single (with the new colored cover), **Paul Anka** pleases with "Love Me Warm and Tender" and "I'd Like To Know." I never liked Paul's voice before. Is he improving—or am I mellowing with age?

GENE CHANDLER sings the song he was subsequently named after on Top Rank 45, "The Duke of Earl." It's his first record and one that soared to the top of the Cashbox parades. I don't like it much, but, as they say, so-many-million teenagers can't be wrong.

YOU probably knew **Tony Williams** as former lead singer with The Platters. His first LP (Reprise), "Tony Williams Sings His Greatest Hits," holds new material written for the disc by Buck Ram, and Williams' single successes "Great Pretender" and "Sleepless Nights."

REMEMBER the individual sound **Roy Orbison** got into his first hit, "Only the Lonely"? It's there—along with some new variations—on his London LP "Lonely and Blue." Roy sings five other of his own compositions, including "I'm Hurting" and Don Gibson's "A Legend in My Time."

WORTH HEARING

DEBUSSY: Preludes

LISTENERS who enjoyed a recent recording by pianist Robert Casadesus of the "Popular Piano Music of Debussy and Ravel" should investigate a new record by Robert Casadesus' son, Jean, featuring all 12 of Debussy's first book of piano preludes.

Three of these preludes, "The Girl with the Flaxen Hair, "The Engulfed Cathedral," and "Minstrels," appeared on the earlier disc. The other nine, though not so well known, are equally subtle and fascinating little "tone poems," as well as being highly ingenious studies in the capacities of the modern piano. They all bear titles: "Delphic Dancers," "Footsteps in the Snow," etc.

Debussy wrote these preludes in 1909 and 1910. A second book of 12 preludes appeared three years later, but apart from one or two pieces these have never shared the popularity of the first set.

Jean Casadesus' playing shows that he is worthily carrying on the tradition of his father, who is one of the greatest interpreters of French piano music.

— Martin Long

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UCLE JACKET

MOHAIR boucle jacket teams with plaid skirt. Under-sweater and skirt available large stores. Jacket directions below.

8 (8, 9) sts. at beg. of the t 4 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast 51 (53, 55) sts. Work in of p 1, k 1 for 2in. Change No. 7 needles and cont. in , inc. 1 st at side-seam edge ery 10th row 3 times, 54 6, 58) sts. When work easures 12 (12, 12) in. or re- ired length, shape armhole by sting off 4 (5, 5) sts. at the mhole edge of the next row b to last 12 (12, 12) sts. K 2 g. and slip rem. 10 (10, 10) on to a spare needle to be orked later. Cont. on rem. s., k 2 tog. at armhole edge the next 4 (5, 5) rows and c. at front edge every 3rd w until dec. to 24 (25, 26) s. When armhole measures (7¾, 8) in., shape shoulder casting off 8 (9, 8) sts. at e armhole edge of the next w. Cast off 8 (8, 9) sts. at e armhole edge every 2nd row ice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, making shapings at opposite ends. Make 1 buttonhole when work measures 1¼in.

BUTTONHOLE

1st Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 3 sts. loosely, rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts. loosely, rib 4 sts.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 7 needles, join wool to 10 sts. left on spare needle on right front. Work in rib, inc. 1 st. on inside edge (nearest to right front) on the next and every alt. row until inc. to 28 sts. Cont. until same length as right front to shoulder edge. Leave on a spare needle. Stitch neatly to right front. Join wool to rem. 10 sts. left on spare needle for left front and work to correspond with other side, inc. at edge nearest to left front. Join neatly to left front. Rib 28 sts., then pick up and k 45 (45, 49) sts. (working twice into 22 (22, 24) sts.) along wrong side of back of neck, then rib the 28 sts. of right side. Cont. in rib across all sts. for 5½in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 61 (63, 65) sts. Work in rib for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in rib for 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in rib, inc. 1 st. each end of every 10th row until inc. to 67 (69, 71) sts. When sleeve seam measures 10 (10, 10) in. or 2in. longer than required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 45 (45, 45) sts., then every row until dec. to 25 (25, 25) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a cool iron and damp cloth, sew sleeves around armholes, sew up seams. Sew on button and press-studs at lower edge of border. Turn back cuffs.

● *More knitting directions overleaf.*

JUMPER WITH V-NECK

JUMPER with V-neck (directions overleaf) tops tweed skirt. Pattern 7478 for skirt needs 1½yds. 54in. material (24-30in. waist) and costs 3/- from address given in panel at right.

● **Patterns for skirts pictured above and below can be bought from Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Price 3/- each.**

MIX-AND-MATCH SWEATERS

SWEATERS' directions are overleaf. Skirt pattern 7479 needs 1⅞yds. 54in. material (24-30in. waist). Price 3/- from address in panel above, right.

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Continued from previous page

HANDKNITS AND FABRICS TO MATCH

MIX-AND-MATCH WOMAN'S SWEATER

Materials: Woolworths Flash Wool: A, 34in. bust, 30oz.; B, 36in. bust, 31oz.; C, 38in. bust, 32oz.; 1oz. each of 2 contrast shades for patches; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 5 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 7 and 9 needles; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: Bust A, 34 (B 36, C 38) in. to fit loosely; length from shoulder, A 22½ (B 23, C 23½) in.; length of sleeve, A 18 (B 18, C 18½) in.

Tension: 4½ sts. to 1in. over st-st.

Instructions given are for size A. Any variations for sizes B and C are given in brackets.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 86 (B 90, C 94) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 5 needles and work in st-st. until work measures 14½ (B 15, C15¼) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes (right side facing): Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows and next 2 alt. rows. Cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 7 (B 7, C 7½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): K 23 (B 25, C 27) sts., cast off 22 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P 21 (B 23, C 25), p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows.

Next Row (wrong side facing): Shape shoulder. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row, cast off 6 (B 7, C 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows. Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armhole measures 5 (B 5, C 5½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Front of Neck (right side facing): K 26 (B 28, C 30) sts., cast off 16, k to end of row.

Next Row: P 24 (B 26, C 28) sts., p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows, then every alt. row to 19 (B 21, C 23) sts. Cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 8 (B 8, C 8½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder (wrong side facing): Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row. Cast off 6 (B 7, C 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows. Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 48 (B 50, C 52) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. Change to No. 5 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of first row and every 6th foll. row to 68 (B 70, C 74) sts. Cont. even in st-st. until work measures 18 (B 18, C 18½) in. or length required.

With right side facing, shape top of sleeve. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row to 28 sts. Cast off.

PATCHES

Using No. 8 needles and contrast wool, cast on 13 sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. Rep. this row until 19 rows have been worked. Cast off.

Make 5 patches of each contrast shade.

COLLAR

Seam shoulders. Using set of 4 No. 7 needles, commencing from right shoulder seam, pick up and knit 48 sts. across back of neck and 68 across front of neck. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in rib for 1in. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in rib for 3½in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. Seam sides and sleeves. Join sleeves into armholes. Press all seams. Press patches and arrange alternately just above basque. Stitch into position.

MIX-AND-MATCH MAN'S SWEATER

Materials: Woolworths Nylo Sports wool. Size A, 38in. chest, 27oz.; size B, 40in. chest, 29oz.; size C, 42in. chest, 30oz; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 7 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles; stitch-holders.

Measurements: Chest, A 38in., B 40in., C 42in.; length from shoulder, A 25in., B 25½in., C 26in.; sleeve seam, A 20in., B 20½in., C 21in.

Tension: 6½ sts. to 1in. over rib.

Instructions given are for size A. Any variations for sizes B and C are given in brackets.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 139 (B 145, C 151) sts.

1st Row (right side of work): (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: (P. 1, k 1) to last st., p 1.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in rib until work measures 15in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armhole for Raglan (right side facing): Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, s 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work in rib to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) twice.

Next Row: (P. 1, k 1) twice, p 1, cont. in rib to last 5 sts., p 1, (k 1, p 1) twice.

Rep. last 2 rows until 43 (B 45, C 47) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work same as for back until 59 (B 61, C 63) sts. rem.

Next Row (right side facing): Work as before until there are 18 sts. on right-hand needle. Cast off 21 (B 23, C 25) sts. and work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 16 sts., work next 2 sts. tog. and leave rem. 18 sts. on holder.

Work as before, dec. at raglan and also dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 2 rows and every foll. alt. row until 6 sts. rem. Cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. at neck edge only every row until 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. and end off.

Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 65 (B 67, C 71) sts. and work same as for back until work measures 3in.

With right side facing, change to No. 7 needles and cont. in rib, inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 3rd foll. row 8 times, then every 4th foll. row to 117 (B 123, C 127) sts.

Cont. even in rib until work measures 20 (B 20½, C 21) in. or length of sleeve required.

With right side facing, shape for raglan. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: (K 1 p 1) twice, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work in rib to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) twice.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) twice, p 1, cont. in rib to last 5 sts., p 1 (k 1, p 1) twice.

Rep. last 2 rows to 21 (B 23, C 23) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join the 4 raglan seams.

With right side facing, using set of 4 No. 11 needles and commencing at left back seam, pick up and knit 20 (B 22, C 22) sts. across top of left sleeve, 52 (B 54, C 56) sts. across front of neck, 20 (B 22, C 22) sts. across top of right sleeve, and 42 (B 44, C 46) sts. across back of neck, 134 (B 142, C 146) sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press on wrong side. Seam sides and sleeves. Press seams carefully on wrong side.

LOUNGE-ABOUT STYLE

Materials: Villawool Cortina: 17 (18, 19, 20) balls main color; 1 ball each of 2 contrast colors; 1 pr. each Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 needles; crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length, 26in. (all sizes); sleeve, 11in. (all sizes).

Tension: 7 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 63 (67, 71, 75) sts. and work in st-st. for 9 rows. Change to No. 2 needles and cont. in st-st. Cont. until 17in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 19 (21, 23, 25) sts. rem. P 1 row. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work as back until 35 (37, 39, 41) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a k row.

To Shape Neck: Next Row: P 14 (all sizes), cast off centre 7 (9, 11, 13) sts., p 14 (all sizes).

Cont. on last 14 sts. and shape raglan as before on every 2nd row 7 times, at the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge on the next and every 2nd row 5 times, and 2 sts. remain. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 33 (35, 37, 39) sts. and work in st-st. for 7 rows. Change to No. 2 needles and cont. in st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row thereafter until 53 (55, 57, 59) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 11in. (or length required), ending on wrong side of work. Shape raglan as back until 9 sts. (all sizes) rem., ending on a p row. Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 3 sts. once, 6 sts. once.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work as right sleeve until 9 sts. (all sizes) rem., ending on a k row. Shape as for right sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up two front and one back right raglan seams.

COLLAR

Using No. 5 needles and main color, with right side of work facing, pick up and k 9 sts. from each sleeve top, 7 (9, 11, 13) sts. across centre front, 16 sts. on each side of front neck, 19 (21, 23, 25) sts. across back neck. Cont. firmly in rib of k 1, p 1 on these 76 (80, 84, 88) sts. for 2in., ending on the right side of work. Change to No. 4 needles and a contrast color. K 1 row, then work in rib for 5 rows. Change to main color and rep. last 6 rows. Change to another contrast color and rep. last 6 rows. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up the 4th raglan seam and collar ends. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

With crochet hook, right side of work facing and using main color, work one row of d.c. round sleeve and lower edges, then work another row from the wrong side. Lightly press edges.

JUMPER WITH V-NECK

Materials: 19 (21, 25, 27, 28) balls Villawool Argyll; 1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40, 42) in. chest; length 23in. (all sizes); sleeve 17½in. (all sizes).

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

* Using No. 10 needles, cast on 95 (101, 107, 113, 119) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until 15in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows *.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, purl to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until 27 (29, 31, 33, 35) sts. rem. Leave sts. on holder.

FRONT

Work as back from * to *.

Divide work for V neck — Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit until 44 (46, 48, 50, 52) sts. on needle, slip rem. 46 (48, 50, 52, 54) sts. on to holder for other side.

Cont. on the 44 (46, 48, 50, 52) sts. as follows:

Next Row: Purl to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. to shape raglan on every 2nd row 32 (33, 34, 35, 36) times altog., at the same time dec. 1 st. on every 4th row 10, (11, 12, 13, 14) times. Cont. until raglan shaping is complete and the same length as back raglan and 3 sts. rem. Work 3 sts. tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. sts., slip centre 1 st. on to holder, join in yarn, and finish as for other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 50 (54, 58, 62, 66) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 1st and every 7th row thereafter until 76 (80, 84, 88, 92) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17½in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan as back until 8 sts. rem. Leave these 8 sts. on holder.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up 3 raglan seams, leaving 1 back seam open.

V-NECK BAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 50 (54, 58, 62, 66) sts. on each side of V neck and all sts. from holder. Cont. in rib of k 1, p 1 on these 144 (154, 164, 174, 184) sts. for 1in., at the same time dec. 1 st. each side of centre 1 st. in V every row. Cast off ribwise. Sew up rem. raglan and neckband ends. Press seams. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

until
the cow jumps
over the moon

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Continuing . . . THE BEST IS YET TO BE

from page 29

But it was tomorrow that she had the fall. Such a little fall, really. Just a slip on the step and a twisted ankle. And then the waves of pain, and Phillip not being there and not coming for nearly an hour.

And then Phillip coming and a glimpse of his white, terrified face before he ran for the ambulance. Then not being able to find Phillip and a strange voice saying, "Hold on to yourself, Mrs. Mason. We're going to lift you on to the stretcher." And going up and up, high into the air, up to a pinnacle of pain.

A siren wailing far away and yet inside her head and Phillip saying, "It's all right, Kitten, I'm here." Then she realised that she was turning her head from side to side on the pillow.

"No baby," she said, and cried a little. "Poor baby."

But there was a baby after all. Not then, but several weeks after. The jolly young doctor came and told her.

"We're keeping you in bed for a while," he said. "And there's no reason why you shouldn't have a fine, healthy infant when the time comes."

She pretended that she was glad for the young doctor's sake. She couldn't tell him that she didn't want the baby, that she was going to give it away, anyway, after all his trouble in saving it.

And she couldn't tell him, because it wasn't true. Because she wanted her baby more than she had ever wanted anything in her life. No, it was more than wanting. She could no more part with the baby than she could part with a leg or arm. The baby was her and she was the baby. Indivisible.

Kit's baby was born early in the afternoon. They said she was lucky, considering. Kit, who was not in the mood for consideration, did not feel herself lucky. Not until they let her touch her baby and she heard them say, "You have a son, Mrs. Mason."

"Phillip," she murmured, and drifted off to sleep.

Kit touched the baby's puny fist, marvelling at his small perfection. She rested her chin very lightly on his head. "I promise," she whispered to him. She did not say what she promised, but the baby opened his eyes and she felt that he understood.

When Phillip came that evening she was propped up in bed. He brought a bunch of flowers—rather a miserable little bunch, really, laying them on the bedcover with a sort of sheepish look.

"Phillip," said Kit, "sit down. I want to talk to you." Her voice was quite strong. "No, no, don't say anything, because this isn't easy, but I've got to say it. Phillip, I have a baby. It's your baby, too, and yet it isn't, because you don't want it. I love you, Phillip, and I want us to be together. I wanted it so much I was going to give my baby away."

Phillip said, "Hush, Kit! Hush!" And laid his fingers on her lips, but she moved her head away.

"Oh, I know. If I cry now, if I beg a little, you'll say, 'Keep the baby. Forget your promise.' But it wouldn't be any good. It would be like you said—squalling brats and nappies drying all over the place."

Her voice was stronger now. "Phillip," she said, "I'm going to keep my baby. I'm going away when I get out of here and I'm taking Phillip with me. Yes, his name is Phillip, too, and he's going to be rather like you. And when he grows up he can be a writer or a ditch-digger or whatever he wants to be. But he'll be a good one. And when he's grown up he'll be grown up.

"He won't lean and lean until I'm ready to fall over with the weight. And he'll get postcards from his father from Spain and South America, where he's being a writer—or not being a writer if he doesn't grow up."

The tears began to flow now. "No, don't stop me, Phillip. I've nearly finished. I love you, Phillip, but I love my baby better. And that's all of it, and the end of it. Now please go and don't bother to leave your name and address in the office."

When she looked up Phillip had gone and the nurse was there in his place. "My," she said. "You look a bit peaked. I'll have you settled down for sleep in a moment. I'll put these flowers in water. Hullo, there's something inside them. A note or something."

She passed Kit a small yellow envelope and Kit took it in curious hands. It was fat and heavy with money and had Phillip's name in neat script in the top right-hand corner. A pay envelope, thought Kit, holding her breath. For a full week, according to the long strip of paper inside. She turned it over and saw, in Phillip's scrawly script, "For my wife and family—the first of the many."

The nurse, turning toward the bed at Kit's glad cry, went scurrying out of the room and down the stairs after Phillip at Kit's urgent behest, to bring him back. Long after visiting hours, of course, so she kept a sharp lookout for the senior sister. But sometimes the best of nurses break the strictest rules when it really benefits their patients.

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Continued from page 23

FANNY AND THE

King's departure for his country palace at Bang Pa In, forty miles farther up the river.

It was a formal reception. The King, in uniform, stood by the golden throne, which was shaped like a boat and had a pagoda in the middle of it. Beside him stood the Regent. All the nobles and officers of state were present, including Phra Preecha. Fanny had not expected to see him here, since his wife had died so recently. She looked at Preecha with the deepest sympathy, as she waited in the queue to be received by the King.

His Majesty held Knox's hand for a moment while he talked to him. Then the Regent whispered: "Have you said anything to her yet?"

"Not yet," Knox replied. "As you so wisely said, these things must take time." There was not even a flicker in the Regent's inscrutable face.

Fanny found herself beside Preecha. She held out her hand.

"May I offer you my sincerest condolence," she said. "It is very sad and terrible for your children, who are very young, I hear."

"My daughter Trakun is four, my son Arun only two. Thank you." He bowed and walked on.

● *The young King Chulalongkorn, who, although he had come of age, was under the Regent's domination.*

EVER since Preecha's wife had died, Mrs. Knox had been uneasy. She sensed Fanny's interest in him, and felt the best thing would be to get her married as quickly as possible to Nai Dee or Louis.

Knox laughed at her fears. "Why are you so frightened of the Regent? He's not a cobra."

"He's worse," she replied; "much, much worse."

Knox disagreed. "He is fighting hard to bring this country up to the standards of the West — and succeeding."

"In material things — yes," she said. "But, Tom, the Regent is not just the polished, 'civilised person you see."

"A man in the Regent's position is bound to have many enemies. They say vile things. They'll believe anything," the Consul said.

Fanny's return had thus brought a hidden anxiety into the Consulate. Her parents knew that the high-spirited girl, so small and dainty in appearance, possessed a strong and determined character; she would never allow her husband to be chosen for her.

At the same time, these were gay and lively days. In the round of consular receptions and State functions, Fanny was surrounded by admirers.

Louis and Nai Dee saw her almost every day. One night the Regent's grandson serenaded her from a boat on the canal below her bedroom window, playing a Siamese guitar. Louis heard about this and arrived under the window with a small Siamese orchestra of drums and flutes. It became fashionable to serenade Fanny. Other suitors took a hand; young Prince Damrong came, and little Prince Naret.

LOUIS LEONOWENS was the first to propose marriage. He had known Fanny since childhood and they had always been fond of each other. Now he told her he hoped the King would give him a concession to a teak forest in the north; he would have the timber felled and floated down the river; perhaps an export firm would advance the necessary finance.

Fanny didn't care about being wealthy. "I love you, Louis, but not enough," she said. At the same time she hinted a wish that he might take a little more notice of her sister.

Now it was mid-summer and the Knoxes moved to a coastal village where some of the nobles stayed for the hottest months. Nai Dee went there, too.

The quiet Caroline liked to lie on the sand with her mother. Nai Dee, too, would have preferred that. A little sailing and a little swimming, keeping close to the shore, was fun, but the tiny Fanny was too energetic for him.

She looked on him rather as a brother until an incident occurred while they were out fishing which made her see him in a new light. It had been an unrewarding afternoon. After hours of waiting, Nai Dee got his first bite, but just as he was getting ready to haul in his prize his little terrier, startled by a runaway horse, barked fiercely and darted after it. The fish was lost.

Nai Dee called the dog to him, at first angrily then coaxingly, and, when the dog came, beat him unmercifully in spite of Fanny's tearful pleading.

A week or so later Nai Dee asked Fanny to marry him. Now he was timid and hesitant and spoke with great gentleness and delicacy.

She softened to him. But she could only say: "I don't think we are suited to each other, Nai Dee. We wouldn't be happy."

Nai Dee refused to take this as a final rejection. "I shall wait," he said. "There shall never be anyone else. You will be my only wife; I swear it."

In Bangkok a few weeks later Nai Dee's grandfather called Louis Leonowens to him and told him he could have the teak concession in the north. The Regent was extraordinarily affable.

"I have many arrangements to make, Your Excellency," Louis told him. "There are the elephants, coolies, and, of course, finance. I am in touch with the Borneo Company. They have offered to help."

"They are sound." The Regent smiled. "You know they were responsible for your coming here in the first place. They found your mother for King Mongkut, and so the chain is taken one link further.

"You will need a steamboat. I will give this to you as a present to start you off."

The British Consul was surprised at Louis' good fortune. Mrs. Knox looked wise. "You see how that old man's mind is working? He's done that to get Louis out of the way," she said.

Winter was approaching and Knox and his daughter rode regularly along the New Road. Often now they met Preecha. Sometimes his little daughter, mounted on a pony, was with him, and Fanny made friends with her. Knox felt warmly towards Preecha; he had always admired him and an easy, unconstrained relationship seemed to have developed between the bearded Consul and the capable Siamese aristocrat.

"You must all come soon on a visit to Prachin, Tom," Preecha said one day after describing some of the features of the province of which he was Governor. "I think Mrs. Knox will like it there."

"I haven't seen that part of the country for many years," the Consul said, and in the unguarded moment accepted the invitation for his family.

Mrs. Knox thought the visit unwise. In any case, she preferred to stay at home. Caroline remained with her, so, of the family, only Fanny accompanied the Consul. He took with him Singh, his Sikh batman; Fanny took her personal maid, Oun, a 15-year-old Siamese.

Preecha called for them in his houseboat, the Sunbeam. At the mast flew his flag, a white elephant on a scarlet ground.

Fanny's cabin was spacious. Knox and Preecha had cabins at the stern by the paddle.

The boat chugged noisily down the river. It turned east into a canal and then into another river.

They passed many villages. Buffaloes were being goaded with long forks by little girls in enormous straw hats. A group of elephants, knee deep in water, sprayed their own backs with their trunks.

After dinner a piano was wheeled out on to the deck. "I got this especially for you, Fanny," Preecha said. "I hear that you play well."

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REGENT OF SIAM

AS the boat was recognised coming along the river towards Prachin, the wildest excitement developed. Women ran out of their homes, men rushed from the fields and shops. The children yelled with joy as they poured out of the school which Preecha had built for them. Priests came out of temples in their long saffron robes. At Government House faces appeared at the windows, then the officials and the servants dashed toward the landing stage to await the arrival of the Governor. Running in front of them were Preecha's children, Trakun and Arun, and their aunt Thanom.

Preecha introduced Knox and Fanny to the priests, to the officials, and to the servants. He lifted his children on to his shoulders and, with the crowd following, crossed the narrow road to Government House.

It was a handsome building of teak. The windows had green shutters which were wide open. There were no guards.

The grounds were large. On one side Preecha had built the school with a large playground behind it; many thought it was much too close to the house. On the other side, by the coach-house and stables, was the spirit house, mounted on a pole like a dovecot and painted pink. In this it was believed the guardian spirit of the place dwelt. There were a number of other buildings; offices for the officials, dwellings for the servants.

There was a cluster of temples by the school, simple structures, inviting rather than awe-inspiring. All had been built by Preecha.

Easy informality ruled in the house. There were no settled arrangements and Fanny felt it must have been much like this even when Preecha's wife was there. The children went in and out of the rooms freely. Visitors came in unannounced and made themselves at home.

There was a charm about it all which Fanny appreciated. Knox took to it less well. "It's a little like camping out," he observed.

Fanny got to know Preecha's children quite well. When she took them for a walk they were accompanied by their aunt, two maids, and Oun. Sometimes the Chinese cook and a large group of villagers came along as well, and they were always followed by the dogs. Nobody, least of all Preecha, knew how many dogs he had. Knox kept shooing them out of his bedroom to the great amusement of all.

"Dogs all over the place. Birds settling in droves on the window-sill. Meals at irregular hours," he said to Fanny.

"The important thing," Fanny replied, "is that everybody is happy. Of course, there are some loose ends. But Preecha has been alone since his wife died. He needs someone to tie them up for him."

Papa stared at her. He felt sure now that she was in love.

SOON afterwards Preecha asked Fanny to marry him. Fanny replied simply, "Yes." After a long pause she added, "I have wanted this more than anything in the world."

They went together to her father and asked for his blessing.

Knox cleared his throat. "I've been expecting this." He hesitated. It was the one thing his wife dreaded. Now she would blame him for allowing them to see more of each other. He also knew that Fanny would not be easy to handle if their answer had to be "No."

Fanny said, "Papa, I'm twenty-one and I want to marry Preecha. No one else will ever mean anything to me."

"Let us deal with this when we get back," Knox said. Preecha's nodding head kept Fanny from saying anything more.

Father and daughter returned soon to Bangkok. Then began a painful series of discussions between Fanny and her parents. Mrs. Knox was deeply alarmed. To allow her daughter to reject the Regent's grandson in favor of the Regent's chief hereditary rival — the prospect, her instinct told her, was perilous. Fanny and Preecha must, at least, wait.

Preecha arrived and the Consul took him into his study and spoke frankly to him.

The next day Fanny wrote her first letter to her sweetheart and sent it by hand to his father's house.

I don't know how we are going to live through the next twelve months. Papa now says that we must not even see each other for a year — apart from chance meetings. He wants the Regent to be told by stdges, and by Papa personally, not by anyone else.

This is imposing a far greater hardship on us then we foresaw when we talked of it and decided to wait. Would you still have said "Yes" if you had known? When I think of the days ahead — empty — with only our letters to comfort us . . . I am going to write to you every day, darling, even if I have to keep the letters until I can get them off to you. I shall put down all my thoughts every day. Will you do the same — please? With all my love, Your ever devoted Fanny.

He replied at once. The messenger was asked to wait and take his answer back.

It is a great, great hardship. But I can see no other way. I, too, will write to you daily — and the chance meetings will bring us both some comfort, however guarded we have to be. I love you very much, my little Fanny. Yours, Preecha.

Inevitably, they saw each other out riding next morning. Preecha was with the King. Louis was also of the party. They bowed to each other but did not speak. Louis came over for a talk, but she hardly took in a word he said.

"What's the matter?" Louis said.

"I'll tell you later," she replied. The tears began to come into her eyes and she turned her head away.

The next morning Preecha was not out on his horse, but a letter arrived from him.

While it is enchanting to catch even a glimpse of you, it is torturing to be beside you and not able to exchange more than a few formal words, and even that we were not able to do today. I have, in any case, to go back to Prachin, but I am leaving earlier than I need to, so, tomorrow morning, while you are on your horse, I shall be leaning against the rails of the Sunbeam, seeing again the scenes we so recently saw together and going over again and again in my mind the talks we had on the boat. All my love, Preecha.

● ***Anna Leonowens, who was Chulalongkorn's governess when she was a young widow.***

PAPA and Mama felt it would be better, both for appearance sake and for Fanny herself, if they gave a few parties for her at the Consulate — "coming-out parties," Knox called them.

Fanny was too spirited a girl to mope. She felt herself under a continuous strain, but continued to take an interest in things around her. Nai Dee was as assiduous as ever, although she was reserved toward him. Fanny and Preecha wrote often to each other.

Preecha was rarely in Bangkok now and it became clearer that the Regent was deliberately keeping him busy at Prachin.

Months passed and an exciting new event occurred. Fanny had been aware for a long time that her gentle sister was in love with Louis Leonowens. Now, at last, Louis was responding to this steady, secret affection and soon he proposed to Caroline. Her parents were pleased, for he had already begun to operate the northern teak concession and he appeared to have a prosperous future. The Regent, outwardly always affable, had kept the promise to present him with a river-boat.

It was decided that Caroline's trousseau should be chosen in Singapore, and Mrs. Knox and her two daughters prepared to visit the great mercantile city. Fanny was feeling more hopeful now, but was chilled by further hints dropped by the Regent, who spoke more pointedly to the Consul than ever before.

Fanny wrote to Preecha at once.

My darling — while we have been counting the days, the hours, and even the minutes, the Regent has been active behind the scenes. He knows about us. He sent for Papa this morning and he came back rather shaken, but he still appears to be on our side. Mama, on the other hand, though her sympathies are with us, feels we ought to wait much longer — how much longer she did not say.

● ***The British Consulate in Bangkok, from an old photograph. The river was its "front gate" and a canal ran below the rear windows.***

I told them I was NOT prepared to wait and I hope you will take the same firm stand. Please do — otherwise we shall fritter away our happiness for years on end without being allowed to see each other or talk to each other . . . Yours for ever and ever, Fanny.

Preecha's reply reached Fanny in Singapore. It was brief.

I agree. It is wrong that we should be expected to wait any longer. We have complied with all the bans and restrictions. We will pay no attention to the Regent. He is keeping me here on the pretext that the French are about to attack us through Cambodia. I see no sign of any such activities. But he wants me to strengthen our eastern defences, which I am doing, though we are in no position to stop the French if they do decide to invade in force. He wishes me to remain here indefinitely. But I don't intend to stay. I shall certainly be in Bangkok on the seventeenth, the day on which our year of waiting ends. Your ever devoted Preecha.

On their return, Louis came out in a boat to meet their ship as it steamed up the river to Bangkok. This time he had come to meet Caroline.

CAROLINE was married in Bangkok at the end of the following month, April, 1878. Preecha wrote to say that he would come. But the Regent sent him new orders which kept him at Prachin.

The Regent, it was clear, had not yet given up hope that little Fanny could be forced to accept his grandson.

The next time Preecha saw his sweetheart in Bangkok, he said unexpectedly, "My aunt has told me of a good astrologer. He is just across the river. I think we ought to see him."

They made their way past rows of floating houses and through twisting alleys to the astrologer's room. He made Fanny and Preecha sit opposite him at a small table covered by a dirty shawl.

He asked them for the dates of their birth. Then he consulted books and a chart of the heavens. Next he looked at their palms.

He said at last. "You want to know if you will marry. I see that you will, soon."

Fanny and Preecha exchanged delighted glances, but the astrologer's face was grave. "But you will not be married for very long."

Fanny was startled. "Not for long?"

"One year, two years. Perhaps a little more or a little less."

"Do you mean," Fanny asked, "that our love will not last and we shall go our separate ways — all in one or two years?"

He scrutinised the lines on her small hand. "No," he said. "I do not see that. Your love will last for ever — there is devotion in his hand, too." He took it again and traced the line. "Here —, until the end."

"Are you saying," asked Fanny, "that we shall be parted — before the end — although we want to be together?"

The man nodded. "That is what I see — but I may be wrong."

Preecha rose. "Come, let us go." Then turning suddenly to the man he asked: "You know who we are?"

"Yes, I know."

Preecha paid the fee and they left. In the alleyway he stopped and looked at Fanny. Her face was troubled, but she smiled.

"I think he has been told to tell us that," said Preecha. "The Regent may have found out that he was the man we were most likely to consult, because my aunt comes here from time to time. Besides, that old devil is capable of getting in touch with every astrologer in Bangkok to make sure. He is not going to deter me."

"Nor me," she said.

The next day Preecha was peremptorily ordered back to his province. The message, from the Regent himself, stated bluntly that harsher measures would have to be adopted at the State mines to increase the output of gold.

Preecha reassured Fanny. "I'll come back for the dedication of the Bang Pa In temple next month. It's the King's command. The Regent cannot prevent me from coming."

THE erection of this huge temple up-river from Bangkok was a great event in Siam and elaborate preparations were being made for the ceremony of dedication. For Preecha and Fanny it was to be a fateful occasion.

A letter came from the Regent inviting the British Consul, his wife, and Fanny to be his guests for the ceremony. "We could make the journey together in my houseboat and perhaps you could all stay with me for the three days of the celebrations," he wrote.

Knox knew he would have to decline the invitation. He had been suffering from nervous strain and fatigue and his doctor had advised a rest. Mrs. Knox declared he must take a holiday on the sea coast; she would go with him to see that he was properly looked after.

The next morning a letter from the King, in reply to Knox's apology, provided a way out.

His Majesty, after expressing his concern for Knox's health, added: "But if it should be possible for some members of your family to come to Bang Pa In — Fanny and her mother, perhaps, or even Fanny by herself — I shall be happy for a floating house near the main palace to be prepared for them."

Knox read the letter out to Fanny. "Mama won't go," he said. "So you'll have to go by yourself."

"Will Mama think it all right with just the servants?"

"Yes," replied Knox. "You'll only be a few hours in the Consular boat and then you'll be under the King's protection."

Fanny's eyes shone. "Please thank His Majesty very much."

Writing to Preecha of the unexpected change of plans, she asked if it would be possible for their boats to meet at some point on the way to Bang Pa In, so that they might see each other and talk, as obviously that would not be possible during the ceremony.

The Knoxes left for the sea-coast on February 25, 1879.

That evening Fanny received a reply from Preecha.

I shall be entering the river early on the morning of the twenty-seventh and shall be coming past the Consular landing stage. Surely we could meet there and you could come into my houseboat. My sisters and about a dozen women servants will be on board, so it should lead to no talk. But I see that is the day before you propose to go. Could you not start a day earlier?

Fanny replied:

As I am alone in the Consulate, I can easily rearrange the date. But you had better not come here. Can't we meet at some point north of Bangkok and then perhaps I could come on board your boat for lunch? My boat could follow you and I could get back to it later.

She then asked to have the launch ready a day earlier and arranged to take Oun and three other women servants with her.

Two days later they set out after breakfast. A light breeze blew down the river. Fanny stared ahead, looking for the Sunbeam. At the appointed place it was waiting for her.

Preecha helped Fanny on board. Oun scrambled up after her. The Consular launch followed behind Preecha's boat.

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"Gladys coaxed and pampered one little seed."

Continuing . . . MOMENT OF TRUTH

from page 33

drilling, more drilling. Flying an aeroplane seemed a long way off. So did Betsy. In these strange surroundings her letters, though welcome and moving, might have come from another planet.

One day when he was rummaging among his notes a photograph of Betsy fell out. His room-mates swooped on it. "No wonder you can't be bothered with the local talent," someone said enviously.

Drew stared at the photograph for a long time after the subject had been forgotten. He had the oddest feeling that he was looking at a beautiful stranger.

It was just over a year later that Betsy and he were married. He had completed one tour of operations and had had a spell of what the R.A.F. euphemistically called rest as an instructor at one of the operational training units.

Rest, Drew thought sardonically. Flying night after night in obsolescent bombers, with pilots straight from flying school. The accident rate was high; in a way, it was worse than operations.

When Drew went on leave, awaiting a fresh posting, he knew that he was due to start a second tour of operations. He assessed his chances of survival quite matter-of-factly. He knew that it was only a matter of time before his skill proved insufficient on some occasion and his luck ran out.

Betsy and he had two weeks' honeymoon in London. They spent a lot of money. They laughed a lot. Then he reported for his posting. He was ready.

But the R.A.F. played an ironic joke on him. He wasn't posted to a squadron. He was attached to an R.A.F. mission that was to spend three months in America.

Arriving in America, after wartime England, was like being abruptly transferred to a dream world. It was a nation at war, but the street lights were on. That was the most wonderful thing, all the lamps and neon lights blazing as if the dark, battered continent of Europe did not exist.

Drew thought guiltily of Betsy struggling with rationing and clothing coupons. But, after all, he hadn't asked to go there. It wasn't his fault that he was secure and comfortable, and safe for a while. And, anyway, it wasn't going to last long. Three months at most. He set out to enjoy it.

He enjoyed the friendliness, the hospitality, the parties, and the wild feting that the Americans gave them because of their uniforms.

It was at a party that he had met Lois.

She was small, much smaller than Betsy, and neat and bright and amusing. Her hair shone, and she dressed well, and she had grey eyes that looked at him as if she rather liked what she saw.

SHE was a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, the people who had for the time being adopted Drew in the cheerful, friendly way that the Americans had. They saw that he liked her, and after that they invited her along for his benefit.

The pleasant, friendly relationship erupted into something else one night after the four of them had been to a theatre. Mrs. Rogers was driving, with her husband at her side. Lois and Drew were in the back seat.

They were talking intermittently, volleying short sentences back and forth, when Mrs. Rogers swerved and braked to avoid a taxi cutting in. Lois was thrown against Drew. Their hands touched and didn't come apart.

Her fingers were clasped as tightly as Drew's. It was like touching a high-voltage wire. She half turned her head. Perhaps she was going to say something. Next second they were kissing.

It was quite involuntary, neither of them really knew what they were doing. They couldn't stop. The inside of the car was bright with moving lights from neon signs, street lights, car headlights. They didn't care.

Lois and Drew didn't speak to each other the rest of the way. They just sat holding hands, staring straight ahead, their fingers locked in a fierce grip. Something violent had happened. They both knew it.

Drew lay awake for some time that night. Betsy seemed very far away; hazy, difficult to focus, almost as if she hardly existed. He was alive, vividly alive. He was in Washington; he was going to see Lois tomorrow. That was his life, neat, enclosed, tied up, complete.

They never did have much time together; perhaps nine or ten evenings and a weekend just before the end.

Lois was going on vacation to her home in Kansas City. Drew was one of a group that was visiting a British Flying Training School at Miami, Oklahoma, two hundred-odd miles south of Kansas City.

On the way, Drew stopped off at Kansas City for a couple of days. They went dancing at the Muelbach Hotel. So far they had talked about nearly everything except themselves. Despite the electric, immediate attraction of touch, conversation on the emotional side had been nil. But Drew knew that something had to be said.

Between dances, he said it. He couldn't think of any way to wrap it up. He said: "I'm married."

She didn't look shocked. She said: "I know." Drew must have looked somewhat dumbfounded. She said softly: "From things you haven't said."

Drew said shakily: "They'd be easy to say."

She smiled and shook her head. Drew took an envelope out of his pocket, saying: "I've written to my wife. Read it, if you like."

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● **The author of this courageous, real-life article has supplied her name and address but wishes to remain anonymous.**

"I WAS AFRAID TO HAVE A BABY"

● I was born with a spinal malformation which caused doctors to predict that I would never have a baby. "Childbirth would kill her," they told my mother.

I WAS three years old before I walked, but although I tired easily, and was subject to backache, my childhood was normal.

At home my disability was never discussed. Wisely, my parents treated me exactly the same as my sisters and brothers.

My first inkling that I was "different" came at boarding school.

There, in the particularly merciless way of children, it was soon brought to my attention that I had certain anatomical defects and a peculiar walk.

All that most schoolgirls want is to be just like the others, and my new awareness of my imperfection made me sensitive and self-conscious.

Mother and Father did their utmost for me.

I was given courses of massage, dancing, and callisthenics to strengthen my spine and encouraged to swim and play tennis regularly.

In appearance I am unusually short-waisted, with a truncated-looking body, which is apt to lean forward when I walk.

I had a "funny" figure

As an adolescent I suffered agonies of embarrassment when well-meaning people made such remarks as:

"Are you on a low chair?"

"Can't you sit up taller?"

"You're sort of square, aren't you?"

When I left school a tactless swain divulged that the consensus of male opinion was: "Virginia's a nice girl, but she's got a funny figure!"

Then I met Richard, to whom such things are unimportant; we fell in love and he proposed.

Before accepting him, in trepidation I trotted out my awful secret — the doctor's claim that I could not have a child.

"That doesn't matter," he averred. "We can always adopt one."

I insisted upon his returning home to think it over and see if my revelation made any difference.

Bless him, it didn't, and we became engaged.

Before the wedding I had further X-rays and a medical check-up to make sure. The specialist's report was discouraging. Briefly it was that:

(a) Miscarriage was a strong possibility.

(b) The weight of a pregnancy could cripple me for life. "You'd be bent double . . ." were his words.

(c) As my sacral vertebrae are unfused, a successful labor was out of the question.

Confronted by these forecasts and with that grim earlier prognosis still ringing in my ears, I was unprepared to take a risk. Literally, I was afraid for my life.

I paid for this with the empty, childless years which followed.

For me they were years steeped in silent grief and the sense of failure. If ever I had felt different before, now I felt doubly so, when observing my friends with their big, happy families.

Richard was wonderful. He never allowed a word of repining or envy to make me feel my position more.

One day I was at the family doctor's on another matter.

"Why don't you have a baby?" he asked suddenly.

I explained about my back.

"Well, I've seen mothers worse than you," he replied unexpectedly.

"I'm pretty short, doctor. How would it fit in?"

"You haven't much of a container, I admit. But Nature is a marvellous improviser, and I think you could manage if you had a caesarean section. After all, you're not old . . ." (I was then thirty-two.)

"What about the weight on my spine?"

"We'd fit you with a surgical corset to ease that."

Here was an exciting new outlook, which filled me with hope. The doctor gave me a letter to a bone specialist and I underwent more X-rays.

The specialist agreed that a natural delivery was impracticable. He wished me luck, adding unpromisingly that women with my type of back trouble rarely conceive.

"Sunk deep in misery"

For a long while it seemed that he was right. Then, the miracle. I found I was pregnant!

My pride and pleasure mingled with straight panic.

Was the child likely to inherit my deformity?

Would it be adversely affected by all the X-rays I'd had?

What if I went into labor before the date set for my caesarean?

I thought I recalled that some gynaecologists — or, at any rate, some people — don't recommend starting one's family beyond the age of 30. I was five years late.

To my astonishment, however, all went well. I wasn't even morning-sick. Incredulously I began preparing a layette and some maternity outfits.

Then that first doctor was proved a true prophet. At three months I had a miscarriage.

This was my moment of truth, a heartbreaking experience which showed me how much having a baby really meant.

Sunk in a morass of misery, I prayed for another chance and better fortune.

Five months afterwards I was pregnant again.

This time I was too thankful to be apprehensive.

The pregnancy was a succession of obstacles. Full-time morning-sickness, permanent indigestion, R.H. Negative blood as against Richard's R.H. Positive, swollen legs and ankles, and eventually a 1750-calorie diet.

But NO BACKACHE.

And I certainly wasn't bent double, though as the months passed I did stoop more.

What joy that day I hung 36 brand-new napkins on the line. A little thing, but so significant to me.

By now I'd had my fill of fear; I'd died my thousand deaths, and I delivered myself confidently up to fate.

Fate didn't intend to let me off too lightly, though. In the end it wasn't my back which caught up with me but toxemia—possibly a result of my small "container."

A month before the date set for the operation, I was hospitalised. From then on, apparently, I gave my doctors a few headaches.

For the sake of the unborn child, caesarean sections are not — except in emergency — performed prior to a certain time, and the day fixed for my operation was 21 days away.

Finally, fears arose that the special circumstances could cause harm to the baby and the obstetrician decided I could not carry it for the full term.

Blissfully ignorant of all this, I relaxed in my ward calmly finishing off tiny garments.

Worried friends told me later it gave them the creeps. The physiotherapist was most impressed.

"Aren't you lucky?" she said. "I've seen lots of backs like yours, but their owners don't often live as long as you have, let alone **have babies!**"

Each morning I'd pester my doctor to hurry the operation. Now that it was so close I wasn't afraid at all.

The toxemia did not improve, and consequently (I was told) the day those thirty-seven weeks were up the baby's condition was found to have deteriorated.

In fact, he was not expected to last another twenty-four hours. As a result, the big event was scheduled for 9 o'clock next morning.

At five minutes past nine I was the mother of a 6lb. son. His back was perfect and despite the fact that he was premature, after a short time in an oxygen-tent, he was fine.

When I came round, my delighted obstetrician and his colleague were waiting to congratulate me—though heaven knows THEY deserved the accolade!

The anesthetic must have gone to my head.

"I'm better than ever. Do you think I could be an improvement on the Old Model?" I asked them.

My sole regret now is for all the time I wasted.

If only I'd been a little more courageous when I was younger, our son could have been 15 today instead of three; and, who knows, he may have had a little sister!

Why ever was I afraid to have a baby?

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Every woman is different. One of the most apparent differences is the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best, use a shampoo for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos — for dry hair, for oily hair, and for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining and beautiful. 4 *oz. bottle* 8/6. *Sachet* 1/6.

NEW! BRECK CHILDREN SHAMPOO . . . mild and gentle cannot sting the eyes. Makes lovely hair lovelier. In plastic, non-spillable bottle 8/6.

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Lenten Meals

● Make Lenten meals nourishing and substantial by serving interesting dishes made with fish, cheese, or eggs.

WELL-BALANCED meals should contain body-building proteins and when meat is omitted these must be supplied by other foods. Fish, cheese, and eggs are all rich in protein and should be served as often as the budget will allow. "Stretchers" such as pastas and rice together with vegetable medleys help to make family meals during Lent.

This cookery feature includes a variety of no-meat recipes using these protein-rich foods. All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure is used. Quantities are sufficient to serve 4 to 6 persons.

TUNA SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

Four ounces spaghetti, salted water, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 small green pepper (cut into strips), 1 finely chopped onion, 1½ cups sliced mushrooms (optional), 4 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 3 cups milk, 6oz. processed cheese (shredded), 6½oz. can tuna chunks (drained), extra 1oz. butter (melted), ¾ cup day-old breadcrumbs.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender; drain and rinse. Melt butter in saucepan, add green pepper, onion, and mushrooms (if used), fry gently 5 to 10 minutes. Add flour, salt, mustard, and pepper. Cook a few minutes. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to boil. Add the shredded processed cheese, stir until melted. Mix sauce and tuna through spaghetti, pour into well-greased casserole. Combine extra butter and breadcrumbs, spoon round top of casserole. Cover, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until heated.

SEAFOOD MAYONNAISE WITH RICE SALAD

One 15oz. can tuna chunks (drained), 3 cups cooked rice (1 cup raw), 2 cups cooked peas, 10oz. can whole kernel corn (drained), 1 green pepper (thinly sliced), 2 tomatoes (cut into thin strips), 1 tablespoon chopped shallots or chives, 1 teaspoon salt, little freshly ground black pepper, 2 tablespoons French or Italian dressing, prepared mayonnaise, salad greens, tomato wedges.

Combine rice, peas, sweet corn, green pepper, strips of tomato, shallots or chives, salt, pepper. Add French or Italian dressing. Spoon mixture into large dish, pile tuna in centre. Chill well. Serve with prepared mayonnaise. Serve bowl of salad greens and tomato wedges separately.

CALACHE

One onion (finely chopped), 4 small zucchini (scrubbed and cut into ½in. slices), 2 tablespoons oil, 1 clove garlic (peel and place on cocktail stick), 2lb. fresh tomatoes (peeled and chopped coarsely), 2 cups corn (fresh from cob or canned whole kernel), ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Heat oil in pan, add onion and zucchini, saute both 5 minutes. Add garlic, tomatoes, and corn. Cook, stirring frequently until zucchini and corn are tender. Add parsley, season well with salt and pepper to taste. Remove garlic before serving.

Continued on page 47

TUNA SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE, a combination of the flavors of canned tuna, rice, peas, corn, and tomatoes, provides a colorful dish for Lent.

SEAFOOD MAYONNAISE with rice salad is an appetising dish which can be varied by substituting one or more of the vegetables or flavoring ingredients.

By
LEILA C. HOWARD,
OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERT

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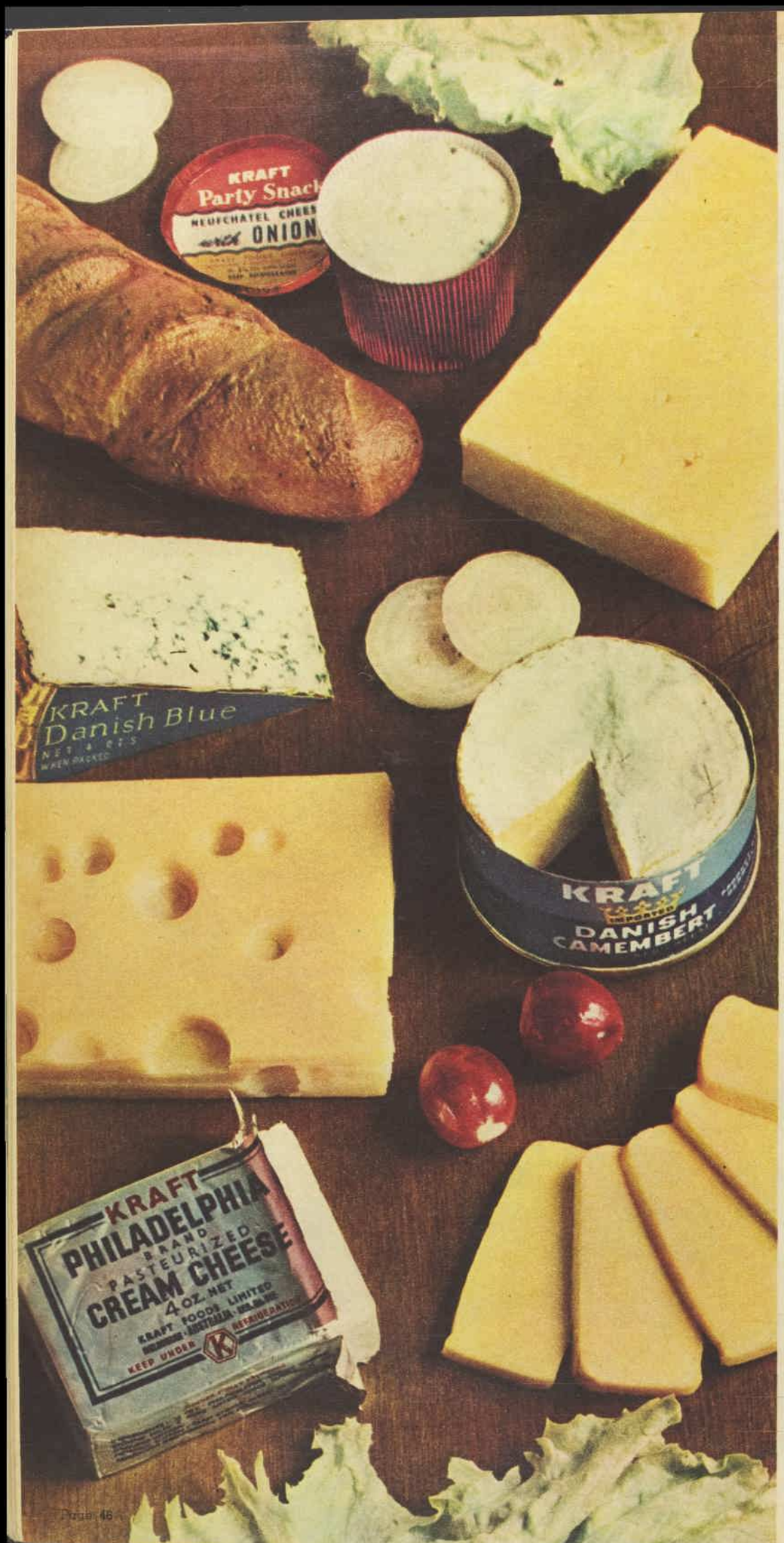

IT'S LENT AGAIN:

Discover the wonderful world of cheese—with Kraft. On the next pages you'll find special Lenten recipes and tempting ideas to help you give your family the best for Lent . . .

KRAFT

brings you —

The best for Lent:

Explore the wonderful world of cheese with Kraft — in a special feature of *new* Lenten food ideas prepared by the Kraft Kitchen. Here are wonderful *new* ways to bring to your family table the interesting variety and good food values that cheese provides best . . .

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Continuing . . . LENTEN MEALS

AMERICAN PRAWN SAVORY

One cup uncooked rice, 6 eggs, 7oz. butter or substitute, 1¾ cups milk, 1lb. small prawns, 1lb. mushrooms, ½ cup grated tasty cheese, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, extra ¾ cup milk.

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender; drain and stand aside. Melt 3oz. of the butter in saucepan, add cheese, flour, and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir over low heat 5 minutes. Slowly add milk, stir until sauce thickens. Simmer 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add rice and keep hot. Beat eggs, season to taste with salt and pepper. Melt another 3oz. butter in saucepan, lightly stir in the extra milk. Remove saucepan from stove, stir in eggs. Stir mixture over low heat until very thick. Fold in shelled prawns, continue cooking until mixture nearly sets. Saute mushrooms in remaining butter. Place egg mixture in centre of dish, spoon mushrooms on top, arrange cheesed rice around dish. Serve with saratoga chips and green peas.

EGGPLANT PARMESAN

One large eggplant, 1 egg (lightly beaten), ¼ cup dry white wine, 1 cup bread or cereal crumbs, 1 clove garlic (crushed), ¼ cup oil, 2 cups tomato puree, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon basil, ½ teaspoon oregano, 1 bay leaf (crumbled), 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese, 4oz. mozzarella cheese (sliced).

Peel eggplant, cut crosswise into ½in.-thick slices. Beat egg with wine, dip eggplant slices in mixture, then dip them in bread or cereal crumbs. Saute garlic in oil 5 minutes, add eggplant, saute 10 minutes or until golden brown. Remove and keep hot. Add tomato puree, parsley, basil, oregano, bay leaf, and salt to oil remaining in pan. Simmer 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Arrange alternate layers of eggplant, cheeses, and sauce in casserole. Top with mozzarella cheese. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.

FISH FLORENTINE

Two cups finely shredded cooked spinach, 5 fillets bream, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups medium thickness white sauce, ¾ cup grated cheese, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon juice, soft breadcrumbs, butter or substitute.

Steam fillets or poach in small quantity milk in baking-dish in moderate oven. Chop cooked spinach finely, season with lemon juice and pepper. Spread over base of greased ovenware dish. Cover with layer of chopped hard-boiled eggs, season with salt and pepper. Cut fillets in halves, arrange on top of eggs and spinach, moisten with lemon juice. Mix cheese with sauce, pour over fish. Top with soft breadcrumbs, dot with butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven until top is brown.

CHEESE AND ONION PIE

Half pound shortcrust or cheese-flavored pastry, ½lb. Swiss cheese (grated), 2 tablespoons flour, 2 onions (sliced), 4 eggs, 1 cup cream, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon curry powder, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, tabasco sauce, salt, pepper.

Roll pastry out thinly and fill into 9 or 10in. pie-plate. Trim edges and flute. Mix cheese thoroughly with flour, spread on base of pie-shell. Separate onion slices into rings, arrange on cheese mixture. Beat eggs lightly, beat in cream, milk, curry powder, nutmeg, few drops tabasco sauce, salt and pepper. Carefully pour mixture over cheese and onion rings. Bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes or until set and lightly browned. Serve cut into slices.

MEXICAN EGG ROLL

Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder (or use 1 cup plain flour and 1 cup self-raising flour), 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper (can be omitted), 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, white sauce or mayonnaise, pepper.

Sift flour, salt, and baking-powder into basin. Rub in one quarter of butter or substitute, mix to a light dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll to oblong sheet. Spread on one-third of remaining butter or substitute, lightly sprinkle with flour. Fold in three, roll again. Repeat this process twice until the butter is used. Roll to thin sheet. Chop eggs finely and mix with parsley, green pepper, onion, celery, and mustard; moisten with mayonnaise or white sauce. Spread over pastry and roll up as for swiss roll. Bake in hot oven on greased oven-slide until golden brown (about 30 to 35 minutes). Serve in slices topped with well-flavored cheese sauce.

FISH WITH SAVORY RICE

One cup rice, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 skinned chopped tomatoes, ½ green pepper, 1lb. cooked cod, haddock, or cape fillets, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Wash rice thoroughly, place in saucepan, add cold water to depth of exactly ½in. (regardless of quantity of rice and size of saucepan). Cover closely, bring quickly to the boil, cook quickly 5 minutes. Reduce heat as much as possible, cook 15 minutes longer without removing lid. Saute chopped onion in butter until soft and yellow but not brown. Add rice, chopped tomato, chopped parboiled green pepper, cooked fish (broken into flakes or chunky pieces), salt, cayenne pepper, and anchovy sauce. Toss lightly to mix, turn into greased ovenware dish, reheat in moderate oven. Serve hot garnished with lemon and parsley.

Continued overleaf

AMERICAN PRAWN SAVORY. See recipe at left.

The best in wake-up breakfasts:

A delicious Sardine-burger, with KRAFT CHEDDAR SLICES

A delicate, savoury taste, too . . . with lots of nourishment:

Toast and butter soft hamburger buns or slices of toast. Then place two or three sardines on each, top with a Kraft De Luxe Cheddar Slice, grill lightly until melting and serve. Made from a blend of Australia's finest cheeses, and sliced into 8 perfect squares for your convenience, Cheddar Slices simply peel apart at a touch. Available from your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Another good food idea from the KRAFT Kitchen

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Concluding . . . LENTEN MEALS

RATATOUILLE

Two ounces oil, 1lb. thinly sliced onions, 6 medium-sized tomatoes (sliced thinly), 1 medium-sized eggplant (sliced thinly), 4 green peppers (sliced thinly), 1 stalk celery (chopped), 1lb. marrow (sliced), 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 2 bay leaves, 4 or 5 sage leaves, 2 whole cloves, salt, pepper, water.

Heat oil in pan, add onions and fry gently; remove from pan, drain. Add tomatoes to pan, simmer 10 minutes. Arrange layers of onion, tomato, eggplant, pepper, celery, and marrow in well-greased casserole. Season layers with garlic, salt and pepper. Add bay and sage leaves, cloves, and water (1 cup). Cover, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes or simmer over heat 30 minutes. If thicker sauce is preferred, remove cover for last 5 or 10 minutes of cooking time.

FISH CREOLE

One large fish (snapper, bream, or any other fish desired), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 3 stalks celery (chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 5oz. breadcrumbs.

Wash fish, trim fins, remove eyes but leave head on. Sprinkle with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Melt butter in frying-pan, add onion, celery, and parsley; saute lightly, mix in breadcrumbs. Place stuffing in fish cavity, sew opening together or secure with skewers. Place in well-buttered baking-dish. Prepare sauce.

Sauce: Three ounces butter, 1 chopped onion, 1 chopped green pepper (seeds removed), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 pint canned tomatoes, juice 1 lemon, 1 sprig thyme or 1 pinch dried thyme, ½ bay leaf, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 1 small can mushrooms.

Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, green pepper, parsley, tomatoes, lemon juice, thyme, bay leaf, salt, cayenne, and worcestershire sauce. Bring to boil. Simmer 10 minutes, taste, and if necessary add more seasoning. Pour sauce over fish, bake in moderate oven 1 hour, basting with the sauce every 10 minutes. Strain liquid off mushrooms. Just before removing fish from oven, scatter mushrooms on top, let them heat through. Serve very hot.

CAULIFLOWER AND BEAN CASSEROLE

One large cauliflower, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, ¾ cup small bread cubes, extra 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 finely chopped onion, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 2-3rds cups undiluted evaporated milk, 1-3rd cup water, 2 egg-yolks (slightly beaten), ½ cup grated parmesan cheese, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½lb. cooked sliced beans, extra shredded cheese.

Remove outer leaves from cauliflower, cut off woody base, trim off any blemishes. Carefully break into flowerets. Stand in salted water 30 minutes; rinse, cook 8 to 10 minutes or until tender in boiling salted water. Heat butter in pan, add bread cubes and brown lightly; drain. Prepare sauce: Melt butter in saucepan, add onion and cook until soft, add flour, salt and pepper, and mix well. Stir in evaporated milk and water, stir over heat until thickened, simmer 2 minutes. Add egg-yolks, cook few minutes longer without boiling. Cool slightly, add cheese and lemon juice. Arrange one half of the cauliflower pieces in casserole, cover with half the sauce. Add beans and remaining cauliflower, top with remaining sauce. Sprinkle with extra shredded cheese, arrange bread cubes in border round top of casserole. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until lightly browned and thoroughly heated.

CHEESE AND MUSHROOM SCALLOP

One small can sliced mushrooms, ½lb. sharp cheddar cheese, 6 slices bread, 3 tomatoes (skinned and sliced), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup milk or cream, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, pinch pepper.

Trim crust from bread slices. Arrange some bread fingers on base of casserole. Cover with layer of cheese (cut into thin slices), mushrooms, and sliced tomatoes. Repeat layers, seasoning each and finishing with bread layer. Dot with butter or substitute. Combine milk with beaten eggs and seasonings, pour over casserole. Bake in moderately slow oven until puffed and lightly browned (about 30 to 40 minutes). Serve piping hot.

SUNSHINE RICE CASSEROLE

Two cups cooked rice, 2½ cups finely grated carrots, 1½ cups grated tasty cheese, 2 well-beaten eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, parsley.

Combine all ingredients; toss well but lightly together. Spoon into well-buttered casserole. Cover, bake in moderately slow oven 45 minutes or until set and lightly browned. Serve sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

FISH ORIENTALE

One pound boned white fish, 2 slices canned pineapple, 1 large green pepper, ½lb. sugar, ½ pint white wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, pinch monosodium glutamate, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons flour, ½ pint stock or water, 3 teaspoons cornflour, fat or oil for frying.

Clean and cut green pepper and pineapple into 8 pieces each. Mix egg and flour together, stir until smooth. Cut fish into 1in. pieces, dip in egg and flour mixture, fry in deep hot fat until brown. Bring vinegar and stock or water to boil. Add pineapple, green pepper, sugar, salt, and monosodium glutamate; bring to boil again. Add fried fish pieces, soy sauce, and stir in cornflour which has been blended with little stock or water until smooth. Stir over heat further 3 or 4 minutes. Serve.

SICILIAN PIZZA

One ounce compressed yeast, ½ pint lukewarm water, 1lb. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons peanut or olive oil, anchovy tomato sauce (recipe below), ¾ cup tasty grated cheese.

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Place flour and salt on board, make well in centre, add dissolved yeast and knead thoroughly 10 minutes. Add oil, continue kneading until smooth. Cover, set in warm place 2 hours or until dough has risen to double its size. Knead dough, cover and set aside further half an hour. Spread in large well-greased baking-tin about ½in. thick. Dent here and there with fingertips. Cover, set aside ½ hour. Pour generous layer of anchovy tomato sauce over dough, sprinkle liberally with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes. Lower heat to moderate, continue baking 15 minutes or until pizza is golden brown. Remove from oven, cut into pieces about 4in. to 5in. square. Serve very hot.

Anchovy Tomato Sauce: One large onion (sliced), 3 tablespoons olive oil, 1 can tomato puree, ½ teaspoon marjoram, 3 anchovy fillets, salt and pepper to taste, 1 pint water.

Fry onion in heated oil 5 minutes or until browned lightly. Add puree, cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add marjoram, anchovies, salt and pepper and water. Simmer 25 minutes.

The best in man-pleasing snacks:

Good crusty bread and aged COON

Here's a satisfying snack you can give a man at any time. What a treat it is when the bread is crusty and fresh and the cheese is *Coon* . . . the fully-matured tasty cheese men like. Cut off a thick slice of Coon and place it between slices of fresh crusty bread. For variety, try adding either tomatoes, mild onion slices, lettuce, or chutney with Coon cheese. No rind, no dried-out edges when you buy Coon in air-tight plastic packs from your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Another good food idea from the KRAFT Kitchen

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DESSERT WINS £5 PRIZE

● A delicious and colorful dessert all the family will enjoy wins first prize this week in our recipe contest.

● *Snow eggs dessert wins the £5 prize.*

RECIPES for a tomato-flavored relish and a chilled fruit cocktail drink win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

SNOW EGGS DESSERT

One pint milk, small piece cinnamon, 1 strip thinly pared outer rind of lemon, pinch salt, 3 eggs, pink coloring, 2oz. sugar, little vanilla essence, colored sugar.

Heat milk with cinnamon and lemon rind to simmering point. Draw pan from heat and remove lemon rind and cinnamon, leaving milk to cool slightly. Separate eggs and beat egg-whites with salt until stiff and peaky; color pale pink. With warmed spoon or two spoons, drop egg-shaped pieces into the hot flavored milk. Return pan to low heat and poach gently until "eggs" are firm. Skim out on to a dish. Whisk egg-yolks with sugar and stir into hot, but not boiling, milk. Stir over low heat until mixture thickens smoothly, flavor with vanilla. Pour round "eggs" in serving-dish, leave for a short while before sprinkling with colored sugar. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. V. Kellon, Box 11, The Valley Post Office, Gladstone, Qld.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

One cup grapefruit juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 or 2 tablespoons sweet sherry, sugar, 1 box strawberries, 1 tin diced pineapple and syrup from can, mint sprigs.

Mix together fruit juices and sherry. Sweeten to taste and chill. Wash and hull the strawberries and cut in halves. Place in basin with the diced pineapple and syrup, carefully mix in strawberries. Pour the chilled liquid over fruit in glasses or pile back into grapefruit cases. Garnish with fresh mint sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Matheson, 178 Cox Street, South Windsor, N.S.W.

TOMATO QUETTA

Five pounds ripe firm tomatoes, boiling water, 1oz. green ginger, 1oz. garlic, 1 small red chilli, 2oz. currants, 2oz. sultanas, 1½oz. salt, ¾lb. white sugar, 1 cup malt vinegar.

Pour boiling water over tomatoes, stand a few seconds; drain. Peel off skins and cut tomatoes into pieces, place in large saucepan. Add finely sliced ginger, garlic, and chilli, then add currants, sultanas, salt, sugar, and vinegar. Boil very quickly (without lid) about 1 hour, stirring well during cooking at frequent intervals until mixture is very thick and reduced to half quantity. When cooked, mixture should be bright red color, not brown. Cool slightly and spoon into clean dry jars. When cold, seal and label.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss H. Bruce, 16 Ashley Street, Roseville, N.S.W.

Home Hints

● Sent in by readers, each hint wins £1/1/-.

Save time by "ironing" handkerchiefs the easy way. Simply wash and rinse. Press flat on tiled bathroom wall and smooth out wrinkles. Leave until dry and then peel off. Handkerchiefs will be perfectly smooth and will only need folding.—P. Parish, 7 The Avenue, Windsor, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Keep very worn towels in your sewing-bag and when using the machine to make a dress cover various-sized pieces of towel with left-over pieces from your scrap-bag. You'll find you soon have a good supply of oven-cloths, which also make good gifts.—Mrs. K. J. Currie, River Front, Maroochydore, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To clean glass containers which have a film at the bottom, crush an empty eggshell (uncooked), place it in the glass to be cleaned, shake vigorously for a few minutes, then rinse in cold water.—Mrs. S. M. Cornish, 6 Gould Rd., Elizabeth Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Before sewing on bias binding, turn the edge of the material over once and run the iron along it. The binding will not break away because it is sewn through two thicknesses of material instead of one.—Miss Rose Lynne, 5 Clarence St., South Perth.

★ ★ ★

I made a useful piece of nursery furniture from an old kitchen table bought for 12/6 at an auction. I cut a hole and fitted the baby bath in the centre and padded round this with plastic foam and covered it with a white baby towel. A towel-rail and containers for pins, soap, etc., were added.—Mrs. R. U. Richards, 38 George St., Moe, Vic.

The best in week-end lunches:

This tempting "brunch board" with KRAFT SWISS SLICES

The fine flavour of Swiss... perfect outdoors

A bright new way to enjoy relaxed eating — with the nut-sweet flavour of fresh-cut Swiss. To make your brunch board, take a large wooden board or platter. Then arrange slices of brown and white bread, tomato, cucumber, hard-boiled egg, radishes, carrot sticks, onion, *and Kraft Swiss Slices.* Let your family and friends help themselves to whatever they like best. You'll find everyone enjoys the fine nut-sweet flavour of sliced Swiss, the cheese that's different from other cheeses. Serve a Swiss-style brunch board at weekends — it's a wonderfully easy, *satisfying* way to eat. Available from your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Another good food idea from the KRAFT Kitchen

Look for the 4oz. and 8oz. plastic packages. Also available cut from the big blocks.

KR224

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Daisies for variety

ALPINE ASTER is a perfect plant for the rock garden. It grows from 6in. to 1ft. high, and does well in any good soil, provided it is given full sun.

GARDENING

● For gay borders and easy gardening the wide range of daisy flowers available, including many new and very beautiful hybrids, cannot be bettered. They need very little care.

THERE are low rockery varieties of daisies, border plants, and tall perennials which grow to 6ft. or more.

There are daisy flowers for cutting and garden decoration for almost every month of the year.

Some of these daisies are happy on dry banks, others like cool moist conditions.

Autumn and spring are the main planting times for most members of the daisy family.

In addition to the two varieties illustrated, Helichrysums are available in many colors and can be sown in autumn or spring.

Shasta daisies are hardy and prolific. They are raised from seeds or root divisions. Seed sowings take 18 months to two years to flower.

Shastas make fine border plants during summer and autumn. In addition to the white varieties, there are several pink ones — rubellum Clara Curtis, rubellum Lady Clara, and rubellum Nancy Perry.

Agathea or blue marguerite is a shrubby border plant which in mild climates will bloom prolifically several times a year.

A new, even finer, variety, Santa Anita, has larger blue daisy flowers. It can be raised from seed sown in spring or root cuttings taken in autumn or spring.

Pyrethrum coccineum (painted lady) is one of the most useful of hardy perennials, flowering in spring.

A member of the chrysanthemum family, the pyrethrum has neat fern-like flowers on 2ft. stems.

HELENIUM, a perennial, which belongs to the sunflower family, reaches a height of 4 to 6ft. Blossoms in late autumn and early winter. Grown from root cuttings in autumn or spring or seed sown in spring. Pictured is Curly and Crest, one of the many varieties of this perennial.

Hardy perennials, pyrethrums thrive best in deeply dug, fairly rich soil in open sunny borders. Propagate by root cuttings in autumn or by seed in autumn or spring.

Goldsturn rudbeckia produces an abundance of single orange-yellow flowers in late summer and autumn.

Propagation is as for pyrethrums.

Arctotis hybrids are obtainable in many dazzling colors. They are ideal for covering dry banks where little else will thrive. Blooms continue most of the year.

Propagation is by root cuttings taken in autumn or spring, or by seed sown in spring. —*By Rosalie Redwood.*

The best in Main Course dishes:

Shred Kraft Cheddar to make this nourishing Lenten dish

So easy and so rich in protein

CHEESE-AND-TUNA RICE

INGREDIENTS: 1½ cups raw rice; 3 teaspoons salt; 1 tablespoon chopped onion; ¼ cup chopped celery; ¼ cup chopped green pepper.
Sauce: 1oz. butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1¼ cups milk; 8oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 can Greenseas Tuna, 6½oz. Chunk Style or 7oz. can Solid Pack; pinch cayenne pepper.
METHOD: Cook rice in 2½ pints boiling water with the 3 teaspoons salt. Add onion, celery and green pepper after 10 minutes. Drain, rinse. Place in a serving dish and keep hot.
Sauce: Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and let cook a few minutes. Stir in milk gradually, then add shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese and cayenne pepper. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until cheese has melted and the sauce is smooth. Add Tuna and reheat. Serve over the rice. 8 servings.

Another good food idea from the KRAFT Kitchen

KR222

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— and even more fine cheeses from KRAFT

1. SPREADS
A big selection of ready-to-spread cheeses — to give fine flavour to sandwiches and savouries in seconds. Delicate Cream Cheese, smooth and mild Cheddar, rich and nippy Gorgonzola, tangy-sharp Danish Blue — and for fast cheese treats, Cheez Whiz — you spoon it or spread it straight from the jar. The non-cheese variety is Sandwich Relish, with a blended gherkin flavour.

2. MONTEREY
Mellow flavoured natural cheese with smooth texture. Sealed in 6 oz. clear plastic packages — no rind, no waste. Make the most of this popular cheese — in cubes served with coffee, savoury biscuits, or salads.

3. GRATED PARMESAN
The sharp, distinctive flavour of Parmesan makes it a popular ingredient sprinkled on Spaghetti, Macaroni, soups, and many other cooked dishes. Grated Parmesan is packed in attractive 2 oz. foil envelopes.

4. DE LUXE SLICES
3 more cheeses in handy 8 oz. stay-fresh plastic packages — and there are 8 slices in each! OLD ENGLISH — for people who prefer a stronger Cheddar flavour; WELSH RAREBIT — 8 servings of traditional Welsh Rarebit in every pack, ready to grill; GRUYERE — 8 fresh-cut slices with authentic, slightly nut-sweet flavour.

5. OLD ENGLISH
— for those in the family who prefer a cheddar cheese with a stronger flavour. It slices easily and cooks and grills to perfection. Available in the red 8 oz. packet and in 1 oz. portions.

6. PORTIONS
A range of convenient, wedge-shaped cheese portions, perfect for quick snacks or school lunches. 7 delicious flavours — Cheddar, Velveeta, Gruyere, Old English, Gorgonzola, Cheese and Bacon and Celery.

7. PARTY SNACKS
Melt-in-your-mouth Neufchatel cheese blended with 5 delicious flavours — choose from Gherkin, Asparagus, Pineapple, Onion, and Smoked Oyster. Temptingly packed in gaily coloured foil cups ready to set on your party tray with cracker biscuits or potato crisps.

8. VELVEETA
— the nourishing, easily-digested cheese-food with 6 important growth nutrients. *All* the family love its mild flavour. S-p-r-e-a-d-s like butter on bread or biscuits, melts into a sauce. In 8 oz. yellow packs, and 1 oz. portions.

9. HANDI SNACKS
An exciting variety of cheese in a new shape — just like a bonbon. 3 tasty flavours — ever-popular Cheese and Bacon, distinctive Swiss and spicy Garlic.

The best for Lent: from KRAFT

Cheese is a wonderful food — always put a cheese from KRAFT on your table

KR226

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Continuing . . . MOMENT OF TRUTH

from page 42

Her smile had gone. She said: "No."

"All right," he said, and stuck the flap down.

"Don't send that letter. Please!"

Drew's hand was resting on the envelope. "Not sending it won't alter anything," he said carefully.

"I know."

He studied her closely, searching her face for some reservation that he hadn't seen before. "Unless I'm wrong about us," he said.

"I wish you were." Her voice was sad.

"There isn't time for wishes," Drew said roughly.

She made a business of gathering up her gloves and handbag. "That's just the point," she said. "There's no time. If you post that letter, you'll just create a mess. And for what? Who knows what's going to happen?"

So the letter fell into ash as Drew held a match underneath it, and Lois waited for him, a few paces away, her back turned.

Drew went on to Miami, where he gave a series of lectures.

Lois came down for the weekend. There was only one hotel in Miami, and they stayed there. Miami was nothing like its Florida namesake. Two cinemas, three drugstores, and a main street. That was it.

That was the only time they came near to quarrelling. On the Saturday evening Lois stood outside the hotel, looked at the broad street, and said, "Good heavens, what are we going to do?"

"We could do the movies," Drew said, having picked up a few of the American terms.

"The movies! Is that the best you can think of?"

The same irritable impatience was rising inside him; he tried to control it and said, "There's not much else."

"Anyway, I've seen them both."

They couldn't even have a drink. Oklahoma was a dry State. And they'd already eaten.

"We could catch the bus to Joplin," Drew said. "That's in Missouri. It's about thirty miles."

"For Pete's sake," Lois said. "Thirty miles for a drink?"

"If it's going to be that dull for you," he snapped, "I don't know why you bothered to come."

"I can easily fix that," Lois said, her lips tight. She turned and started walking back toward the hotel.

Drew walked alongside her, knowing how ridiculous they were both being. At the door of the hotel he said, "There isn't another train tonight."

She stopped and they looked at each other. Perhaps they were both startled and a little afraid of the possibilities in each other that they had suddenly glimpsed and wanted to back away from them quickly. In the end they went to the older of the two old films.

By the time Drew saw her off on Sunday afternoon they hadn't so much patched it up, as decided, without saying anything to each other to forget it.

Drew said, "See you Tuesday with any luck."

His mind was a whirl of daydreams close to fantasy. He still had another four weeks in America. Perhaps he would be transferred to the R.A.F. staff in Washington. But, anyway, he still had another four weeks. It was a lifetime. Beyond that he didn't think.

But on Monday morning a call came through to Miami. The whole mission was returning to England immediately. He was to catch the afternoon train out of Miami without fail.

Drew telephoned Lois and told her. Then . . . "I change at Kansas City. I get there about seven and my train leaves at eleven."

"Get a cab," she said. "Come straight out."

Sitting in the train rolling north, he felt savagely angry. All those wonderful plans were now worth nothing. In two days he would be back in England . . .

But they still had four hours. It wasn't much, but it was something.

Then the conductor came round and spoke to him. Drew couldn't believe what he said. But the conductor was emphatic.

At Kansas City, Drew rushed to a telephone. When Lois answered, he found that he had difficulty in being coherent. "There's been some sort of mix-up," he stumbled. "The eleven o'clock train's been cancelled or something. My train leaves in thirty minutes . . ."

Lois grasped it quickly. She said: "Wait there. I'll be as quick as I can."

Given all the luck in the world with traffic lights, she couldn't arrive in less than twenty minutes.

DREW was waiting outside when he saw Lois drive into the station approach. They had three minutes.

She held his arm tightly. They walked quickly into the station. A porter had got a seat for Drew. He tipped him. Lois and he looked at each other.

There were only a few seconds left. His thoughts in a whirl, he said, rushing his words: "It's no good. I'm going to tell Betsy as soon as I get back. I've got to."

Lois opened her mouth as if to speak. Whistles shrieked. They kissed, hurriedly and hard. Lois gave a nervous half smile. The train gave a jolt and began to move. Drew turned and jumped aboard.

Soon her figure vanished. Drew kept looking back, watching the city grow smaller, until all he could see was a red light on top of a skyscraper. Then that, too, disappeared into the night.

As soon as he arrived in England, Drew was given a seventy-two-hour pass and went to see Betsy. But he didn't tell her, because she got her news in first.

She was pregnant. She hadn't written because it had only just been confirmed.

Drew felt like a wildly spinning top from which the centrifugal force that would keep it steady and perpendicular had suddenly been removed. For some reason he became incredibly tired and seemed to spend most of those three days sleeping.

Later he wrote a long, emotional, and somewhat incoherent letter to Lois. She replied, eventually; a brief, dignified note saying that she thought this was probably the best thing and wishing them both happiness.

When the war ended he went back to the bank.

Since then it had been a matter of regular salary increases and recurring promotion. They moved to Nottingham, to Bristol, and finally to London. Carol had grown up . . . and now she wanted to get married, to commit herself emotionally to one man for good and all. At the age of 18.

Drew sighed. He was confused. He could remember everything clearly enough, and yet he had the most curious feeling that it was all blurred, like looking at a three-dimensional picture without the correct lenses. Perspective was lacking.

His ashtray was half full of cigarette stubs, instead of the one he had promised himself. It was late. Betsy would have been waiting for him for a long time. He put on his hat and overcoat and went home.

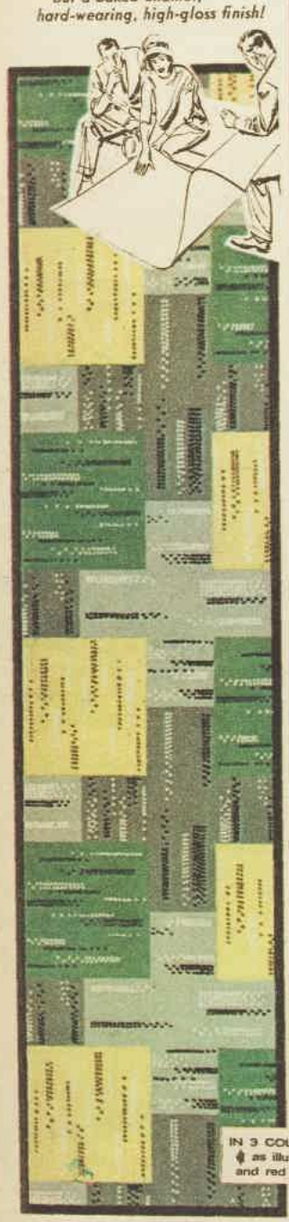
Betsy, withdrawn and aloof, did not comment on the time. She said simply: "Well?"

"You know why I'm doubtful," Drew said, but even as he prepared to repeat himself he had the feeling that he was helping some broken thing to limp along.

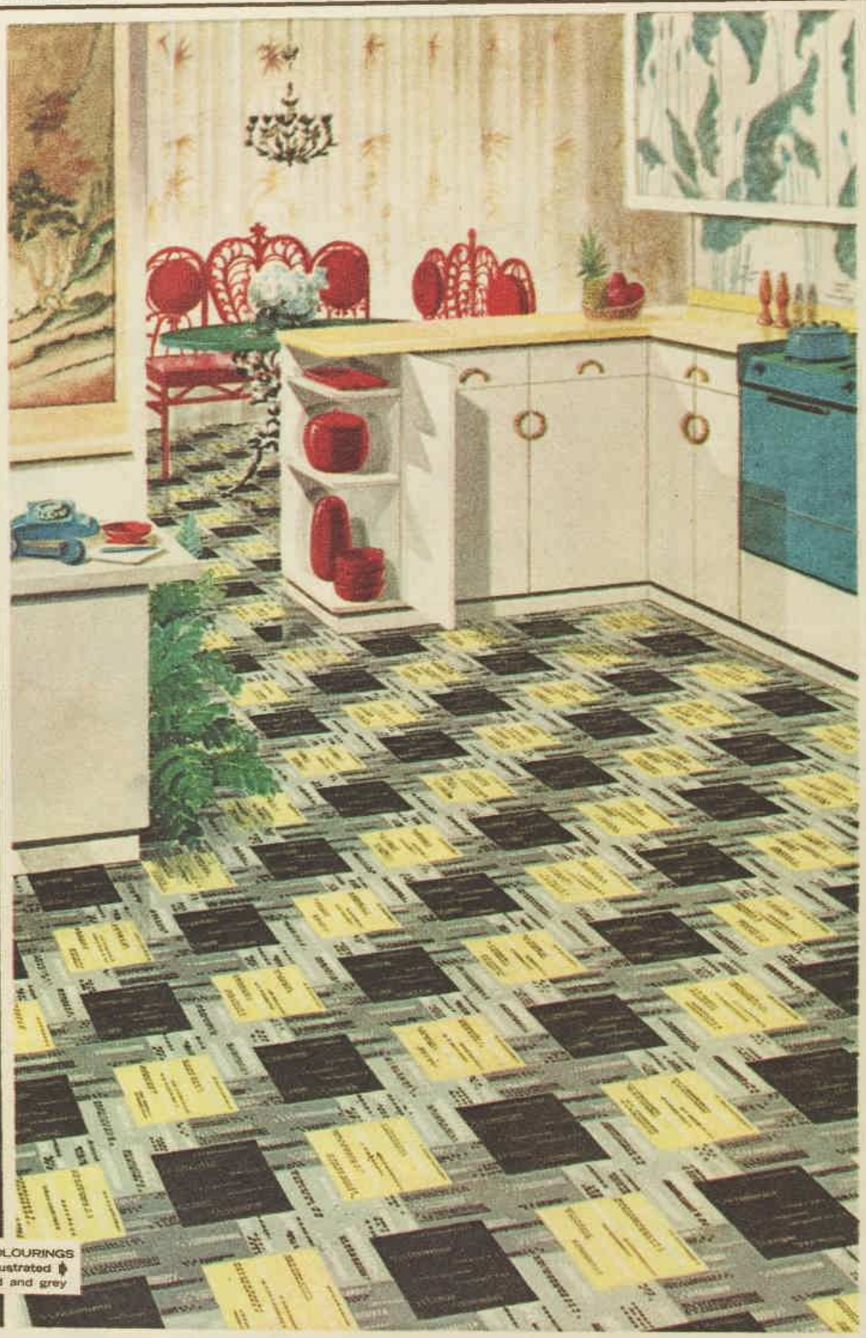
To page 53

IT'S THE BEST BUY

Nairnfelt's surface is not just a pattern in paint . . . but a baked enamel, hard-wearing, high-gloss finish!



IN 3 COLOURINGS as illustrated and red and grey



brilliant new contemporary pattern in

"TIMES SQUARE"—as colourful and as exciting as the heart of New York at midnight. Get Nairnfelt "Times Square" in the colour combination you like best. It's the best buy—full six feet wide, covers the average room for less than six pounds!

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ASK FOR NAIRNFELT AT ALL LEADING HOME FURNISHERS, FLOOR COVERING DEPARTMENTS AND SPECIALISTS

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Continuing . . . MOMENT OF TRUTH

from page 52

"When we were young, the war was on. Things were different . . ."

"The war!" There was a note of contempt, almost hatred, in Betsy's voice. "We'll never escape from the war. Do you have to refer everything to that?"

Drew was shaken. He lighted a cigarette to give himself time to think. Perhaps he and his whole generation were mental prisoners of those five years; so long at the time, so short in relation to a man's lifetime. Referring everything, comparing everything, judging everything, good times, bad times, past times, pinned as firmly to their war as a butterfly to a board. A dead, preserved butterfly.

Drew didn't know where he was any more. Wearily, he said: "Do you really think Carol and Johnnie should marry?"

Betsy didn't answer him directly, but in a flatly bitter voice said: "At least they believe they're in love with each other. They don't have to marry because they're afraid there won't be time to find anyone else. Or because they think they're going to die."

Drew's glance met Betsy's for, perhaps, half a second. For that blink of time it was as if a blind over Betsy's soul had momentarily been raised, revealing something bare and stark and hard.

Then the blind dropped back into place. She stood up hurriedly and said, "I'd better see about dinner." Her voice had lost its sharpness and contained regret.

Drew sat motionless, utterly stupefied. Betsy knew. Right from the beginning she had known. Not details; not who, not where, not when. But the important thing, she knew.

Drew's face burned at the thought of his own stupidity in having supposed that what he thought and felt was an entirely private, invisible matter. Only a very stupid woman would not have known. Betsy was far from that.

NOW . . . what? Their years together, any happiness they had had—only Betsy had made it all possible. Because she was strong and forbearing and selfless.

And suddenly Drew was afraid. Afraid of the pretences she had made; afraid that she would be too weary to continue supporting everything all by herself.

Though he did not move from his chair he sought desperately for something—anything—to get hold of. The past years unreeled like a mad jumping cinema film, good times, bad times, right back to when they were younger, to Lois.

Lois. After she wrote to him he heard from her three times more. Twice she sent a Christmas card. The third time was one of those "Got married" cards with a photograph of herself and her husband.

He remembered looking at it with regret, nostalgia, longing. He had the formless yet intense feeling that there was something very important about the recollection and he drove his mind harder.

Then he got it. He remembered looking at the man in the photograph and feeling nothing. Not one trace of envy or jealousy; only that sentimental balloon of vague nostalgia which, all these years later, had collapsed on the first sharp needle of real values.

And he knew that he had harmed Betsy for nothing.

He stood up and went to the kitchen. She didn't hear him. She was just standing doing nothing.

Drew felt helpless, his conscience wrecked by fear and apprehension.

She heard him, turned, and formed her lips into the shape of a smile. "I was just wondering what we should have," she said.

"Oh, don't bother," he replied. "We'll eat out somewhere." He had an instinctive feeling that the next hour or two might pass more easily if they dined out as two strangers might dine together.

She hesitated, then nodded.

"I think I understand about Carol. I think I've been wrong." He added with difficulty, "I'm sorry, Betsy."

She looked at him curiously. "What for?"

"Just sorry."

Her eyes stayed on his for a fraction of a second, but the blind was still there. She went past him to fetch her coat.

Given, Drew thought, careful attention and the proper conditions, a delicate, fragile plant might be brought to bud, briefly to flower, and then to die.

The war, the uniform, the fevered atmosphere had been Drew's greenhouse. Without those artificial conditions he would have been nothing to Lois and she little to him. Their affair had had no more hope of permanence than an orchard in Iceland.

He knew that he could never tell Betsy that in so many words.

He could only try within their context of familiarity to show her the truth about her value to him. His only hope was that it still mattered to her.

While he waited for his wife, Drew thought that it was strange, after being married so long, to be afraid and apprehensive. He knew that he was afraid from the slightly uncomfortable speeding of his heart, the tendency to swallow too often, symptoms that were once, a long time ago, a daily recurring part of his life.

And he knew that he was as much in danger of losing all that mattered as he ever was.

There's one thing to be thankful for, Drew thought. At least I'm where I belong. And, thank heaven, at last I know it.

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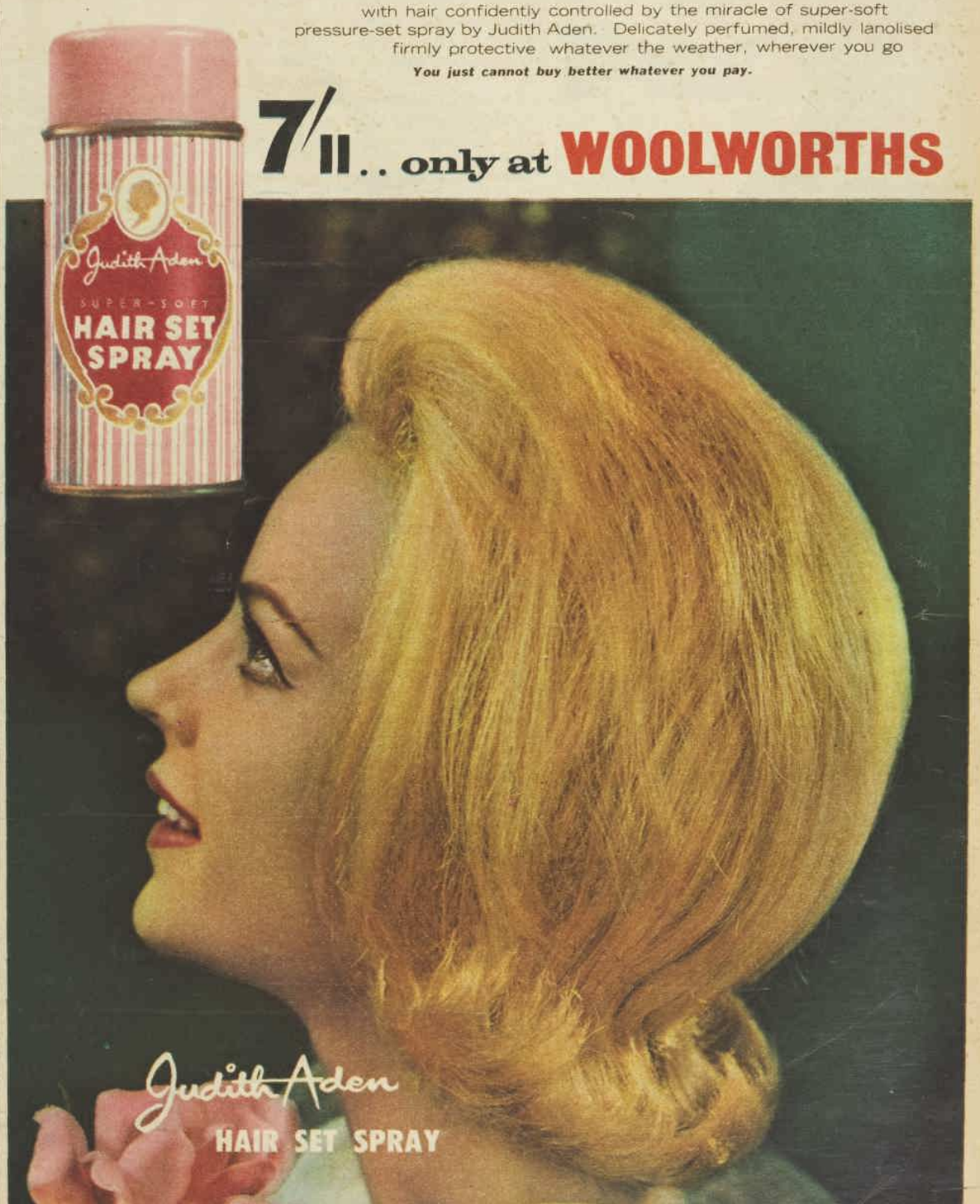
"Let me know if that fan bothers you, sir."

Set..to go lovely..sure to arrive beautiful

with hair confidently controlled by the miracle of super-soft pressure-set spray by Judith Aden. Delicately perfumed, mildly lanolised firmly protective whatever the weather, wherever you go

You just cannot buy better whatever you pay.

7/11.. only at WOOLWORTHS



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WINDSOR Table Silver is double silver-plated and guaranteed for 50 years. See WINDSOR 44-piece services at all leading stores, where matching Fish Knives and Forks, and Sweets Spoons and Forks, are also available.

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I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF

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Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, tiredness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure . . . and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere

FORD PILLS

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● This has been one of the days when the doorbell has rung continually.

FIRST there was somebody collecting for one of the public hospitals, then somebody leaving a bag to be filled for the old-age pensioners, then somebody wanting to see over the house with a view to buying it (she was quite put out when I told her it wasn't for sale and her agent must have made a mistake in the address), somebody selling fruit, and somebody wanting to inquire about my family's washing habits.

Over the years I've got tough with the fruit men.

Other people can buy perfectly beautiful fruit at the door—my friends often do—but I get taken in every time I try it; the fruit underneath looks nothing like the fruit on top.

Mike always insists on counting what I buy and then tells me there is only two-thirds of the number the vendor promised, and far too much of it seems to go bad before we can use it.

My most interesting visitor this morning was a market researcher who wanted to know about the soaps we use.

First question—Have you any soap in the house at present? (Well really — how many housewives would you find who could honestly look you in the face and say they had no soap of any sort in the house today?)

Then I was asked to name all the brands of soap I know.

I wasn't very good at this, and in no time at all I'd come to the end of my list and was reduced to trotting out the name of the anti-wildlife soap we used on the dog.

Then I was asked which on my list I'd used at any time in the past, and how long it was since I'd last used them (five years in one case, twenty in another, both rough guesses which were religiously written down and will live forever somewhere in a pile of statistics).

About one sort of soap with a rather specialised use I was asked whether it had been used yesterday or the day before; the researcher also wanted to know whether I had bought any soap at all in the past two days, if I had to buy a month's supply today what sort I would get, what color my bath was, whether the bathroom basin was the same color, and whether the shower cabinet was the built-up sort that could be used as a bath.

Mike objects to "skungey old soap"

WHAT interested me (and the whole business of advertising and market research interests me a lot) was that no one was interested in my **reasons** for buying certain brands, but only in the what and when and how often of my purchases.

Perhaps that was just as well, anyway, because I don't know that my reasons are particularly reasonable.

We have to have two sorts of soap always in the bathroom because if we have only the one which the girls and I like for its smell Mike says: "I'm not going to wash at all if there's only that skungey old soap of yours to use."

It's not the smell he objects to, but the color, and it doesn't seem to have occurred to him that the color won't rub off on his skin!

Mike, incidentally, would be an advertising man's nightmare. His pet hobby, at the moment, is trying to disprove advertising claims.

Giant sizes and king sizes are anathema to him, and he is always proving to the family by practical demonstrations that there is more in two pigmy sizes than in one giant size.

The oversize carton has been his pet hate ever since he discovered a giant-sized product sold in such an enormously over-sized carton that he could put two into one carton.

Now he's always raiding the grocery cupboard and opening things that I'm not ready to have opened, just to see how much of the packet is product and how much is empty air enclosed in cardboard.

Maybe market researchers ought to start doing some research on the early teen and pre-teen sections of the community.

Girls go through a "feuding" stage

I SUPPOSE every family that has two of a kind fairly close together in age has to put up with periods when the bickering never seems to end.

Kat and Diana are in one of those stages now—they're not feuding about anything in particular, they're just feuding.

Everything leads to argument:

Who used the last of the shampoo? Who left the light on in the kitchen? Who's borrowed my stockings, moved my tennis racquet, pinched my pen, swiped my library book?

Mike, of course, enjoys all these arguments, and adds what fuel he can to the fire by siding with Kat no matter whether she happens temporarily to be in the right or the wrong.

Hugh has the best idea. Wherever he is is immediately declared neutral ground.

"If you want to fight, go and do it somewhere else," he says.

Tape-recorder would cure squabbles

EACH of them is expert at riling the other, so that the mildest disagreement can be turned into a full scale battle within a few seconds.

The word "juvenile" is like a red rag to Diana—Kat has only to say "Of course, that's a very juvenile point of view" or "For heaven's sake, why don't you try to grow **up**" to make Di froth at the mouth with fury.

Kat is equally annoyed by Dian's constant cry that she's "stuck up" just because she happens to be a bit older, that she's got a "swelled head," and that she thinks she's "Lady Muck."

I think a tape recorder might end all this —if only they could hear how childish they both sound, with their voices getting louder and louder and their accusations wilder and wilder.

The only comfort is that they've been through these periods before and they seem to end just as suddenly and unaccountably as they begin.

Last night I reminded them of how Oscar Wilde had said "I dislike arguments of any kind. They are always vulgar, and often convincing."

This brought a short intermission in the fight, because they thought it was funny, but they soon went back to their favorite sport of tearing each other's characters to shreds.

Add excitement to your hair with

Nestle Streaks 'n' Tips

Biggest colour range in Australia

13 UP-TO-DATE SHADES

Pumpkin orange, brown, frosty green, pearly pink, frosty blue, black, red too, blonde, auburn, orchid mist, frosty white, gold and silver.

SPRAY ON COLOUR SHAMPOO OUT

— no strickiness either!

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Our Man between heaven and earth

Not, as you might think, an excerpt from The Perils of Pauline, but Our Man, unconventional yet unabashed, setting out on his travels. Where to? Anywhere where there are fresh, lively, exciting designs to be found for wallpapers and fabrics, or where new trends in home decoration are waiting and wanting to be discovered.

Our Man has a nose for them. If he hadn't, then the Sanderson range would not be the widest and most adventurous you could possibly wish for. And it is!

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Sciatica

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WAR25

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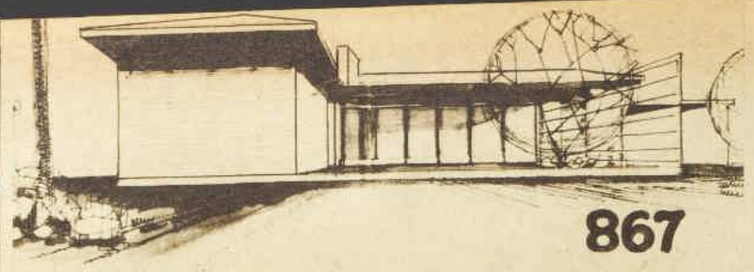
Rub away the misery of sore, tired aching feet. Don't endure unsightly foot swellings or the discomfort of bunions. **Baume Dalet** penetrates quickly to the trouble source letting its healing ingredients go swiftly to work relieving the pain, reducing the inflammation and swelling. Ask your family chemist for **Baume Dalet**, 6/- tube.

Baume Dalet

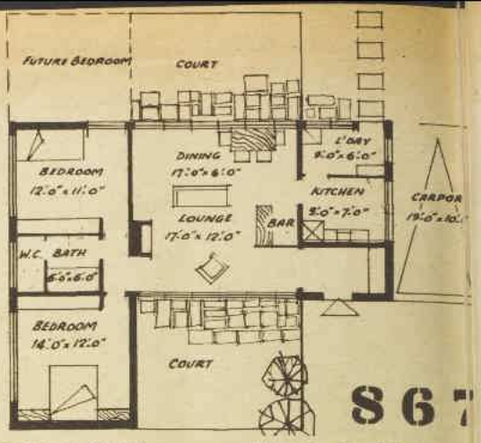
. . . A FOOT OINTMENT OF GREAT PENETRATING POWER

W.B.D.T.-3

All the family will love Eeyoy's only 1/-



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows unusual exterior, with highlights instead of front bedroom windows, and attractive hip roof.



FLOOR PLAN shows provision for third bedroom, spacious living area, and direct access to house from the carport. Two courtyards give added space for outdoor entertaining.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● This week's Home Plan, No. 867 in our series of basic designs, has a particularly compact layout.

THERE are two large bedrooms with built-in wardrobes and provision is made for a third bedroom to be added later.

The bedroom wing leads into a spacious lounge-room, 17ft. x 12ft., with a built-in fireplace and cocktail bar. A dining-room, 17ft. x 6ft., opens directly off the lounge-room and the whole area is open-planned to give a feeling of space.

A compact kitchen has been designed next to the lounge-dining area. The kitchen leads on one side to a carport (an ideal arrangement in wet weather) and on the other to a laundry, 9ft. by 6ft.

The exterior of Plan No. 867 is unusual, with bedroom windows at the front of the house replaced by highlights for maximum privacy. Lounge-room windows are fixed glass panels and french windows. The hip roof is a style that can be built in almost any material.

This design is suitable for brick or timber construction. In brick it will have an area of 11.8 squares; in timber 11 squares.

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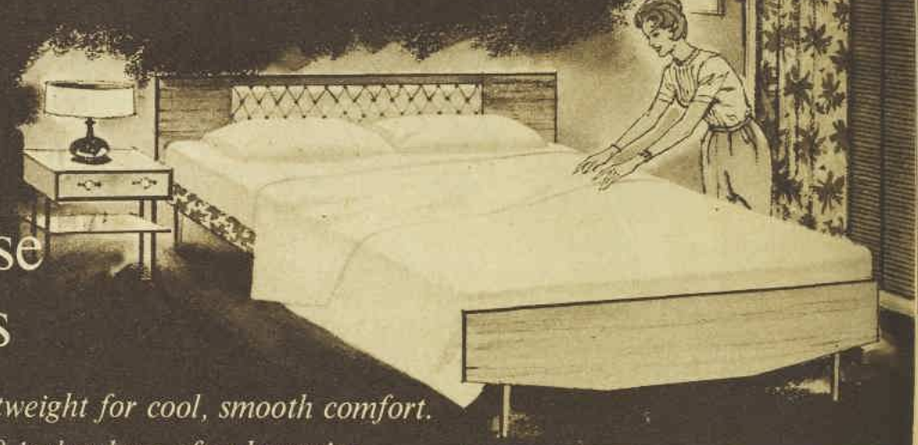

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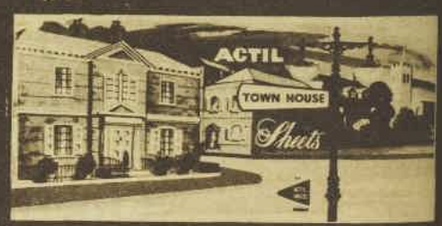

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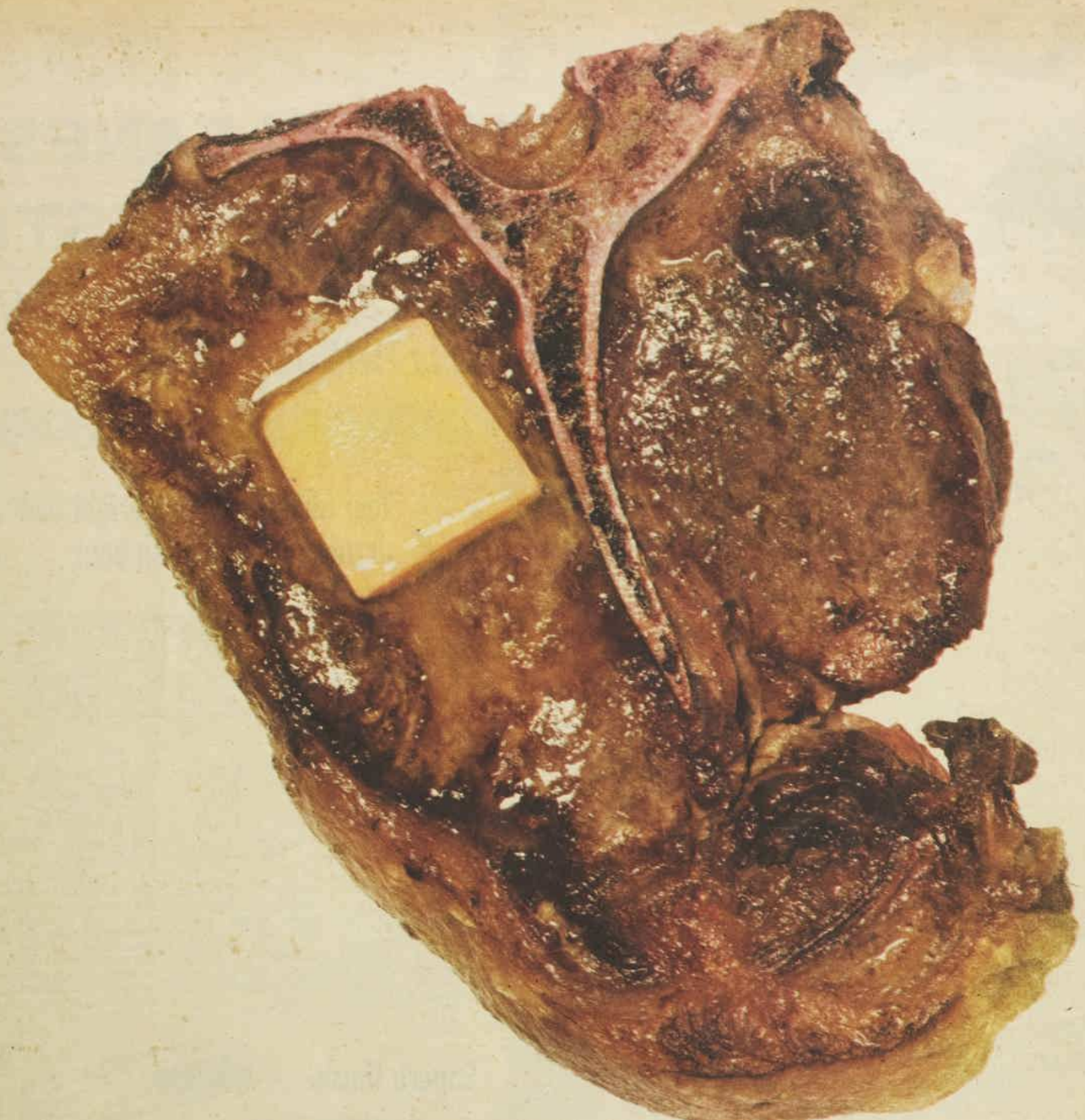

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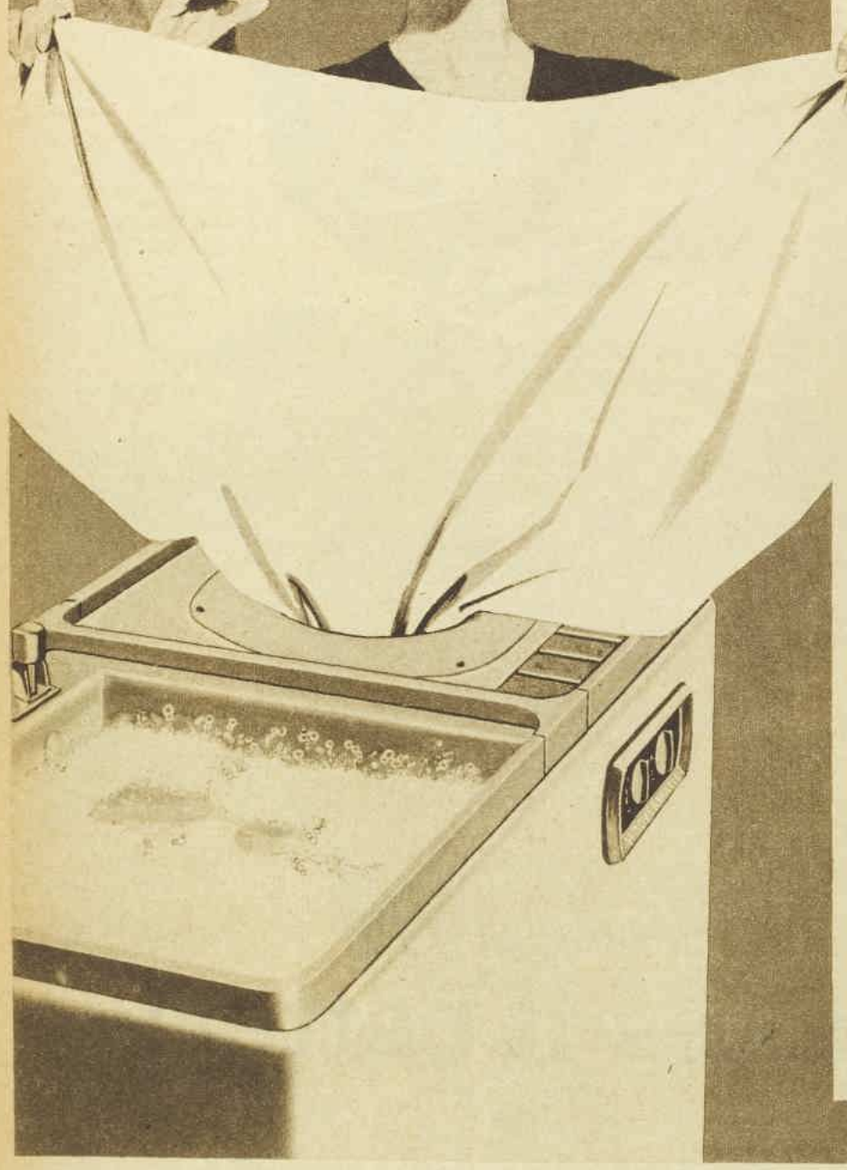

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FANNY AND THE REGENT OF SIAM

From page 41

At Bang Pa In the two boats anchored short of the temple. Preecha arranged for Fanny's baggage to be sent ahead to the waiting house set aside for her by the King.

After dinner they went out on deck; by now it was dark. They heard the servants returning from the floating house, and then their voices shouting the information that the house was not ready. Fanny had not been expected till the next day. No furniture had been moved in.

"What shall I do now?" asked Fanny in a panic.

Preecha's sisters and the women servants, who had gathered on deck at the sound of voices, suggested that she should spend the night on board.

It was arranged that Preecha should sleep on the deck and he should have his cabin, sharing it with one of his sisters.

● *The view from Fanny's window in the Government House at Prachin.*

VERY early the next morning, even before Fanny had left the Sunbeam, one of the Regent's messengers was on his way to Knox at Paknam. The message was brief. It stated bluntly: *"Very sorry Fanny should not come with us, but preferred to spend the night with Preecha in his houseboat."*

Knox could hardly believe what he read. Mrs. Knox saw that his hands were trembling. He ordered his boat at once.

"You are ill," Mama expostulated. "You should be in bed."

"Much rest I can get," he snarled.

"I suppose it must be true?"

"I must go and find out," he said impatiently.

At Bang Pa In his boat went past Preecha's, but he kept his face averted.

The Regent was far from friendly when Knox was ushered into his study. "What is Fanny up to? You can't say I didn't warn you, Tom," were his first words.

The Regent went on: "This is another humiliation for me. She would not stay with us. We should have been delighted to have her, as she well knows. But instead" — he spread out his hands — "it is insufferable, unforgivable . . ."

"I'm sorry, Your Excellency. Had I been able to accompany her, as I had planned, this would never have happened. I offer you my apologies."

"And what does she say?" asked the Regent.

"I have not seen her yet," Knox replied. "Indeed, I had not proposed to do so, since no explanation can be acceptable to me."

Against his intentions, Knox decided to call on his daughter. She came up to kiss him. He held up his hand. His face was white with anger.

"Why did you do it?" he asked, his voice shaking with emotion.

"You mean last night? The King's house wasn't ready and there was nowhere else to go."

"You could have gone to the Regent."

"That's the last place I'd want to go."

"You could have stayed in the Consular launch . . ."

"But there's nowhere to sleep in it."

"You could have slept on the deck. But you preferred to spend the night with Preecha. Didn't you realise how people would talk?"

"We weren't alone. His sisters were there. There were about twenty other women on board. I didn't spend the night with him."

"Everyone believes you did. So it comes to the same thing." He strode up to her. "There's only one thing we can do now. Preecha will have to marry you. I'm going to write to him. I shall insist on his marrying you."

The color returned to her face.

"I don't think he'll object," she said. "You forget that he wants to marry me—and I to marry him."

"Well, you've got your way . . ." The words almost choked him. He walked off.

Instead of going back to the sea coast, Knox went to Bangkok. It was late in the evening. He startled the Consular staff by striding into his study, ringing the bell, and asking his deputy to see him at once.

He briefly explained the situation and instructed the deputy to go immediately to Phra Preecha and there draw up a marriage agreement. Preecha must deposit £5000 sterling in the Bank of England to provide for Fanny's future, should she survive him.

The deputy left on his mission. The Consul crossed the river and called on the Second King's sister, Princess Chandr, who had always been fond of Fanny. The Princess agreed to have Fanny with her until the wedding and Knox despatched a curt message informing his daughter.

Fanny lost no time in complying with her father's wishes. Instructing Oun to see to the packing, she sat down to write to Preecha.

My dearest love (she wrote). Soon it will be "husband," and then part of the astrologer's prophecy will have come true. No doubt Papa has already written to you to say that he wishes us to be married without delay. My darling, I am so happy about this. I shall count the days as soon as I know how many I have to count to.

I am longing to reach your home — our home, I shall say. I hope the people will like me as much as they like you — if they like me even half as much, it would satisfy me.

Now, as her launch left for Bangkok, the river was crowded with the large houseboats of the Siamese nobility and the gay royal barges, enormously long, with grinning figures on the prows, their gilded flanks glistening in the bright sunlight. There was a continuous din of gongs being struck and horns blown at the new temple. Saffron-clad priests kept arriving in small boats.

Fanny looked eagerly toward the Sunbeam, but could catch not even a fleeting glimpse of Preecha, though she noticed that there was great activity on the deck, as if the boat were getting ready to leave.

She wondered what effect his absence from the dedication ceremony would have on the King—and on the Regent.

In Bangkok the Consul was drafting careful letters of explanation and apology to the Regent and the King.

He received a kind letter from the King. From the Regent there was no reply.

Knox was too angry with Fanny to wish to see her. But Mrs. Knox insisted on going to Princess Chandr's house.

"Well," said Mama, "it is settled now, and in spite of all we've said your father and I hope you will be very happy."

THE wedding took place in Preecha's house in Bangkok on March 10, 1879. Only members of his family and their closest friends were present.

As is the custom in Siam, the ceremony began the day before the marriage. Fourteen monks — the number must be an even one — arrived in the afternoon and sat facing an improvised altar, with an image of Buddha, surrounded by flowers, lighted candles and incense sticks in the centre of it. A cord was bound round the pedestal on which the statue stood; it was taken out through a window and wound round the house. Everything within the orbit of this sacred cord was thus consecrated. The priests recited texts from the Buddhist scriptures and sprinkled holy water.

The next day, Fanny, wearing an emerald silk robe, a garland of flowers about her neck, sat on the floor beside Preecha, their heads bowed, their palms joined. The guests entered the room in turn, women as well as men, according to seniority of rank and age, and poured water, which had been blessed, over the couple's hands. Preecha and Fanny were then pronounced man and wife.

Preecha, wearing his Governor's uniform and the orders of his rank, beamed with happiness. "No one can take you from me now," he said.

"No one," Fanny repeated.

Early the next morning the young couple and the children, together with their servants, among whom Oun now had a place, left in the Sunbeam for the seat of Preecha's Government.

Prachin's streets were hung with flags and banners of welcome. Small boats laden with flowers came out to meet them, and children in them sang as they pelted the bride and groom. On the river-bank a great feast was set out.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Knox, forbidden to attend the wedding, had got two Buddhist priests to sit with her in the verandah of the Consulate and read the service. The tears coursed down her cheeks. Her husband sat alone in his study.

Fanny found it easy to settle down in her new home.

Soon she began a daily round of visits to the homes of the people and long talks in the evening with the local doctor, the schoolmaster, and the priests. Several times a week Preecha took her to the school, where they sat with the children and joined in their games. In spite of all these activities, they also had time to themselves; then they rode and swam, played tennis, and talked.

They were extremely happy until one morning a liveried boatman arrived from Bangkok with an urgent summons from the Regent requiring Preecha to return at once to the capital.

"I wonder what this means," said Fanny nervously.

"Nothing much, I expect."

"Anyhow, you're not going by yourself. I'm coming, too."

They were back in Bangkok on March 28. There Preecha spoke with his father and arranged for his little bride to be escorted to a performance by the Royal ballet. Then he set out to pay his respects to the King.

Soon afterwards Preecha's younger brother ran to the theatre and whispered to Fanny: "He has been arrested."

Panic seized her. "Why? How? What has he done?"

"That I do not know," said the boy. "He was with the King. The Regent joined them. Then, as Preecha was coming out of the Palace, he was seized by the guards and led off to gaol."

To be continued

● This condensation is made from the book "Fanny and the Regent of Siam," by R. J. Minney, published by Collins, London. World copyright, 1962, by R. J. Minney.

NEXT WEEK:
Fanny's fight for her husband's life

Are grandmothers getting younger? There may be statistics to prove that they are, but I think the real truth is that modern grannies **seem** younger because they **look** younger. We women are traditionally privileged to keep our age a secret and, anyway, youth is a look — a feeling — not a matter of the number of birthdays we've had!

Grey hairs are a give-away! Most women today are wonderfully enlightened about the use of cosmetics, but many don't realise that hair colour is just as important as lipstick — the very first thing which betrays age is grey hair. Even if it's premature, grey hair will make you look older than you really are, so looking young begins with banishing tell-tale grey hairs.

Colour must be natural. Maybe you feel doubtful about using hair colouring because you're afraid your hair will not look natural — and there are many hair dyes which do look unreal and artificial. That's why I always recommend L'Oreal of Paris Tintette, the gentle liquid creme which is so much better than a dye. With Tintette you can be absolutely sure that your hair colour will be perfect — never too dark, never too bright, never unreal, because the clear, shining colour penetrates deep into the hair shaft. Only with Tintette can you colour your hair at home with serene confidence — easily, quickly, safely and permanently. All the twelve lovely Tintette shades are so true to nature that no one will realise what has happened — they'll just notice how much younger and prettier you look.

Choosing your shade. When selecting the shade for your hair, remember that Tintette can do far more than any ordinary hair colouring. First and foremost, of course, it can restore natural hair colour to grey hair. But it can also lighten and brighten (without bleaching) . . . add deeper tone to fading hair . . . or give you a complete colour change. If your hair is greying and darkening, a Tintette shade just a little lighter than your natural colour will bring it back to its original lively loveliness. Your chemist — or the hair consultant in your favourite store — will gladly help you choose the perfect Tintette shade for your hair. Or, if you prefer, I'll be very happy to give you personal advice if you write me at the address below.

Complete hair beauty treatment. There's a special reason why Tintette gives such translucent, living colour to your hair — it is not just a hair colouring, it is a complete hair beauty treatment. Every time you use Tintette you pamper it with wonderful vitalising and nourishing ingredients which make it glossy, healthy and manageable — and leave it in perfect condition.

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It's easy to hue-it-yourself! Even if you have never used any type of hair colouring before, you can use Tintette happily and safely, in the privacy of your own bathroom. In little more time than it takes to shampoo and set your hair, you can change drab dullness to shining new beauty, and make those tell-tale grey hairs vanish completely.

If you have any hair beauty problems, why not write and tell me about them? And if you would like personal guidance on the Tintette shade you should use, send a 2 inch snippet of your hair to me so I can test it and advise you.

Anne Bryant

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 35

The Kettle had scarcely begun to make its noise before Amyot came down to water his horses — as the women knew he would — he riding Lion with Pleasant on his right-hand rein.

He pulled up, astonished at their presence there. He had his fiddle slung at his back and apologised for it.

"I come down in the evenings, here to practise," he explained, "and the trickle of the water helps — you cannot tell how."

"Well, put it aside and have tea with us."

They drank, and Deborah, having piled a great armful of leaves on the fire, moved away toward the boat and was lost.

A train rattled over the viaduct.

"That's the night mail," said Linnet. "It stops at Plymouth: and after that one can fade off into another life and wake up in London."

"It all depends," said Amyot seriously, "on if one wishes for another life. Do you?"

"Foolish lad! Of course I do!" Linnet leant back on the bank and lifted her face to the arch of the viaduct. "I come here as often as the tides serve: but I was not born for this. These trains . . . Think of them, all carrying numbers of folk to some kind of life."

Linnet unscrewed the top of the drinking flask as Amyot, with a smack on Pleasant's rump, commanded the horses to go home and stall themselves.

He came back and stretched himself beside the fire with a "by your leave, mistress." In his innocence he had unstrapped his fiddle and laid it across his knees, thinking that some tune on it might please her.

She had filled a small glass and was holding it to him across the fire, the faint flame of which lit up its amber liquid.

"Last night," said she, "I came on purpose to explain . . . Last night, on the waggon — I slipped on purpose . . . Do you understand?"

"It was a very dangerous trick," he answered firmly, not yet comprehending. "You don't know how near the prongs came to piercing you. They were close on your side when I caught the handle." He shivered. "I didn't know where I flung it . . . A mercy, mistress, it pitched clear of everyone!"

"Oh, of course that wasn't intentional. I just caught at the thing to steady myself . . . I suppose, now, if it had pierced my side I might have bled to death, there, in your arms."

"Ah, don't — don't."

"But I am alive, you see, and come to thank you. Yes, it's good to be alive. Drink to me, Amyot."

He faced her across the glow of the fire and took the glass, dazedly looking into her elfin eyes. Having drunk, he passed it back to her and she, too, drank.

He fell back on his elbow. There was a spurt of flame as she tossed the dregs of the glass upon the embers. She also leant back, her shoulders pillowed upon a cushion of moss. The dying fire faded between them.

Fair and alluring though she was, Amyot dared not cross the fire to touch her. A constriction of the heart held him—half faint, he only knew that this wonder of beauty wanted him and that, wanting him, she must be his for ever and ever.

The late June cuckoo sang its last call through the wood and was silent. As though its silence broke the spell, Amyot sat up, reached for his violin, and began with finger and thumb to pluck out an echo of its forlorn breaking call.

"I hate that song," said Linnet suddenly. "It's sorrowful, like someone wailing for the dead."

He stood up, snapped the violin across his knee, and dropped it into the fire, which licked almost instantly its varnish and thin frame.

As their eyes encountered — as, all trembling, he made half a step to pass the fire and lean over her — a twig crackled and Deborah came down through the dark wood.

The woman glanced at the two figures and at the fast-fading fire still between them.

"The tide has begun to fall, mistress. Even now you will find it hard to miss soiling your shoes. But here is the boat—half in grass, half in water. You have come as you came and we have missed the church and the sermon. Let us pull home."

EARLY one morning shortly after that Mrs. Bosanko confessed. "Gabriel, my mind's in trouble. I've scarcely slept a wink this night . . . Are you awake?"

"Moderately," the farmer responded heavily. "Eh? Trouble?" he repeated. "You don't say the children are sickening for anything?"

"No, I thank heaven."

"And Patch calved the day before yesterday—of a heifer, too; and the others true to pail — though Slowcoach is running dry, o' course. But that's the Lord's ordinance upon cows. Balance in bank all right—likewise deposit account?"

"Yes, of course. I told you."

"Then I don't understand . . . Here, put your head in the crook of my arm, dear heart, and tell me about it. 'Trouble' says you?"

"It's about Amyot — and Mrs. Lewarne."

"I can't see the connection . . . You've been dreamin', and thoughts all get mixed up in dreams . . . Putting two an' two together and making 'em five. Well, rouse out 'em, my dear, and tell me."

"She's fond of him."

"Well, so we all are—the children included."

"She's too fond of him. And the mischief is he's fond of her. That she was fain of him I saw from the first. But he being so simple—have you noticed any change in him lately?"

"Only, now you come to mention it, that I have to speak twice to him at whiles before he answers. On the whole, a quicker chap at his job you couldn't want."

"That's my trouble, dear," said Mrs. Bosanko. "We're here living in a fool's paradise. The horses love him and the children love him. But all the while there's wickedness brewing and he'll have to go."

"Wickedness?"

"Of course it's wickedness. She's a married woman."

"Well, if it be as you say——"

"I'm certain of it."

"Well, if it be as you say, what's to be done? If old Lewarne chooses to marry a girl half his age, that's his lookout. I reckon it's none of our business."

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 60

"Don't be foolish, but just isten. I've thought it over hile you were snoring, man- e; and the upshot is, Amyot ll have to go."

"I never did fancy Mark ewarne; never could stomach m somehow," the farmer mut- red sleepily, "and, anyway— pposin' you're right—I don't e what business 'tis of ours. like the lad and so do you; nd if he's to be turned adrift, hat excuse will I give him I'd e to know?"

"You leave that to me. I'll the talking."

"You always do, mainly— ank heaven!"

"But first of all I'm going to roy—"

"Here, hold on!" Mr. Bos- nko sat upright suddenly. You don't mean to say that ou're going to tell Lewarne?"

"No, my poor witless one! ie down again . . . I shall go the Customs House and ask any skipper happens to want hand. I know the Collector Customs down there, but ery slightly. McPhail his ame is, and he's well spoken as a kindly man. I shall at go to him and state the cts: that Amyot was brought us as a lad off a Breton ip and took your employ; at that coming out of the sea e now wants to go back to it."

"But suppose he doesn't?"

"He will, when I've talked him," answered Mrs. Bos- nko firmly. "But that, I low, will be the hard part of . As to Mrs. Lewarne, I on't feel like bearing her any ll will at all. I pity her, poor oul. I understand her, in a ay. But then there's the rinciple of the thing . . . And n top of that there are the children. You wouldn't have our two innocents mixed up in such ways."

"No," agreed Mr. Bosanko, "that's a clincher, my dear. Don't I hear 'em chitterin' in the next room?"

"Chittering and twittering like a pair of sparrows."

"Why so early?"

"Because it's Mary's fourteenth birthday and Johnny has run down to her room with his present—such a pretty prayer-book that I chose for him to give, all bound up in ivory boards."

Mrs. Bosanko travelled down to Troy by the jingle and returned before three o'clock. This gave her plenty of time to pack the birthday tea-basket, to be carried down by Amyot and Zillah to the place the children had chosen—the foot of the viaduct, under the larch-woods.

She sent Zillah to the gate of the mowhay and went upstairs to titivate herself. This operation took a very short while, and when Zillah returned, Mrs. Bosanko stood awaiting her on the back doorstep.

"He's coming straight away," Zillah reported.

"Who was that woman talking to him? I saw it from my bedroom window."

"'Twas that maidservant of Mister Lewarne's, down to Troy. I never seen her but twice in my life at the most. But I reckernised her as she slipped away."

The family held the birthday tea-drinking under the archway of the viaduct. The children, building a fire in contention, scooped together the very ashes of an earlier fire.

"But what's this?" demanded Johnny, holding up a charred piece of wood.

"It's my fiddle-neck," Amyot confessed. "I found I should never be able to play it rightly, and I burned it here."

The children stared at him with dismayed faces.

"And aren't there going to be any more tunes?"

"Nor any more stories?"

"Oh, yes—heaps and heaps, I hope." Being pressed, he told them some rough Breton version of Rudolph and the Lady of Tripoli—one of those stories that float everywhere about the world. His voice was more animated than ordinary, his color higher, his gesture quicker. Mrs. Bosanko watched him narrowly. Her husband's gaze rested on the shore across the river and the wheat thereon, beautifully whitening to harvest.

Then the rooks came across the creek, homing toward Penquite, and Amyot, counting the birds, told them which were the parents and which the younger birds learning to fly and range, day by day, higher and farther.

When they had packed up and finished, Mrs. Bosanko touched the lad's arm. "Stay behind, Amyot. I want a word with you."

Amyot started and stared at her.

"But why, madame? Have I by chance done anything wrong?" he asked.

"Oh, I hope not—I trust not . . ."

"If the master has any complaint of my work—"

"He has not. He was praising it only this morning."

"Then if by chance I have given you some offence for which you cannot give me pardon—"

"None, Amyot. You have given me none. You know that we all—that Mr. Bosanko and I and the children have come to be very fond of you." (The Lord help me, she thought to herself, that I should be sending him away on this evening of Mary's birthday. It will go near to break the child's heart.)

"Then I see how it is. You are not rich, you and the master, to the extent of your charity and kindness to me: I ought to have thought of this. But if that be all, the master can pay me no wage—it was he who surprised me by offering it; and it is all in a little knot in the corner of my handkerchief within the top drawer of my room. What should I want with money here? . . . And as for eating, why I find of late I can do with little or nothing in that way."

In the midst of his distress, Mrs. Bosanko could almost have laughed aloud. Why, of course she had noted it—shrewd housewife that she was—and alas! she knew it part of the indictment.

"Lad," she said, "it has nothing to do with that: nothing at all. We love you, I say, and I have watched you of late as a mother might watch her own son, and I say to you, just as I would say to my own son were he of your age: 'You must go out of this.'"

"Yes, you have been the best friend of all to me. I don't ask to know why—for I know that. It just came to me, a stranger and unfriended, out of the goodness of your heart. But have I not paid back all that I had to pay?"

"You have, lad."

"Then tell me at least the one little thing I ask. What is my sin?"

"You are in love."

He dropped his eyes and then looked at her straight and long.

"I am. Is that a crime . . . ?"

"You are in love, Amyot, with a married woman—Linnet Lewarne. She sends messages to you by her maid. She sent one this very evening. Isn't this true?"

"It is, madame. But 'married' you say?"

Mrs. Bosanko winced. "What has she told you?"

"She has, in effect, madame, told me nothing. But I have my thoughts necessarily, as you have yours. Perhaps even more necessarily. But you are wiser than I. What are yours?"

"See here, Amyot. It is indeed as to my own boy that I would talk to you . . . You must go away this night, and out of this calf-love you will grow into a man."

Yet all the time Mrs. Bosanko knew that, talking as to a boy, she was addressing a man — a man strangely grown, love having made him one.

"I went down to Troy today," she went on: "and you can ship aboard the steampacket Downshire tomorrow morning, on good pay. You can carry your belongings on board there tonight. She is laden and sails tomorrow early for Rio Grande. Ah, go and see the world, lad, and forget!"

"Forget? . . . It is in the arms of some other woman, you mean?"

"Ah, Amyot, don't do that! Never do that! I never thought it would be so hard to speak to you."

"You needn't fear that, there's nothing can tempt me away from the sin you fear—not for ever and ever . . . as there's nothing can wipe out the memory of your goodness to me. I'll run up and pack my bundle at once."

He picked up the baskets and was gone in the gathering twilight.

"Now I wonder," thought Mrs. Bosanko, "if I have done rightly, after all!"

She went up the hill slowly, thinking how to break the news to the children.

Mary and Johnny were at play in the yard by the stable. She halted and spent a few minutes watching them, trying to decide what to tell them at supper-time. But she need not have troubled. When she got back to the house it was to find two small packets laid on the hall table with a piece of folded paper between them. She had taught Amyot to write in English script, and she noted now, even in the trouble of fore-guessing, how neatly in his hurry he had formed the words.

"Dear Master and Mistress, I have taken a few shillings with me. The rest of my wages please find in these two packets, the smaller one for Zillah. I thought it best not to say adieu to her or to anyone. I could not bear it. Only to the horses did I speak. Please give my love to Miss Mary and young Master Johnny and tell them I shall think of them for ever. Also please make my excuses to the good Mr. Tregentil. For your goodness to me I bless this house on its doorstep as I go and pray the peace of God to rest on it for ever. Amyot."

Supper was laid and there were bon-bon crackers on the table. Mrs. Bosanko had set them out with misty eyes. The children shouted with delight.

"But why is Amyot late?" demanded Johnny, when he had finished clapping his hands and jumping up and down in his chair.

His mother braced herself up for the terrible moment.

"Amyot is not here, dears. He sends you his love and wishes Mary many, many happy returns of the day. But a call has come to him and he has gone back to sea, as he came from it."

Then, at sight of their faces, Mrs. Bosanko lied for about the first time in her life.

"But he promised to come back soon and tell you the most wonderful stories."

And with that she broke down.

The effect upon Johnny was almost instantaneous. He had never before seen his mother

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

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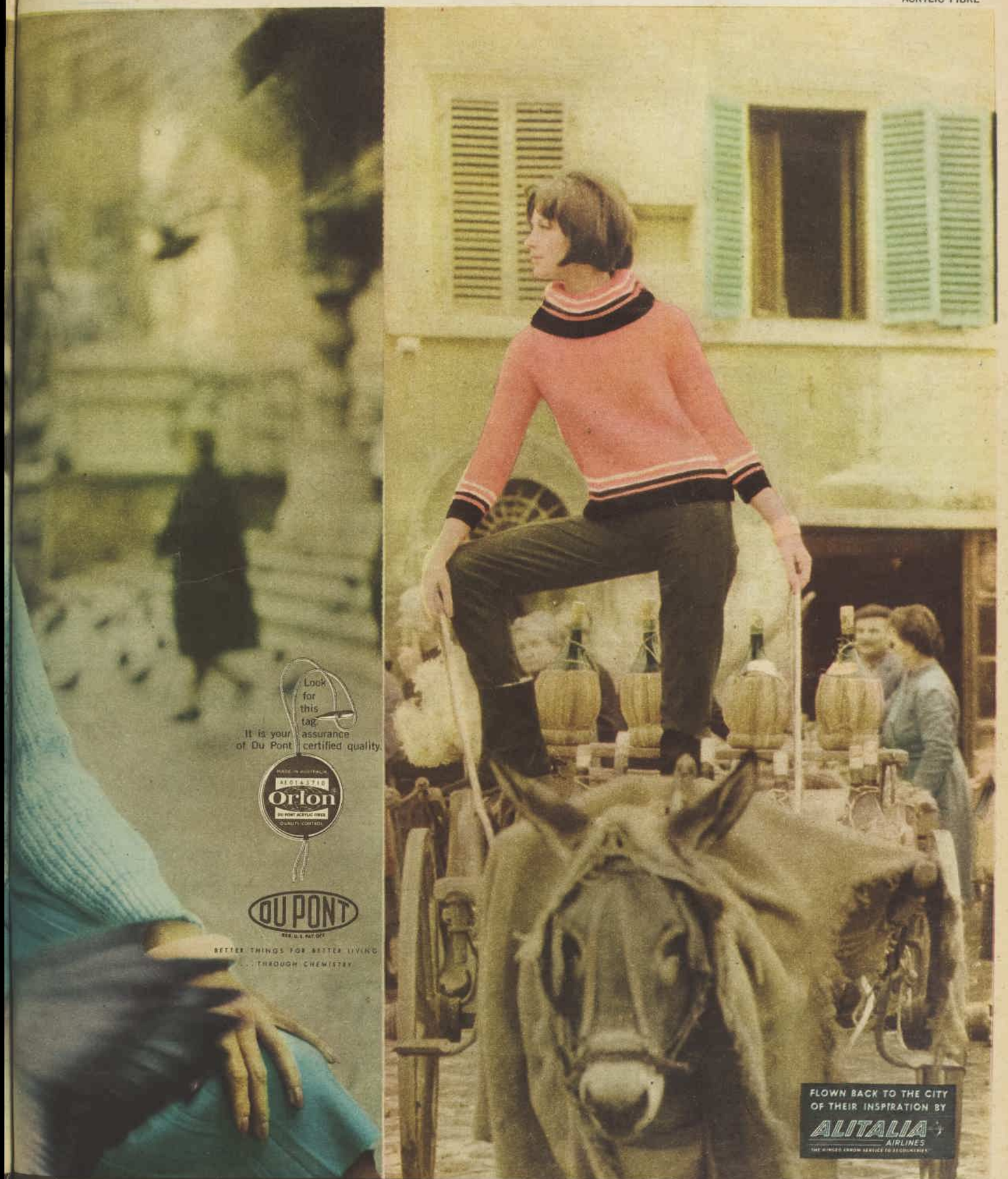

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Continuing . . .

CASTLE DOR

from page 61

crying. He jumped from his chair and ran to her.

But Mary stood up and stared at them both. Like a little tragedy queen she looked. Her dry eyes met her mother's tearful ones, upraised over the nestling boy's shoulder; and, as their gaze crossed, Mrs. Bosanko knew that she might caress a boy and be caressed, but that hereafter, or some day hereafter, she would have to deal with a woman.

It was one quick gladiatorial look, a first crossing of swords. Mary turned to her father. "If this is your idea of a birthday, you two, then it isn't mine!" And she walked from the room.

"Where's she gone, Zillah?" asked the farmer, after a while.

"I think upstairs to her room, sir."

But Mary had not walked upstairs. She had gone straight out into the dark; in which, later on, her father found her, her body rent with low strangling sobs. He held the stable-lantern up to her face. It was tearless.

"Come in, my honey . . . Come in my deary . . ."

She let him take her hand, then snatched it away.

"Father, Father! You couldn't have been so cruel!"

He coaxed her indoors and upstairs to her bedroom. Mrs. Bosanko, who had heard their footsteps, followed after an interval and met her husband on the landing, coming away.

"She is quieter," he announced in a whisper. "I have left her to undress."

"I must go in and make my peace with her," said his wife. "Go to bed, dear. It may be late before I come to it . . . My child! My poor child!"

She put Johnny to bed before carrying her candle into Mary's darkened room. Below stairs Zillah had by instruction quenched the lamps over the untasted supper. An hour later the good woman, remembering that in Cornwall it is unlucky to leave a white cloth overnight on the table, crept downstairs and redded up everything, quiet as a mouse—birthday-cake and crackers with the rest.

She put all away carefully, so that, soon after she had closed the dining-room door and stolen back to her attic, the moon rising and glinting through a chink of curtain, shone but on a table of polished mahogany and — a bowl of perennial sunflowers.

. . . . .

What had Deborah Brangwyn said to Amyot in the mowhay?

She had said straightly: "The mistress wishes a word with you. She will be at Castle Dor above here at nine o'clock. Her husband has gone to a Free Masons' dinner at St. Austell. He will come back late and drunk: or, if he sleeps it off at the public there, early tomorrow. Meantime we are keeping the house by turns."

"I think I see what you mean. But if you and she want protecting, I have only to ask leave, and I can walk home here after closing time after seeing you both safe. Only I may be a few minutes late. There is a supper tonight in honor of Miss Mary's birthday."

"Simpleton! Do you want to be taught everything? . . . Listen, she will be on Castle Dor at nine o'clock with a message: and what her meaning is 'tis not for me to know."

Now this had passed between the woman and him, as we know, before the birthday tea-party: an hour and more before Mrs. Bosanko at the end of it had given Amyot his dismissal. Until the moment of that dismissal, with its reason given, he had received out of anywhere — or was it out of nowhere in the morning — that love must suffer for loving.

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

To Amyot, as to every true lad in love, the world held no foreboding at all. He was a pagan, if you will—a lad out of nowhere, innocent of allegiance to the gods of our country. He only knew that the sky was clearer, every leaf brighter, every bird's note somehow acuter, more intelligible.

He wondered, having broken his fiddle in surrender, why he had ever bent over its strings with his bow, trying to get something out of a hollow piece of timber, while his own living wood and field were doing their best to sing happiness around him and, now his released self tingled as a bell and flung its music on the wind to the chimes.

Why couldn't the whole world agree to be happy? There were brutal things in it, of course . . . he had known far north the brute rage of the sea and had endured it somehow for days—clinging to his young life. There were obscene things in it, too—that skipper Fouguereau, for example. But why should sorrow be always creeping in upon joy? Why should it pierce and find him out in this dear, beautiful place into which he had been wafted so mysteriously; where he had in purest kindness been nursed to health, fed, made one of the family, repaying them in all the coin he had—gratitude, devotion, service, love?

Why should Mrs. Bosanko, his second mother, tender to him almost as to her own, have dismissed him for no fault he had ever committed or thought of committing? His own mother had told him once that she had borne him in sorrow and he had been christened in sorrow. He had supposed his father to have been drowned—on some night just before he entered this world.

He had grown up to the name given him, had learnt little at school, and had in due course been shipped off to the Iceland fishery. Yes, then the horrors had begun. There were horrible seas all the while outside the frail bulwarks; more horrible bestial passions pent within the frail board. Well, le bon Dieu knew best and had been wonderfully provident of him for a space. He was bound for the sea again. He had been bred to the sea and bore it no ill-will.

HE went up the hill, past the haystacks he had helped to pile. Their fragrance, in the July evening, reminded him of Mary and Johnny—of all the sweet innocence he had shared and was leaving; from which he was outcast because he loved. At a turn of the climbing road he halted. A window shone deep down in the valley, and again with a sob his heart blessed that house.

Past the field called Mark's Gate he took the shortest cut into the main road under Castle Dor. By the broad entrance to the earthwork he remembered Deborah's message and entered the dusking cirque. It was empty. Twice he walked the round of it, and then, through a gate, struck the high road.

Some way beyond the gate a broad ribbon of light fell across the road from the blacksmith's forge. Across that light came a figure, its shadow elongated toward a pool on its left. Always, it seemed, he saw her across fire.

In the deepening dusk she saw him by the gate.

"You came before your time."

"By accident. I have not waited long."

"By accident? . . . What is that bundle you carry on that stick?"

"All I possess. I am dismissed . . . I must go down to Troy and, early, be at the Custom House to ship on board a steampacket, the Downshire. I think she sails some time in the forenoon—so Mrs. Bosanko says, who has commanded this. So our ways lie together and I can explain as I see you home—if you will permit?"

But while he hesitated, she bent her brow toward the gate and he held it open for her to pass in.

"We can talk here. She has dismissed you? Why?"

"Because——" He hesitated again and now hopelessly.

"Oh, I know! These cold, dutiful women of the north! . . . So Deborah brought you my message—and you are going—Amyot!"

"Mistress!"

"It is dark and I cannot see your eyes. But look me in the face and tell me true. Has anything happened to you of late?"

Walking side by side, they had reached the edge of the cirque.

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from page 64

"I don't know—I don't know!"

Then in a moment his arms were around her and she slid down between them with a choking, happy laugh.

"You won't go . . . say you'll never go! Amyot! Amyot."

As they stood by the gate Dian shone above them, in her first quarter, clear and clean, and edged like a suspended scimitar.

An elderly woodman, tenant of a cottage above a little beach — one of a string of coast recesses to which the woodlands descended under Castle Dor — arose at four o'clock next morning from his wife's side and rowed out to draw his nets early, between the morn and the dawn.

His was a mixed employ — woodman, gardener's help, fisherman for his master's great house above. The bay had, for a week past, been teeming red mullet. There was a company of guests "up at the mansion," and the red mullet is of all fish perhaps the most delicious at breakfast, baked, fresh out of the sea.

The fisher — by name Eli Rowe — was by no means a man to see visions, but while preoccupied with his work he heard a sudden splash on

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"Isn't she a little young to be wearing lipstick?"

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 65

the water, close inshore—too close by the rocks to be the leap of a salmon.

No . . . it had been the dive of a human body: for after a moment or so there followed the swish-swish of a swimmer — of somebody swimming strongly with an overhead side-stroke that cast the water vigorously behind it.

He peered. Even in the moonlight, more than three hundred yards away the swimmer's backhand thrust threw up pools of pale phosphorescence, and in the swirl moved a man's head, dark and distinct.

Then, against the moonlight, another figure came down to the sea's edge, and it was the form of a woman, clothed. In the hush the fisherman could hear her feet softly crunching the shingle. She seemed to carry a light bundle . . . Then, as the swimmer turned back toward the beach, the woman's figure was lost under the cover of a far-jutting rock.

Eli saw the swimmer reach and run up shore. Well, it was a funny world, with lots of people in places where you'd least expect 'em; and this was no business of his.

But, later on, having pulled to his own beach, drawn his boat up, and unloaded his catch, standing by his garden gate, he seemed to see a woman's shape moving up the footway inland — as he thought, dejectedly. The other — the man — had disappeared.

Linnet and Amyot had come down to the beach through the odorous woods, by fringes planted with subtropical bushes and mats of English mints and thymes — each exhaling on the warm night, all commingling a fragrance that hung and clung about the pair as they walked down through their dream. In the hush of it little woodland creatures moved now and again, crept, stirred.

"You will not go!"

"I must . . . I must — I have given my word."

"What is that? What is a word compared with love? . . . Love is a deed . . . a document signed, in the end."

"It is signed, for ever and ever."

"And yet you can go? You could hide, in the woods above Lantyan, no one would look for you, and we would meet."

"I have promised. Can I break honor — and with these people so kind? But I will come back one day and meet you near Lantyan. I swear. Oh, dear love, how can I not come back?"

"Men always swear that, I have heard . . . who is that moving behind the trees above us?"

"Shadows only. There is no one by."

Later he opened a gate over the little moonlit beach, and a salt-strong smell was suddenly on their faces, conquering, beating back the perfumes of bush and shrub into their fastnesses.

OVER the white shingle a languorous tide was feeling its way up toward high water, running and streaming, with edges yet whiter, yet more dazzling. It had covered the low-water tangle of ore-weed; the scent of which however it retained, pushing, wafting it up the shore. They could hear it pulsing as a great bosom might heave; and over it, covering it, gently, followed the masculine breath of brine, clean-blown over far surges out in the Atlantic. They descended by a low cliff track upon the shingle.

"Stay here," commanded Amyot. "I must swim. Can you swim?"

"Las! No."

"Some day we'll contrive that I shall teach you . . ."

"Some day? . . . Ah, that's long — long! It's the word that all men promise."

But love, after the first brief stupor, had made Amyot strong; had converted him from boy into man, into master.

"Sit here," he commanded; and she, slipping down through his arms upon the shingle, lay with head and body relaxed under his kisses, loving the new tone in his voice.

With a kiss that seemed to draw all of her out out of her, he sprang away, ran down the beach, stripped under the shadow of a rock, clambered up it, dived . . .

Through a dream she heard the splash the fisherman had heard, and then the long swish-swish of his side-stroke. It died away of a sudden into silence . . . As a fact, he had turned on his back and lay afloat staring up into a sky lustrous, wide, widening wonderfully.

So then was silence. She, listening through all, had a fancy that he was drowning out there. The whole dreadful lesson — that bliss is transient, that nothing perfect lasts — came on her with a prolonged run of wave and rivulets drawn ebb over the shingle.

She pulled off shoes and stockings. She whispered, "O my love! Are you alive? Are you there?"

She called it twice, and a third time more loudly. Then the strong arm-stroke was resumed and repeated, while he came rushing up the beach, shining, dripping.

She had waded some yards out to him.

"Love, if I could swim!"

"If so, beloved . . . ?"

"We would swim out side by side, breast by breast, until we reached a shore. Yes, and if we sank, far down there would be caves, hidden caves with floors of sand ... ."

She passed her hand over his naked wet shoulder. He, slipping some way down the shelf of the beach, found and kissed her white insteps.

"I will come back . . . I swear."

"Don't swear it, Amyot. Don't swear it, my love! All men do that, they tell: and I want to wait and want and think of you as . . . as different."

. . . . . .

"I understood you were to be here last evening, at nine or thereabouts," said Mr. McPhail severely, when Amyot presented himself at the Custom House. "I came down here after my supper at Mrs. Bosanko's request, lit up and had your papers ready, with a boat to ship you aboard . . . Well, the Downshire has already sailed. Did Mrs. Bosanko bungle my message? It's not like the good woman — leastways it's not like my notion of her."

"No, sir. She told me the Downshire would sail early!"

"Did she tell you I would be here, waiting?"

"I am sorry, m'sieur!"

"And you came late, I suppose: found the windows dark and the door fast, eh? Maybe you had been drinking?"

"No, sir. I did not arrive until five minutes ago."

"Well, the Downshire sailed at six o'clock this morning. Did you sleep, then, at Lantyan?" Mr. McPhail asked.

"No, m'sieur — no, sir."

"I understand French," said the Collector. He pushed up his spectacles and eyed Amyot; pulled them down and eyed him again. "Belike some woman got hold of ye?" he suggested, not harshly.

Amyot winced, and then—as he took the full innuendo, threw up his chin, proud as fire.

"It was not like that, sir!"

"Ah, well. We'll say no more about it. And now what's to be done? I like your look, lad: only you mustn't fall into a habit of missing appointments. Step into the next room, there, and wait, while I run across to the Harbor Office and get latest news of likely arrivals."

Amyot thanked him and stepped into a clean little low-browed room that had an antique bay-window almost overhanging the water. He went to it straight, of course, by seaman's instinct, to scan the tide and the shipping across the fairway . . .

His hands went up halfway to his eyes as though to rub off a dream, an illusion . . . For across there, and the nearest in a tier of shipping, lay La Jolie Brise, laden, with flag half-masted to summon a pilot.

There was nothing wonderful in this, to be sure. The little schooner plied up the Breton coast to strike across for Troy with a mixed cargo — strawberries (for jam) at their season, apricots later, onions, lime —for which there was a fair demand on this tide, since the kilns which formerly burned at the head of every Cornish Creek had fallen into disuse.

No; there was nothing to wonder at. But Amyot's he tightened at sight of the swe horrible vessel, with her de cate lines. Head to sea, s lay, one anchor down, her ste moored to a large buoy in co pany with the hawsers of t large ships. Under the tall s of the nearer she seemed l a cork boat.

Ah, she was a beauty! But the Collector in his kindn attempted to ship him aboa of her there would be murd Amyot had grown; suddenly knew himself a man. If must come out of his dream this way . . .

Standing there by the w dow, he caught the sound the Collector's footsteps hurr ing up the stair from the stre and close upon it the veritat voice of that infernal Fougu eau, following, bellowing.

"But he is here — here your office — the little p That accursed notary is dea my friend, and can claim h no longer. I spied him alo the street! Oh, you need run! I have the law, and c claim him!"

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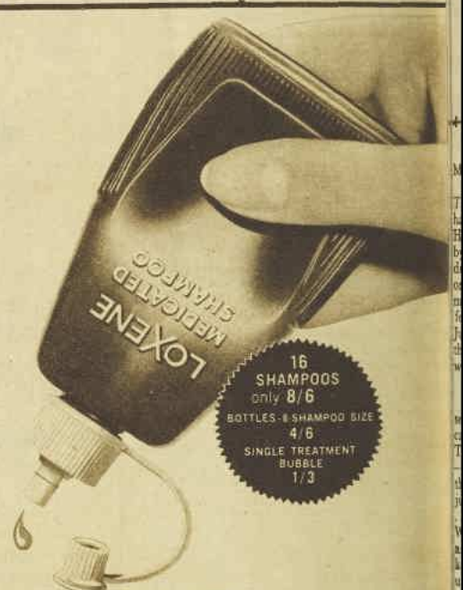

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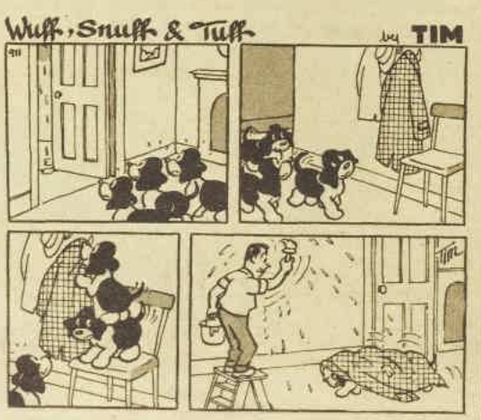

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Amyot had stepped forth from the inner room. He stepped a little aside as the Collector hurried in by the doorway. Then, stepping forward again swiftly as Fougereau panted on the top step, catching breath—

"Vlan!" Amyot grunted and struck.

The blow took Fougereau on the apple of the throat; a second and fiercer one smashed on the point of the jaw; and as he turned, slowly, horribly, throwing out his hands, feeling for somewhere to drop, a third thudded on the nape of his neck. The giant rolled down the steps and lay at their feet, inert as a felled ox.

"Have you killed the creature?" cried Mr. McPhail. In the act of stooping, he glanced down the street and up the hill facing the stairway; and in the act of stooping he saw that the roadway on both sides was strangely, providentially empty.

Save for one guttural sob from Fougereau, following Amyot's first blow, the affray had begun and ended in uncanny silence.

"I don't know." Amyot descended the steps slowly, breathing hard, studying his bloodied knuckles. He added, "I don't care."

A woman, keeper of a small green-grocery shop halfway up the short hill, had caught sight of the end of the business from her abutting shop window. She came *running* out and down.

FROM THE BIBLE

- ***"For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."***
  (Authorised Version)
- ***"For since He Himself has passed through the test of suffering, He is able to help those who are meeting their test now."***
  (New English Bible)
  — Hebrews 2:18.

"What has happened? Oh, Mr. McPhail! Whatever has happened?"

"Wh'st woman! Hold your speech!" The Collector commanded. "The man has had a bad fall—nothing worse . . . He's stunned, but breathing . . . and, by the smell of his breath he has been drinking. He'll come-to in a minute or so. If you want to be useful you might run along to North Street and fetch the Inspector—no fuss, mind! Just step along briskly and say quietly that I want him at the Custom House within five minutes. Understand?"

The woman nodded and went.

"And now, lad. You just make yourself scarce and quick about it. You can nip down the quay ladder, there. Tide's out. Make along the foreshore—easy-like—to Pottery Corner and take the ladder there up into the street just as if you'd been mooring a boat . . . Got a handkerchief? . . . Good. Wrap your hand up, and if you meet anyone stick it careless into your pocket. No, I don't take any thanks; it's unprofessional . . . Lucky for you I'd given my clerk leave to go off for the hour. But the Lord looks after fools."

Fougereau, at the end of another two minutes or so, opened his eyes and collected some of his senses.

"What the devil!" he growled. "Hands off, you! What are you doing to my throat?"—this in French.

Mr. McPhail took his meaning. "I was loosening your neckcloth. You have had a pretty bad fall. Better lie still for a minute."

The giant sat up heavily, thrust him away and gazed around. Then, pulling himself erect by the end of the handrail, he lurched against it and spat curses, at the same time feeling in his pockets.

"I haven't robbed you, if that's what you're thinking," said Mr. McPhail.

"Which way did the little beast run?"

"He's not a beast, and he's not little, and I can't call to mind that he ran. He left you in my charge. Attending to you, I did not notice which way he took."

"I believe you are a liar," observed Fougereau and spat.

The Collector went white and shook. "I am not a liar," he answered, mastering his voice. "Yet I give it to you straight—if a lie would save any decent lad from the likes of you I'd tell it."

"But it won't, my little clerk. That boy belongs to me. He broke ship, back along, and by the law I can claim him. But yes, and I have his papers in my locker on board and such a pretty whip coiled on top — what you call a cat of nine tails . . . This makes twice. The first time, an old dotard of a notary saved him. But he is dead, I find; therefore, out of action. The dead don't count much. And this second time you got him away."

"That's for you to prove." Mr. McPhail weighed his words. "As it's for you to prove how you came at the bottom of these steps. I should guess, however — mind you, it's only my guess — that he saved himself, gave you your desserts, and walked off."

"The little rat took me unawares."

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 66

"Oh, of course, just as you were minded to take him. Hadn't you best get aboard and to sea? The pilot's alongside."

"The pilot can cool his heels and send in his outward bill to the agents when he's tired. I can work my tub in and out of your harbor at any state of the tide . . . But I'll have this fellow if I wait here a week."

"What about demurrage?"

"To hell with demurrage! I own three-parts shares."

"Well, then — what about the Harbor Master? He wants your buoy cleared."

"What you don't see is that this fellow has broken ship and your police are bound to find him and *hand him over.*"

"You may put that to them: since here they are."

The Inspector of Police came along at a measured stride, a young constable beside him. He was a grave man, tall and tolerant.

"I hear you've had some little trouble over here," said he.

"Trouble?" snarled Fougereau. "There's no trouble except that a seaman of mine has broken ship and I'll trouble you to find him for me."

It is astonishing how some men can put themselves on the wrong side of sympathy, almost before uttering twenty words. The inspector gazed at the skipper placidly.

"Your name?" the Inspector asked quietly.

"Fougereau."

"Yes, to be sure: master of the schooner Jolie Brise yonder, eh? Seaman's name?"

"Amyot Trestane, of Loch Tudy in Brittany. Either that or Trestane Amyot."

The inspector had picked up a cross-examining manner by listening to the Deputy Chief Constable at Petty Sessions and by some practice on his own part. Occasional Courts. "This man was employed by you on board your schooner. At what hour, so far as you have ascertained, did he break ship?"

Fougereau was silent.

Mr. McPhail filled up his silence with a chuckle. "Don't be too strict with the man, Inspector. Seeing that

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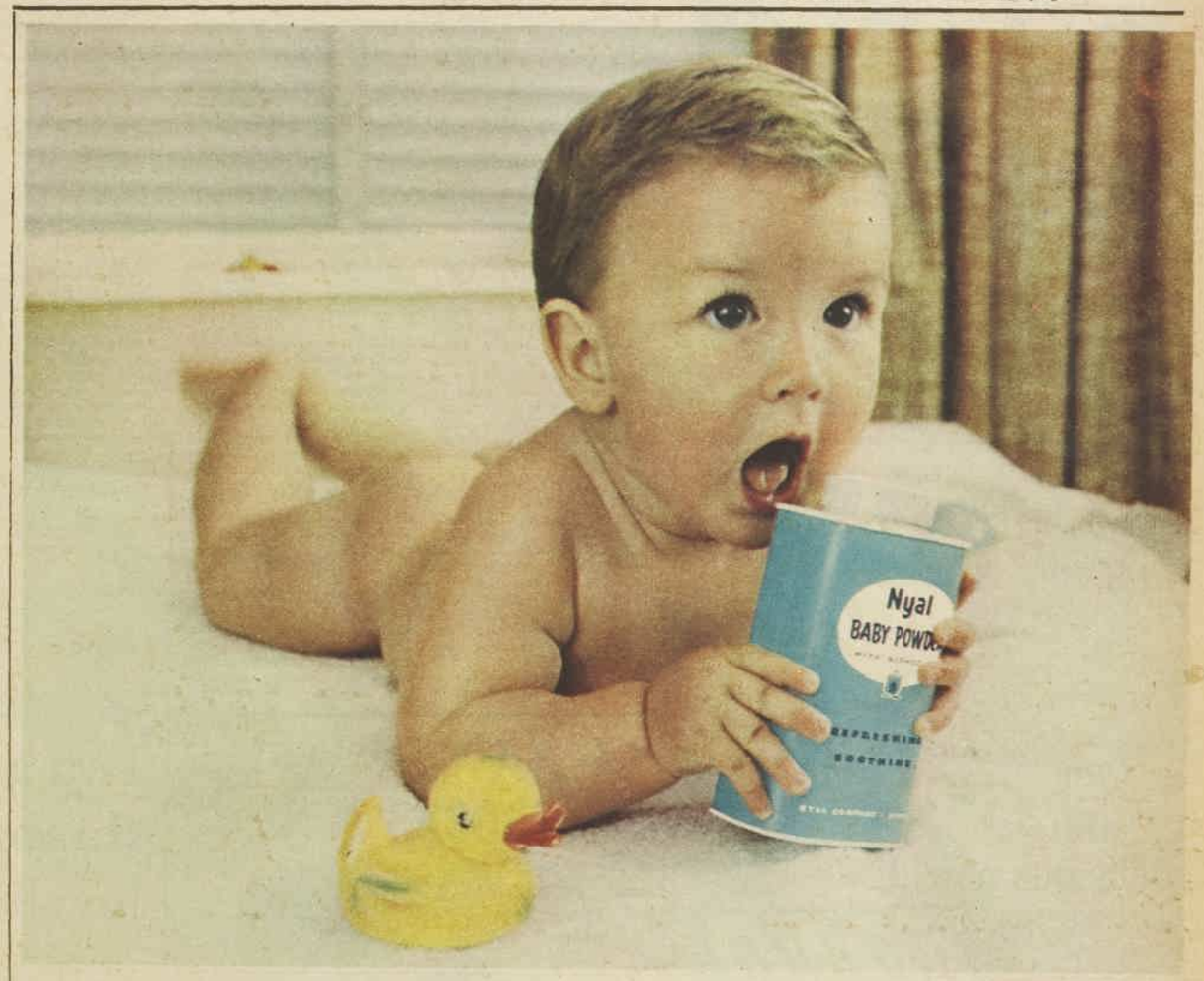

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"Pass."

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m on Fridays, and on Adelaide's Channel 7 on Mondays at 7 p.m., and will be seen soon in other States.)

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 67

it happened the best part of a year ago, you can't expect him to tax his memory to the day and hour."

"I have his papers, I tell you! If you will come aboard —"

"I shall not. For, as it happens, I have yours: and if you step along with me to the Police Station I can show them to you. There is an information against you, drawn up by a gentleman of your country and signed by witnesses —"

"Pah! He is dead and it is stale."

"It is stale, to be sure: yet not quite so stale as your claim on this young man, eh? There is also a fine packet of documents about you in French. I don't read French myself: but perhaps the Collector here will come along with me and translate."

"It is unnecessary," said Mr. McPhail.

Fouguereau cursed them and lurched away and along the street to The Rose and Anchor for a tonic. He ordered a double glass of brandy at the bar. Deborah served him, watching him in silence.

Fouguereau swallowed his brandy, then pushed the glass across the metal bar-top to be refilled. Deborah pushed it back. "I'll not serve you another. You're drunk already."

"Come, one small glass, that's a good girl!"

"Not a drop."

"Eh, well!" — he leered at her. "I like spirit in a woman. Do you know I could clear your damnable bar — glasses, bottles, and all—with one sweep of this arm?"

"Of course I do."

"And you're not afraid?"

"Of you? Not one little bit."

The fellow, eyeing her, added, "I suppose you reckon on some help you can call out of the rear of this cabaret?"

"Not at all. I should fetch in help from the neighbors or" — she glared toward the Square — "or summon the police. Shall I?"

"No; wait a bit. I'm not properly drunk as you might say; dizzy . . . and trying to think."

"Well, then, think."

"That fancy lad of yours—you and madame don't keep him anywhere on the premises, eh?"

"What are you talking about? Will you go, or shall I call down the master and fetch the police?"

"Tiens! Your English police are no help any more than ours to an honest man . . . I am thinking of that onion-seller of mine you snatched out of my punishment back along — you and a nice conspiracy: Is he hereabouts?"

"No."

"Not employed here—not on the premises—hein?"

"He is not," answered Deborah. "And, what's more, if I knew where he is at this moment I shouldn't tell you. Is that enough?"

FOUGUEREAU rose. "It's enough, all but another glass of brandy, eh?"

"If you will promise, beast that you are, to go straight forth—"

He was served, drank the glass, and lurched out.

. . . . . .

Later that morning Mr. McPhail visited The Rose and Anchor for his customary pint of cider. He preferred cider to beer "for drinking purposes," as he put it; the cider was superlative—it came from Mrs. Lewarne's father's orchard over the water; good, clean stuff, in color a pale amber.

Early mid-morning he sought The Rose and Anchor, entered the bar-parlor, struck thrice on a gong-bell, and left the rest to the intelligence of the house.

Linnet Lewarne entered with jug, glass, and spotless pewter tankard all ready on a tray. She explained, as Mr. McPhail rose from his chair to acknowledge this condescension, that Deborah was out—likewise her husband's bar attendant, who had twisted an ankle the night before out walking when he should have been abed.

"I don't see why you should apologise, ma'am," said the Collector of Customs. "'Tis an honor you do me. Yes, and if an elderly man may say it without offence, I never saw you looking in finer health. Marriage agrees with ye, that's certain."

"Thank you, Mr. McPhail." Linnet compressed her lips and poured out the cider from jug to glass with a careful hand. "Now hold it to the light. Say, before I tip it into the pewter, if I draw it as well as Deborah does?"

"Every bit, ma'am. It's clear as one of the precious stones one reads about in Revelations but seldom sees in real life." He handed back the glass.

"Now I'm very glad you're serving me in place of the maid. For I've a pretty story to tell of something that happened earlier, and it'll interest you in a way . . . You remember the onion-lad you rescued back-along best part of a year ago? Take care, ma'am, and tip it quick or you'll spill some, and it's too precious to be spilt."

"Deborah is cleverer at it than I." Linnet commanded herself and tipped the liquor swiftly.

"That's right . . . well, he came to my office this morning; and there, if you'll believe it, he happened on that fellow Fouguereau—or rather Fouguereau happened up Fore Street in chase of him. And the lad gave him three of the prettiest rat-tats—"

Mr. McPhail recounted the story, now and then withdrawing his nose from the pewter. Linnet listened, feeling back with hot hands behind her for the door-jamb, to steady herself.

"But where is he?"

"The skipper? Well, by rights he should be in hospital at this moment. But that kind of animal . . . once, at school, I read about a Greek fellow who could kill an ox at a blow. I didn't believe it then and I believe it less now. Terrible liars, all the Greeks I've met."

"No, no! I mean Amyot!"

Mr. McPhail gazed at her searchingly over his pewter.

"I'm not a policeman. You mean the Breton lad? I didn't happen to look which way he went. Perhaps up river . . ."

The Jolie Brise sailed on the evening tide, the mate at the helm, the skipper below in the cabin. He lay stretched on his bunk, hot and flushed, his breathing heavy . . . the bottle of brandy on the table was untouched.

. . . . . .

The day after Amyot's flitting from Lantyan, Johnny Bosanko awoke with a bright sense of expectancy and gradually realised desolation. There was no Mary in the opposite bed to chitter to in the dawn and conspire with. Mary had been taken to her mother's room (to sob herself asleep, still upbraiding). Amyot, their

To page 69

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CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP *1 pint TOTO: 12 tomatoes: 1 white onion: Salt and pepper: ½ pint stock or water: A few bacon bones or pieces: Parsley, marjoram and bay leaf.*

Slice the tomatoes and cut the onions finely. Place into a saucepan with the herbs, bacon, salt, pepper and water or stock. Cook until the onion is quite tender and the tomatoes pulped. Rub through a sieve. Make TOTO according to the directions on the packet and add the sieved tomato puree and stir together until well blended. Serve topped lightly with whipped cream.

CHICKEN A LA TOTO *½ pint TOTO sauce: 4 oz. mushrooms: 8 oz. cooked chicken: ½ green or red pepper: Salt, pepper and pinch mustard: 2 tablespoons sherry.*

Mix TOTO as directed, add salt, pepper and mustard, add sliced mushrooms and cook for 3 minutes, add chicken which has been cut into pieces, then sherry and diced peppers. Allow to heat through and serve garnished with fried triangles of bread.

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 68

adored, had gone and his, Johnny's, little prospect of happiness.

But he was a child of pluck and resource. Since the skies had fallen all about him and Mary, it was up to him to act. He crept downstairs in the half-light to his mother's drawing-room, found a sheet of note-paper, and wrote:

Dear Fairies,

Will you please find Amyot and bring him back. My sister Mary is unhappy about his going and I am feeling poorly about her. Dear friends, if you only new what a sikening bis-ness it is for both of us.

Yours respectfully,
J. Bosanko.

This letter he addressed:

To the Fairys,
Anywhere near Lantyan,
Lostwithiel.

And sent it up the kitchen chimney, as he was wont to send to Santa Claus at Christmas.

Then, when the household was up and about, Johnny coaxed his sister out to the woods to pick whortleberries. Their mother packed up some provender for them in a basket and told them to bring it back filled. "Fair exchange is no robbery, and there's nothing your father fancies more than whortleberry pie." The weather was torrid and in the woods they would be out of reach of sunstroke.

"But it's all spoilt now!" Mary lamented.

"You bet it ain't," asserted Johnny stoutly.

"I don't suppose there's anything in the world so — so callous — as boys."

"If you mean that I'm unfeelin', you just wait till I find you something."

"What?"

"Guess!"

"You're very mysterious this morning."

"And you're very full of fine words. I heard father say one time that fine words buttered no parsnips. Don't know what he meant, but it's something you oughtn't to get into the habit of."

"Well, what is it you're promising to find?"

Johnny hesitated, but remembered Mary's once having said that fairies were an exploded something-or-other. It meant that she didn't believe in them, and he in turn stared at her, asking himself if she were sickening for something-or-other.

"I don't promise to find anything. Suppose it's a curlew's nest . . ." He had blundered again. The rooks, about which Mr. Tregentil was so curious, built in trees, their nests plain to see, but, of all nests the curlew's is about the hardest to find. "His call is everywhere, his nest nowhere." Amyot had said once that he wouldn't be content until he had found a curlew's nest for them some day.

Mary choked back her grief. They started to pick whortleberries.

When they had picked enough to fill a pie-dish and had stained their own mouths in no small measure, just to sample 'em as Johnny put it, they went down to the river-shore by Woodgets Pyll, and—so well as they could—washed their faces in the brackish water. Wandering up the Pyll they came on a ruined cottage backed by a deserted orchard. They found a space within the nettle-grown enclosure and there ate their meal.

Johnny, though he could not, of course, have put any of the feeling into words, was conscious for the first time in his life of that joy which requires a background of sorrow. Mary and he had lost their beloved Amyot and the world was desolate therefore. But, apart from the romance of their expeditions and the holiday meal, his heart swelled up with its first instinct of manhood.

MARY had cried against his shoulder. It meant—superior as she was in age and knowledge — that funny thing, a girl: and it was up to him to comfort, protect: some precocious surmise of man's job in life. All the morning he had walked with a growing sense of self-importance. Also he had faith.

He said, as Mary tidied up, "Now, I shouldn't be surprised if this was just the place to find a curlew's nest . . . on the top of this wall, say."

"You'll break your neck," commanded Mary as he started to climb. "I forbid you!" And who's talking of curlews' eggs at this time of year?"

"I wasn't talking of curlews' eggs. I was talking of nests . . ."

He climbed to the top of the mud wall, and, after a brief inspection, slithered down. "No nests there," he announced.

"I knew there wouldn't be."

"But there's a fine tree of summer apples up the hill—hidden so you can't see it from shore below. You just pack up and wait! They're either White Quarrendens or Polly Whetters by the looks."

He was gone for the minute or so, and came back treading softly, mysteriously. But his face was radiant.

"I knew it all the time," he announced in a whisper. "I knew—"

"But — what is it?"

"It ain't any it at all. It's him. Guess, guess! No I can't wait. It's Amyot. May be, Miss" — Johnny even in his excitement could not forbear —"may be next time you won't be so sure about there being no such things as fairies."

"What are you telling?"

"As it happens, I wrote to 'em. Wrote and posted the letter, up the chimney, I did."

"What? . . . You've got a heat-stroke . . . Amyot?"

"Didn't I promise to find you something? Well, I climbed that tree to the second fork, but I wasn't really looking for the apples. I was really looking for Amyot whilst you were packing up and now you'd best unpack again and see if there's anything left; for by the looks of him he's hungry. When he lifted his head out of the grass where he'd been sleeping —"

"But where is he?"

Johnny stepped around the ruinated doorway and called "Amyot."

Three seconds later Amyot entered; worn, dishevelled, faint, just strong enough to fold Mary in his arms, staggering a little as she ran into them rapturous.

"I heard your voices . . . Then I tumbled down and slept, I think. Yet I heard your voices . . ."

"Amyot!"

They pressed the remains of their food on him. He ate ravenously, mechanically, with a sort of tender madness in his eyes, gazing all the while from the open doorway upon the peaceful woods and the river slowly ebbing at their feet.

"We will fetch you more. Oh, sit here whilst we run and tell mother!"

The children left him and ran. A pathway led up through the close sapling oaks and almost at the top of the ascent they encountered Mrs. Lewarne—Linnet. She, too, had a basket on her arm.

Now Johnny might believe in fairies and such-like, but to Mary, Mrs. Lewarne was a vision of all things desirable in grown-up life—beauty, grace, carriage, sweet commanding voice, the true accent, clothes, and all delicate appendages of wealth — everything in short that her own little soul aspired after. And yet not too proud to carry a basket!

"Such a fine afternoon," said this lovely lady. "I thought you might be picnicking this way. And I thought . . ."

"Yes, yes — we have found Amyot! He is down in the cottage below. We were fetching food for him. Shall we tell mother we have met you?"

Linnet Lewarne paused. Then, of a sudden, she put her fingers to his lips, "Wait," she said, "let us consult, the three of us."

She smiled mysteriously, and, beckoning to the children, led

To page 70

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AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting March 14

ARIES MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
★ You are about to blaze the trail, pioneer a new undertaking, perhaps surprise those around you. Whether the scheme is a big or a modest undertaking, you'll have fun in your own small world.

TAURUS APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Your own home, especially your garden, will hold your attention. You are inclined to neglect social affairs because they take you away from work you wish to finish. Love runs a placid, unexciting course.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
★ Your quick wits will be working overtime; you are full of bright ideas and you have the gift to put them over attractively. This will keep you on your toes and you'll have fun.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ Now is the time to apply for a desirable job, qualify for a higher position, step up your social aspirations. If a homemaker, you devise new ways to lighten your work and become more efficient.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, silver, rose. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
★ If you are on holidays, you are fortunate indeed. You travel a distance, perhaps, if young and eligible, to meet your future life partner. Seek new scenes whenever possible for fresh inspiration.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ You might receive a refund or an amended account which benefits your budget. You could find money in an old purse or a long-lost article. In some form your luck is in this week.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, red. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Whatever your goal, you can reach it more swiftly if you pull together. You and the man in your life may have projects in view; work jointly for success. Personal relations are the key just now.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ You may be obliged to handle prickly people or awkward situations. Your best remedy is to be tactful, patient, and keep your temper. There are liable to be muddles, so keep on an even keel.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tan, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ You may enjoy adventure and romance. Whether it's an older person or a handsome young fellow, a stranger looms on your horizon. You may meet again or not, but the memory will linger.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ A worry at the back of your mind could be dissolved without action on your part. If a decision is involved, you make the right choice. The advice of someone close could give a new outlook.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.
★ A chance remark might set up a chain of thought leading to swift action. Beware, however, of impulsive beginnings not based on sound foundations. Work out plans methodically, then move slowly.

PISCES FEB. 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ You look for value when you spend and turn more than one dream into real fact. Determination and willpower will hold you on your chosen course. Friends and family will admire results.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Standard 3/3

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"Next time we're going first-class!"

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 69

the way to a small dell beneath the oaks and sat herself down, patting the ground on either side of her. The children followed her example, agog with curiosity.

"I take it you wish no harm to come to Amyot?" The question flung at them so sharply startled the children.

"Of course not," said Mary, and Johnny added stoutly, "I'd fight for him, if need be, and if it's that French skipper that's after him you've only to tell Father . . ."

But Mrs. Lewarne shook her head solemnly. "That's just it," she replied, "your father could do nothing. It would be his duty to give Amyot up to the police. That French . . . brute did come back, and Amyot fought him and knocked him down, which means he is liable to be arrested and charged with assault . . . and you know what that means."

"Prison?" breathed Mary, turning pale.

Linnet nodded. "Six months or more," she said, "just think of it. Breaking stones or sewing mailbags, and he might try to escape, and then they'd send the bloodhounds after him."

The children stared back at her in horror. "Then what can we do?" cried Johnny. "If the police find out he's here they'll come and put the handcuffs on him and take him before the magistrate."

"Exactly," said Linnet. "They must not find out. And that is why you cannot tell your father, or your mother, he is here. It would not be fair to them."

Mary and Johnny looked grave. They had been brought up to bring all their troubles to their parents. If they had to return home and tell lies it would not do at all. Linnet Lewarne, watching their faces, guessed something of the turmoil within.

"I don't ask you to deceive them," she said softly; "just not to mention that you found him. They'll not question you; they think he's far away to sea by now, and if the police should come to Lantyan making inquiries, well, we can cross that hurdle when we come to it."

Mary, with the memory of her birthday spoilt, was the first to succumb to temptation. "No one's going to go looking for him here," she declared, "and it will be easy enough for Johnny and I to bring him bread, and eggs, and bits we'll keep back from our own breakfast and dinner."

"Oh, as to that," announced a casual Linnet, "I can always manage to come over. My movements won't be questioned. All I want to make sure of is that you two will not betray him."

"Betray Amyot?" said Mary fiercely. "Never in this world."

"Cross our hearts and swear to die," vowed Johnny.

They were rewarded by a brilliant smile and then, more embarrassing, a kiss. The temptress rose to her feet.

"So," she said, "we are agreed. Amyot's hiding-place is a secret, known only to the three of us. And now, supposing you both wander back to Lantyan — taking your time about it, very naturally—while I see to the replenishing of our . . . our prisoner's larder?"

IT was really something, so both the children decided afterwards, to share a secret with Mrs. Lewarne. Being grown-up and married meant, of course, that she knew what she was about. She would never have suggested the secret had it been wrong.

"We mustn't forget our whortleberries," said Mary. "There's a basketful down by the creek."

"And Amyot can have a quarter of 'em," cried Johnny. "If we gave him more than a quarter mother might be suspicious or accuse us of eating 'em ourselves."

They made their way back to the shore, but this time with stealth, exchanging conspiratorial glances, and all the glad delight with which they had discovered Amyot was now, somehow, overshadowed by anxiety. A secret Amyot was exciting, but it was a burden, too.

Even the bright day had lost something of its splendor; mackerel clouds, foretelling change, were gathering in the west. A flock of black-headed gulls, harbingers of autumn, rose from the mudflats bounding the creek and with a single cry, warning and shrill, skimmed the shore downstream to join the parent river. A solitary heron, disturbed in his quiet search for food, flapped his way after them.

There was no sign of Amyot, but Linnet, glancing toward the ruined cottage and its gaping doorway, smiled and said, "You'd best go now, children. I can take care of him."

She made a brusque gesture with her hand, turning from them, and John and Mary, sensing themselves dismissed, picked up the basket of whortleberries without a word and made their way up toward the wood without a backward glance.

They had gone some few hundred yards when Johnny halted, saying, "We've forgotten to give any of these to Amyot." He pointed to the basket. "Shall I run down with them?"

Mary shook her head. "They don't want us," she said briefly, "nor the whortleberries neither."

They plodded home in silence. The very wood encompassing them seemed heavy with the secret and a brooding stillness filled the air. Down in the lush creek nothing stirred. The cottage, desolate now for so many months and years, slumbered away the afternoon, while now and again a robin uttered his plaintive song from the deserted orchard whose apples would nevermore be gathered up and stored.

To be continued

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big decision

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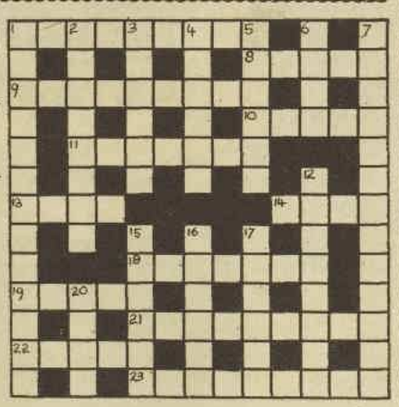
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

IN HOMETON most people are locked in their homes as the zoo animals roam the streets. The animals were let out by two crooks to distract attention from their bank robbery. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Donkey on a broken cane makes correspondence in sound (9).
8. Human being or a landed estate (5).
9. The place is not stated, but it is certainly not here (9).
10. To rob K. Capek's working man (5).
11. Wearing away with noise inside (7).
13. Parts of a curve (4).
14. Alarm from a stiff ear (4).
18. This is a dead body (7).
19. Exaggerated here and in France (5).
21. Name a club (Anagr., 9).
22. Pale yellow, oval citrus fruit (5).
23. Syrian figtrees (9).

DOWN

1. Skittles from the U.S.A. (8, 5).
2. For this Roman coin see crest (8).
3. According to Pope, God said let him be, and all was light (6).
4. Nose is, or can be, pure thought (6).
5. Crop up (6).
6. A vulgar cobbler (4).
7. Robs the liners (Anagr., 13).
12. He or she reaches conclusions from premises with the help of a son (8).
15. No case for masses of water (6).
16. Language, gum, or numerals (6).
17. River in U.S.A. separating Manhattan and Bronx (6).
20. Tractable mate (4).

Solution will be published next week.

S	T	I	F	F	N	E	C	K	E	D				
E		R		L		O		A		X		R		
V	O	I	C	E		V	E	R	T	I	G	O		
E		S		E		E		O		S		L		
R	I	G	H	T	E	N		T	O	T	A	L		
A		E				A		I				E		
N	E	R	I	T	A		E	D	I	T	O	R		
O		E		H				R		R		S		
A	R	S	O	N		O	U	T	R	A	N	K		
D		W		S		R		I		A				
A	R	A	B	I	A	N		A	B	L	E	T		
		K		O				I		E		E		
		P	I	A	N	O	T	U	N	E	R	S		

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6148, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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Warm overalls are available cut out ready to make. Material is printed tartan corduroy in shades of red and green, pink and black, blue-green and black, or lemon, brown and black. Sizes 1 and 2 years, 24/6; sizes 3 and 4 years, 26/6. Postage 2/- extra on all sizes.

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Cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. Material is spotted no-iron poplin in white with navy spot, white with pink, red with white, or mine-blue with white. Sizes 36 and 40in. bust, 37/6; 42 and 44in. bust, 39/6. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

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